

ORIGINAL ENGLISH EDITION

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The QUARTERLY REVIEW

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No. 519

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Published Quarterly by the

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

(ROBERT J. SPENCE, PROP.)

Sole Agents for American Continent

249 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

Single Copies, \$1.75

Yearly Subscription, \$6.50

Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Matter

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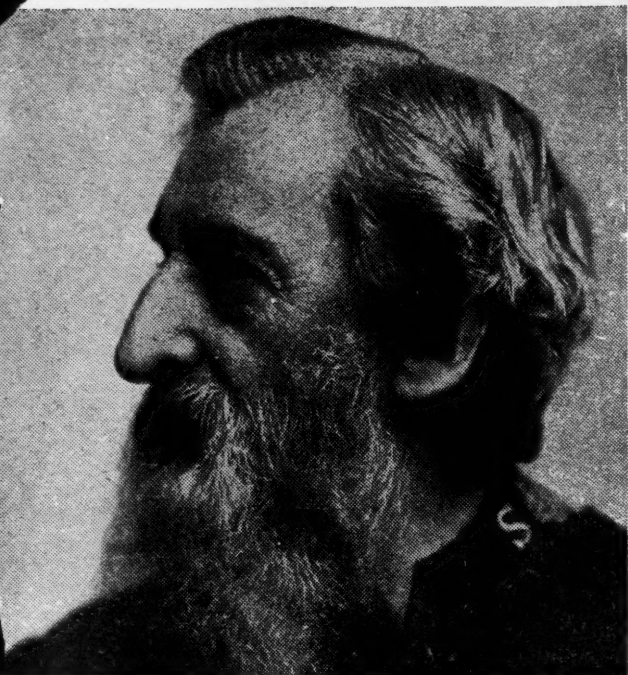
No. 519

PUBLISHED IN
JANUARY, 1934

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

NEW YORK:
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

1934



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH
[Photo : Elliott & Fry]

GO FOR SOULS AND GO FOR THE WORST "

was the command which the Salvation Army received from its Founder, William Booth. He gave it at the Army's commencement and repeated it as a sacred charge when he laid down his sword twenty-one years ago.

In many more countries since then, down many new paths of human suffering and need, in modern world conditions unknown to its first General, and often, as now, in financial stringency, The Salvation Army has kept true to this great trust.

Gifts for its general maintenance will be gratefully received by General Higgins, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

21 YEARS AGO THE SALVATION ARMY—

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Had 15,988 Officers and Cadets	- -	now 26,500.
Had 10,567 centres of work	- -	now 17,513.
Used 34 languages	- - - -	now 80.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 519.—JANUARY, 1934.

Art. 1.—LORD GREY OF FALLODON, K.G.

FROM out the ages since the opening of recorded time march forward to present themselves to our mental vision the figures of the men and women who have left their impress on the history of mankind. There they pass in great array—the creatures of God who have swayed His world's destinies—each with a different story to unfold of deeds of great renown or of infinite mischief; of high thought and noble ideals or of cunning and evil designs; of loves and hatreds, emotions and passions that have influenced for good or ill the thoughts and actions of multitudes of lesser men. And as the great host passes, sorrowfully we see that another figure—gone from our midst—has joined it: Edward Grey; steady of tread, high purpose on his brow; uprightness, sympathy and human understanding writ in eye and feature. 'He has gone with all honour,' writes to me the creator of 'Peter Pan' and of the dream-daughter in 'Dear Brutus,' 'and we must not think his like will not be seen again.'

To tell of Edward Grey is to tell of a simple, humble-minded man; of an ardent and most knowledgeable lover of animate and inanimate nature who, at the call of duty, sacrificed during many of his best years much that made life most pleasurable for him; of a master of the art of angling; of a student of literature and poetry able to impart to others of the gems of each; of a man in whose friendship the poor around him no less than those the world over who knew him found delight and gratification; of one whose kindliness of disposition, honesty, and

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sense of humour endeared him to all with whom he came in contact ; of a

'Statesman, yet friend to truth ; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear,'

who—having as Foreign Minister laboured unceasingly during nine years in the cause of peace—showed the Empire, in a memorable pronouncement on Aug. 3, 1914, where the path of honour lay.

'The consequences of much that we do in this life,' said Grey in a letter to me from Falldon in 1921, 'are unexpected and often the exact opposite of what we expect. I must now go down the burn,' he added, 'to get myself a dish of trout for the week-end and the rule as to unexpected consequences will probably apply somehow or other!' Small doubt that his musings on unexpected consequences were prompted by recollections of milestones in his own life. How unexpected the consequences, as in later years they unfolded themselves, of his first appearance on a political platform in 1884 at the age of twenty-two. And yet his presence on that platform would seem to have been in the natural order of things, for in all the circumstances of his ancestry, upbringing, and surroundings, it was not remarkable that the moment came when his thoughts turned to the domain of political affairs, and that the inclination arose in him to assist in shaping—in however modest a manner—the destinies of his country. Descended from an old Northumbrian family—which had always been prominent in matters of State—he was the great-grand-nephew of the Lord Grey whose historic Reform Bill of 1832 gave wings to the advance of democracy in this country, and the grandson of Sir George Grey, who was forty years in the House of Commons and held, with much credit, various Cabinet offices. In 1874, when he was twelve years old, his father, Lieut.-Colonel George Grey, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, died, and he came under the care of Falldon (the family estate) of his grandfather, an able, upright, and lovable man. A year later the living at Embleton, not far from Falldon, was accepted by Mandell Creighton, the historian, afterwards Bishop of London, a man of great intellect, charm, and character, with a special faculty for making friends with the young. What more fortunate

for the moral and mental development of Edward Grey than to be under the influence while in his teens of these two noble-minded and broad-visioned men?

Let us cast our eyes back for a moment to the seventies of last century, and conjure up in a few words a vision of the life and surroundings of the bulk of the English squirearchy of those days. True it is that—as for mortals through all time—sorrows and vicissitudes were intertwined in the mixture of their joys and pleasures, but in the main the ships bearing their earthly existence sailed through calm and very pleasant seas. Living on and looking after their properties, they hunted, shot, and fished; did their duty by their tenants and neighbours; were the mainstay of local government; and in many instances represented their Parliamentary Divisions in the House of Commons with great ability. Leisured as a class to an extent that is—and who shall not say for the good of the nation?—fast disappearing, they none the less played a very prominent and steadying part in English life, and contributed their full share to the history of Britain's glory in land and sea battles. To their descendants, even if still in possession of the family domains, has come the necessity in most instances of eking out any income there may be from the property by engaging in business enterprise. But no such necessity loomed ahead in the case of Edward Grey. Nor did his thoughts wander outside the limits of his home and school life into the possibilities of the future. 'I took life as it was, and enjoyed it,' he once said to me, 'but I was very fortunate in the kind of life that it was given me to enjoy.' In this last sentence was shown, in simple language, one of the dominant notes of his nature—thankfulness to God for the mercies bestowed upon him, a thankfulness which in its turn engendered in him feelings of sympathy and warmheartedness to those in less fortunate circumstances, or in trouble or despair. From his adolescent to his last days he faced life with cheeriness of mind and spirit, and with great faith. And significant though were his achievements in various spheres, ambition—in the sense of aspiring to personal fame, advancement, or preferment—never found a place in his character. Aspirations he had, if by aspirations we mean the desire to become skilful at a particular pursuit; the wish to probe to the utter-

most all the secrets of nature ; or the striving after that which is uplifting and ennobling ; but it cannot be said of him that in his early life his aspirations embraced a longing to be at the head of his school class, or a yearning to complete his Oxford career as a scholar of renown. At Winchester, where he remained for four years, he reached the Sixth Form, and it was there that the young burn-fisher of Northumbria learnt for the first time the art and pleasures—not to mention the keen disappointments—of dry-fly trout fishing on a southern chalk stream. Whilst we idled one day a number of years ago on a river bank, waiting for the evening rise, he remarked that but for the fact that he had been at Winchester, where the Itchen trout taught him how to ‘ fish dry,’ many of the pleasantest days in his life might have been denied him. ‘ I enjoyed my school days at Winchester,’ he went on, ‘ very much, but after I was sixteen I never really did any work either there or at Oxford. What interested me most was fishing and games and outdoor nature.’ And yet it came to pass that in later years both the University of Oxford and Winchester College rightly and for potent reasons held him as amongst the most distinguished of their sons, and took pride in bestowing upon him the highest honours in their possession.

‘ To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.’

To Edward Grey, as he trod the path from youth to manhood, she spake not only of her own beauties and interests, but from time to time—and ever more insistently—of the interests that lay around him in other spheres of thought and activity ; of the wonderland for the mind—if properly explored—of good literature and of poetry ; and of matters of local and national government. During his residence from 1880 to 1884 at Balliol College—then under the notable headship of Dr Jowett—he had succeeded, on the death of his grandfather, to the baronetcy and to Falldon, and the new responsibilities and duties falling upon him served to quicken his interest in public affairs. ‘ No one,’ said Grey, when discussing one day the fundamentals of political creeds, ‘ can agree with everything that a political party does. Any one wishing

to enter politics must make up his mind which party he agrees with most.' It was the Liberal Party with which—when resenting the rejection by the House of Lords of Gladstone's Bill to extend the franchise to counties—Grey found himself most in agreement, and at the General Election of 1885 he entered the House of Commons as Liberal member for the Berwick-on-Tweed Division of his native county, a division which he represented without interruption for thirty-one years.

If through his long years of public service Grey never gave expression to his feelings in fiery or impassioned language, and aspired to guide and to persuade only by the use of the simplest phrases, it was not for the reason that he did not possess deep convictions on political matters, or believe most sincerely in the causes on behalf of which he spoke. On the contrary, conviction and sincerity were conspicuous elements in his nature—conviction rooted in the soil of conscientious thought and study, and the sincerity which is 'to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we seem and pretend to be.'

The 'sense of the unfairness and inequalities of life' which, as Grey records, stirred him in his political adolescence, remained a potent factor through his life in his outlook on political problems, and in his relations with the poorer sections of the community. To his Liberal, indeed—for the eighties of the nineteenth century—Radical views, he gave expression in speeches which he made during his first years in Parliament, and as the spoken word often portrays the man in living image a quotation will not be out of place. Speaking in the House of Commons in 1891, in a debate on the Parliamentary franchise, he said :

'The time has now come when, so far from seeking by little side winds to give property a casting vote, or a special privilege, we may say that property can take very good care of itself. Who can look round this House and say that property is not rather over than under represented. . . . Those of us . . . who are fair-minded men will, I think, recognise that if anywhere there is unselfishness and the power of putting the interest of one's own class on one side, that power is to be found even more among the wage-earning classes than any other. . . . It is said that the man who owns

property has such a stake in the country that he ought to have more votes. I do not agree with that. The man who owns property may lose more. Yes; but he can afford to lose more than the poor man can. . . . If a Government is placed in power which does something that damages the material prosperity of the country, the rich man risks the loss of some comforts without which life would still be enjoyable, but the poor man loses what are necessities of life.'

No better mirror could be found of Grey's generous attitude of mind on political and social questions than in the sentiments to which he gave expression over forty years ago in the foregoing utterance. Democracy and its causes never had a truer friend, and throughout his political career he gave unwavering support to the translation into legislative form of the liberal principles which he cherished.

'If any one,' said Grey in the early part of 1932, 'who looks back on his life can say that the happiness and pleasant things outweigh the unhappiness and unpleasant things, then he has a balance to the good and is very fortunate. I have a balance to the good,' he went on, 'and a great part of it was made up during the time that I was out of office.' For a few years in the early nineties he had sat on the front Ministerial bench. On the formation of Gladstone's Administration in 1892 he had been selected, at the age of thirty, as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—Lord Rosebery being Secretary of State; and he had held that post, to the satisfaction of his colleagues and of Parliament, until the fall of the Government in 1895, when he left office 'with the expectation and intention,' as he has said, 'of never returning to it.' Providence in the event decreed otherwise, but during the interval she vouchsafed him from her storehouse much 'happiness' and many 'pleasant things.'

Is it stepping too far into the realms of phantasy to say that others than human beings felt sorrow at their hearts when the soul of Edward Grey passed to the keeping of its Maker? Who shall affirm that the birds of Falldon—his beloved Northumbrian home—did not commune together and greatly wonder why the familiar commanding figure that they knew so well—and trusted beyond all other human beings—ceased to tread its accustomed path and come and mingle with them?

Which among us shall find it in him to assert that they grieved not when there came to them the understanding that they would see their friend no more? I like to feel that they were sad at his passing, for indeed he loved them well, and their companionship meant very much—and as the years went by more and more—to him. Glance back for a moment and watch these wild birds and the wonderful confidence they show in him as he approaches their midst. See the robin fly and perch on his hat, giving song as its human comrade bears it towards the spot where the waterfowl are fed. Stand quietly by and observe the wild ducks of varied species emerge from the water and waddle to the seat where their friend, with food in outstretched hand, awaits them. Untamed ducks, many of these, for you or me; a suspicious fluttering, as if to depart, follows our slightest movement. But they are tame for him—even those that may have taken wing and remained away for long months at a time. From far distant haunts they came to Falldon and found a man who with unceasing patience taught them not to fear him. Was patience alone the secret of his skill in the teaching? Or was it also perhaps that there lay within him some magnet of the mind—wrought of his understanding of them—that drew them to him? For he knew the lore of birds: of wood, of hedge, of water, and of open space—their song, and flight, and habits, likes, and dislikes, as few men have done. From the day when he first stepped into birdland he rejoiced in the vista and sought always and with ardour to increase his knowledge of feathered life. Together, after their marriage in 1885, he and his first wife—a descendant of that Widdrington, immortalised in 'Chevy Chase,' who, 'when his legs were cutted off, still fought upon his stumps'—explored and enjoyed the wondrous works of nature. At Falldon—where the brown squirrels were wont to enter at the window and feed on his desk as he wrote—and at their fishing bungalow in Hampshire, they drank deep of the delights and surprises that a study of nature brings, and of the best that the great writers and poets have to impart. It was through the Hampshire New Forest that some years later there walked together two statesmen—Edward Grey and Theodore Roosevelt. But it was not to a discussion on international affairs that the

trees of the forest listened that day. Problems of State were laid aside the while these two lovers of wild nature explored the beauties of the woodlands, and listened to the notes of the birds. 'Our bird walk,' wrote the great American to Grey a few months afterwards, 'is one of the incidents I shall always remember.'

Towards the end of his fourth decade Grey had ceased to play the 'game of kings,' tennis—at which he had proved his skill by winning important competitions, and the Amateur Championship on two occasions—and confined himself to less active kinds of sport. If there be an angler into whose hands his little book 'Fly Fishing' had not yet come, then a delight is still in store. Of the art of trout and salmon fishing in their various forms he was an adroit and famous exponent. His devotion to angling lay chiefly, as he himself has told us, 'in having one of the best and most wonderful recreations that has ever been known to man.'

The close of the nineteenth century found the country engaged in the South African War, and a Unionist Government in office. In the Liberal party there had arisen a sharp cleavage of opinion in relation both to the War and to the party's attitude towards Imperial questions. The formation by Asquith, Haldane, and Grey of the Liberal Imperial League, with Rosebery as Chairman and Freeman Thomas—now Lord Willingdon, a great Imperial Administrator—as secretary, was in many quarters thought to presage a split in the party which would become wider and wider and, in the event, be impossible to heal. There is no need to dwell on the tale that might have been told had not Chamberlain, by embarking on his Tariff Reform campaign, assisted to close the ranks of the Liberal dissentients; brought recruits to them from amongst his own followers (the most notable being Churchill and Seely), and in all this laid the seeds for the return to power in 1906 of a united and puissant Liberal party. In the Government formed by Campbell-Bannerman—with whose name the great and courageous act of granting self-government to the conquered South African territories will for ever be associated—Grey (after considerable hesitation) accepted the portfolio of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

For a man with the new Foreign Secretary's love of

open-air life and the means to enjoy it—and with his pre-occupation as a director of the North Eastern Railway, of which in 1904 he had been appointed chairman—the prospect of the exacting ties of high Ministerial office held no attraction. 'I never knew in a man such aptitude for political life and such disinclination for it,' Gladstone had once remarked of him. But although since he had left office he had taken no more than a moderate part in the work of opposition, his influence in the Liberal party and in the country had steadily increased, and the finger of fate had pointed to him as a member of the Cabinet when the Liberal party should next come into power.

If from among the traits in Grey's character it were necessary to choose some of the most outstanding, sympathy, tolerance, a sense of fair play and justice, and an ardent desire for peace between the nations would occupy high place. 'If any human agency could have prevented the World War,' said Newton D. Baker, the United States' wartime Secretary of War, 'Sir Edward Grey would have prevented it.' 'If Lord Grey did not succeed,' wrote the 'Temps,' 'in preventing the catastrophe, nobody could have prevented it.' Striking tributes these from foreign commentators. From a Cabinet colleague of Grey's has come an assertion in the contrary sense. To that it will be necessary to return later, but meanwhile let us cast an eye over the diplomatic field into which Grey stepped.

From the year 1886 the principle of continuity had been a cardinal feature in British foreign policy. In different parts of the world during the eighties and nineties the British Empire found itself from time to time in disagreement with France or with Russia, and the tendency, therefore, was to lean to Germany, Austria, and Italy, with whom there seemed to be the least occasion for friction. In 1899 Chamberlain publicly advocated an alliance or understanding with Germany, but the suggestion was coldly received by that country, which almost immediately afterwards embarked on the policy of a great fleet. What, then, was the position with which British Ministers found themselves faced—strained relations with France and Russia; the hand held out to Germany ignored, and a new German naval policy in

operation? It was in these circumstances that the Unionist Government gave a new direction to British foreign policy. In the second year of the new century an alliance was concluded with Japan, and two years later Britain entered into an agreement with France, the main purpose being to remove causes of quarrels between the two countries, and to dissipate the constantly appearing menace of war. When Grey assumed office Germany had shown her dislike of the agreement by forcing France in 1905 to dismiss Delcassé, her Foreign Minister, and to agree to the holding of a conference on the Moroccan question.

Stated in a few words the policy of Grey as Foreign Secretary was the policy of making friends. With the support of the British nation he accepted the *Entente* with France, and desired to see it extended to and between other countries. To have cold-shouldered the *Entente* in an endeavour to placate Germany would have left us friendless at a time when, as events have clearly shown, Germany had determined to throw down a challenge to British sea-power. It was Grey's purpose, and he pursued it, to enlarge the field of British friendship—though not at the expense of existing friendships—and to help remove causes for disagreement between the nations; but he resolutely discountenanced any idea of building up a balance of power. Whilst he continued to make it clear in unmistakable terms to Germany that Britain's sole desire was for concord and for peace, and sincerely and ardently worked towards that end, he did not shut his eyes to the dangers that lay within the folds of the garment of Prussian militarism. From him came the resolute, searching, and awakening question—during the political crisis over the Naval Estimates in 1909—whether, by allowing the relative strength of the fleet to be weakened, we were prepared to become 'the conscript appendage of a foreign Power.'

Tragedy had come to Grey early in 1906 when his wife had been killed in a trap accident in Northumberland, and more and more, as time went on, this passionate lover of the natural life of birds and beasts, the beauty of trees, the delights of a garden and of river-bank, chafed at the restraints of London life and of Ministerial office. Looking back on the years before the War one sees a man with

his leisure thoughts straining towards the life that would be his were he not in office ; but with his whole energies bent on smoothing out crises in international affairs and on preventing the outbreak of a European conflagration. Bright spots there were on the diplomatic horizon, even after the Agadir incident of 1911, but whatever the peaceable inclinations of certain members of the German Government the danger to peace lay in the fact that the Bismarck policy of the ' big stick ' was now in the hands of a vain, irresponsible, sabre-rattling sovereign, and of men who, like Louis Le Grand, sought unwisely for greater glory and fresh fields to bring within their sway.

Across the political sky of Great Britain in the summer of 1914 hung the heavy clouds of the dispute over Irish Home Rule. Still lingers sadly in the memory a day in May when Grey received from his oculists the grievous news that a defect in his vision could not but grow worse. With the Home Rule crisis nearing its height he decided to postpone a consultation in Germany with a noted German oculist until the crisis was over and the Session at an end. Suddenly the scene is changed, and the figure of catastrophe casts its shadow along the path of international harmony. For a month after the murder at Serajevo of the heir to the Austrian throne Austria makes no move of a menacing nature. Without warning on July 23 comes the humiliating ultimatum to Serbia ; the grim spectre of disaster stalks across Europe ; and Grey—to whom all eyes turn—laboriously, patiently, and sincerely, commences and pursues his efforts to maintain the peace.

It will be helpful at this point in order to assist in a correct estimate of Grey's peace endeavours, as well as of his character and activities, to bring on to the stage one of the most prominent of his Cabinet colleagues. In his recently published War Memoirs, this colleague, Mr Lloyd George, has some observations to make on Grey, his character, his diplomacy, and his handling of the situation prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Mr Lloyd George held various Ministerial Offices from 1906 to 1916, at the end of which year he succeeded Asquith as Prime Minister. Anything, therefore, from the pen of so well-known a personage must attract wide attention, and will be studied by posterity when reviewing the

history and characters of these times. Posterity makes a habit of endeavouring to find out the truth, and—if rendered at all suspicious—searches for the truth all the more laboriously. The exposure of the malignant stories woven by crafty George Buchanan and others around Mary, Queen of Scots, is a case in point. Posterity, for instance, in its desire to know the real Grey, will studiously compare the sketch of him contained in the Lloyd George Memoirs with pen portraits contributed by other contemporary writers, and with the tributes paid to the deceased statesman at the time of his passing. In these it will find widely-expressed references to the nobility of his character, and, therefore, it will be at pains to discover why Mr Lloyd George seeks to damn Grey's character with faint praise. Posterity would be at a loss to understand, if it did not turn to sources of information other than the Lloyd George War Memoirs, how it happened that a person so inadequately equipped (as is suggested by the ex-Prime Minister) for the responsibilities of his high office, could ever have reached and maintained for eleven years—with the confidence of the public throughout the British Commonwealth—the position of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. When it reads in the War Memoirs that Grey 'consistently shunned the political battlefield,' it will discover from other records that Grey's criticism of Mr Lloyd George's post-war Government assisted in the process of bringing about its downfall—and of Mr Lloyd George with it. Perhaps Mr Lloyd George had forgotten that—or perhaps he remembered it. Who can say? Posterity will further discover that Grey—the man who, according to the War Memoirs, 'never measured his prowess against the formidable gladiators who held the arena in his time'—criticised severely the chameleonic attitude adopted by Mr Lloyd George towards the General Strike in 1926, when the bulk of the British nation was fighting hotly to retain its constitutional liberties, and that he did not hesitate to express publicly a few years later not only his strong disapproval of the use for political purposes of the Lloyd George personal fund, but his complete lack of confidence in Mr Lloyd George as leader of the Liberal Party. Perhaps Mr Lloyd George had forgotten these things, or perhaps he remembered them when he wrote that Grey 'was ever

non-committal and hesitating,' and was a man 'with no imagination.'

Grey, says Mr Lloyd George, 'was the most insular of our statesmen, and knew less of foreigners through contact with them than any Minister in the Government. He rarely, if ever, crossed the seas. Northumberland was good enough for him, and if he could not get there and needed a change, there was his fishing lodge in Hampshire.' The last sentence stands forth as a typical example of the kind of comment on Grey that runs through the Memoirs, and is of interest only in so far as it is likely to be of assistance to posterity in forming its estimate of the character of Mr Lloyd George. On the general question, however, it may be said that the verdict of history on Grey as Foreign Secretary will not be sought or maintained on a statement of the above nature, which in any event falls in grotesque shape from the lips of a statesman who, when Premier, usurped the powers of his own Foreign Minister, a *very widely-travelled man*. In the biography of that Minister—Lord Curzon—attention is drawn to the matter, and I commented on it in speeches in the House of Commons at the time.

Did space permit it could be shown that Mr Lloyd George's comments in relation to the amount of information given by Grey to the Cabinet on foreign affairs reveal a picture painted in dazzling colours but lacking in certain material features. It is necessary, however, to deal in some detail with another matter of vital importance. 'Of one thing,' says Mr Lloyd George, 'there can be no doubt; he [Grey] failed calamitously in his endeavours to avert the Great War.' A grave accusation this—one of the gravest that has ever been formulated against a public man. What does it mean? That it was in the power of Grey to prevent *in any event* the outbreak of hostilities. How is the charge supported? By the suggestion that Grey could at any stage of the negotiations have secured substantial cabinet unanimity on the point of warning Germany that a violation of Belgian neutrality would encounter the active hostility of the British Empire. Had Grey 'warned Germany in time,' says Mr Lloyd George, 'of the point at which Britain would declare war—and wage it with her whole strength—the issue would have been different.' Mr

Lloyd George complains that no proposal to give such a warning to Germany was submitted by Grey to the judgment of the Cabinet during those fateful days at the end of July. If he felt *then* on the subject as strongly as he would have us believe he does *now* why did he not himself put forward the suggestion and press for Cabinet unanimity on the point? It would have been a very simple thing to do. There was nothing to prevent him. The accusation has never been brought against *him* that he is slow to raise his voice in a cause that he has at heart.

But in any case what justification is there for the suggestion that had such a warning been given—no indication, it should be noted, being vouchsafed on the vitally important point as to the particular stage of the intricate negotiations at which it should have been promulgated—‘the issue would have been different’? There is no evidence of any kind to prove that a warning of that nature would have prevented the War. Mr Churchill, First-Lord of the Admiralty at the time—resolute, courageous, decided in action—examines in ‘The Great War’ the action taken by the Cabinet and possible alternatives. During the vital week from Monday, July 27, Belgium, he points out, ‘not only never asked for assistance from the guaranteeing Powers, but pointedly indicated that she wished to be left alone.’ And there were good and proper reasons for her attitude. Firstly, up to the last moment she did not entertain the idea that any Power intended to violate her neutrality; and, secondly, it was essential for her carefully to avoid laying herself open to the charge, by inviting help from some of the Powers, that she was taking sides and departing from neutrality before it was threatened. The facts are—and no rhetoric will conceal them—that July 31, the date on which Grey asked France and Germany simultaneously whether each was prepared to respect Belgian neutrality, was the earliest occasion on which all the circumstances permitted the question to be addressed to the German Government. Mr Churchill tells us that it is his opinion that even had Grey been able on the Monday to say that if Germany attacked France or violated Belgian territory Great Britain would declare war on her, present knowledge ‘tends to show that even then the German Government were too deeply committed

by their previous action.' 'The more I reflect upon this situation,' he says, 'the more convinced I am that we took the only practical course that was open to us or to any British Cabinet.'

Whatever the attitude of Mr Lloyd George on the European situation, in or out of Cabinet, during the ominous days when Grey was struggling to keep the peace, we gather from him now that he held that—had Belgian neutrality been respected—Britain should have remained outside the War and built up an army with a view to being in a position to act as umpire when both sides were exhausted. It is a pure assumption that France would, as he says to us, 'have been invincible,' and that a Franco-German war would have been of a prolonged nature. There is nothing to show that even had Germany been willing to change her plans, and shifted her attack on France to the South through Belfort and Vesoul (possibly violating the neutrality—not guaranteed—of Switzerland), a rapid victory over France might not have been expected. Germany in that event—with all the French ports in her possession—would have thrown the whole of her strength against Russia, pressed that country back into its own dominions, and made lenient peace treaties with both France and Russia on the understanding that she should be assured of their neutrality when she made up her mind to challenge Britain. It is easy to forget, but it is necessary to remember, that the ultimate objective of German policy was war with Great Britain. The Germanic Empire had virtually obtained the hegemony of the Continent, and proposed to obtain the hegemony on sea.

There was in fact one way only in which war might possibly have been averted. Had a decision been left to Grey, and had he in those circumstances felt able to carry the Cabinet and Parliament with him, he would have given firm notice to Germany that if she attacked France Britain would be found on the side of that country. Even this, as has already been indicated, might not have prevented Germany from going to war because she had engaged herself very much, if not too much, to Austria, but at least it might have furnished her with an excuse to get out of her engagements with Austria, and compelled her to put such pressure on Vienna as to prevent

the attack on Serbia. It is a matter of history that if Grey, 'the pilot,' according to the War Memoirs, 'whose hand trembled in the palsy of apprehension,' had insisted on the sending of such an ultimatum to Germany the Cabinet would have dissolved, and there can be little doubt that those Ministers who would have lined up against the firm and courageous policy of Grey would have found in Mr Lloyd George a ready leader. 'I watched with admiration,' says Mr Churchill, 'his [Grey's] activities at the Foreign Office, and cool skill in Council.' It was not the fault of Grey that his activities and conciliatory endeavours did not prevail. When the original quarrel with Austria and Serbia was all but settled, and with a few days or even hours of patience would in all probability have been completely settled, Germany drew the sword.

The revelation of feeling is something that passes from mind to mind. It can never be truly related in words. Only the few who were close to him that day could ever sense in all their reality the feelings that surged through the man who came down to the House of Commons on Aug. 3 to deliver one of the most fateful utterances in the history of mankind. Unceasingly during the previous week his mind had been concentrated on the perplexities of endeavouring to steer Europe away from the treacherous reefs of strife. The moment had arrived when 'the deep tide of calculated military purpose' had submerged his hopes of preserving the peace. The sound of the preparations for battle grew hourly louder. To him had come the tremendous duty of leading the British Empire into war. The House of Commons is not only a very human assembly, but it is also an excellent judge of character. Grey had never sought popularity; had shunned self-advertisement, and had never at any time endeavoured to build up a political following. He was just himself—and because he was himself; because the House knew from long experience that there was no guile or trickery in him, and felt that he had done all that was possible to avoid hostilities; because it admired his sense of justice and had faith in his judgment, it listened to the simple phrases in which he told his story and pointed the path of duty and of honour, and handed him its trust.

The supreme moment in his life had passed. 'The

speech that he made on the eve of the declaration of war,' says Lord Ullswater—better known as James Lowther, a famous Speaker of the House of Commons—'was the most moving I ever heard in the House of Commons.' The speech had hardly been prepared at all. During the morning he had snatched a little time from the mass of work and interviews at the Foreign Office to dictate hurriedly a few brief notes. He rose to speak in a tense and troubled House. An occasional break in the voice, and a characteristic movement of hand on to head, betrayed his emotion. But his tale was straightforward, and his counsel faltered not. From his lips fell the unadorned sentences that proclaimed for all time the justice of the cause for which the British Empire stood ready to spring to arms. The speech was not reported in the German press.

'We are constantly saddened by the thought of Lord Grey's death,' writes to me a distinguished American. 'There was no one,' he continues, 'in the political world for whom instructed Americans felt so much affection and respect; his career and the effect that it has had upon men's minds provides a great lesson in the influence of character, pure and simple.' From the standpoint of Anglo-American relations during the first two years of the war, it was singularly fortunate that Grey was still at the Foreign Office. His high reputation in the United States for honesty of purpose and straight dealing, and his friendship with Colonel House (America's unofficial President at the time), ex-President Roosevelt, and Page, American Ambassador in London, were additional assets in his skilful and patient handling—admirably aided by Mr Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General—of difficult problems of contraband and blockade which had given rise to a state of tension between Great Britain and neutral countries. Generally speaking it may be said that from the outbreak of hostilities to the end of his period of office in December 1916, the most important task that fell to Grey was, on the one hand, so to conduct relations with friendly neutrals as to make easy their entry into the War on the side of the Allies, and, on the other, to make every endeavour to prevent neutrals, disposed to be unfriendly, from throwing in their lot with the Central

Powers. The story of his diplomacy in this connection is set out in detail in various volumes and the manner of his handling of many complicated transactions can safely be left to the verdict of posterity.

Grey's views on international affairs continued to command throughout the world exceptional weight and attention right up to the last public speech which he delivered (on the German situation) a few months before his death, but only once after handing back his seals did he again don the mantle of officialdom. At the request of the Government after the War he undertook a special mission to the United States, but the sudden illness of President Wilson brought the mission to nought. Grey felt rightly that American co-operation in the League of Nations was worth important concessions. To the League he had given early and authoritative impetus, and he remained to the end of his life one of its most consistent and sincere supporters.

Was Grey an able man? Not in the sense of being intellectually brilliant. Nor was he clever in the general meaning of that word. But it is not always on the judgment of the brilliant or the clever—or of those who *know* that everything they think and say and do in life is correct—that we would wish to rely. Judgment is a quality rooted in calm thought and breadth of outlook, and judgment and prescience often go hand in hand. Of Grey's clear thinking, sound judgment, and ability to go to the heart of, sum up tersely, and make a decision on a lengthy and intricate discussion, those who remember him in debate in Parliament, who worked with him in Cabinet, in the Foreign Office and Diplomatic Service, on the London and North Eastern Railway (of which he was a most efficient Director), at British Museum or Zoological Society Meetings, and in other important spheres, could quote many instances. Of his prescience a remarkable example may be recorded. 'Whatever disturbances,' he said in a 'Dale Memorial Lecture' in 1910, 'or catastrophes there may be in foreign politics, the greatest movements of this century will be internal—industrial, economic, and social.' Not even a great war, he continued, would diminish the importance of these movements. It would check them for the moment, but, in the event, the war would prove to have stimulated their

progress. With what unerring precision did these words forecast the subsequent course of events.

Grey was a man who went through life with a great faith in Christian teaching and in human nature. He was aloof from everything that was petty, small, or mean, but anything big in thought or deed would at once arrest his attention. There was never a man or woman who came into contact with him who was not impressed from the outset with his frankness, sincerity, and charm, and who did not derive enjoyment from his conversation. He was beloved by all who worked with or under him. His knowledge of good literature and of poetry, his love of music, and his keen sense of humour, were not amongst the least of his attractions. He was not a shy man, but he was reserved in the sense that he never set before himself as an object the making of new friends. He was modest, and simple in all his habits. And he was humble-minded; he never thought himself better than others. He prized highly the distinctions—marks of admiration and affection—conferred upon him by his old University and School; and his greatest satisfaction and content would be to feel that it were said of him that he had in some measure succeeded in doing his duty by his King, his country, and his fellow-men. He leaves behind him in his writings much that will reveal to posterity his knowledge and love of nature, the integrity of his character, his high motives in private and public life, his strength of conviction, purpose, and action, and the elevated ideals that were an example to his country and to mankind. The affliction of failing sight, which reached an acute stage in the eventide of his life, was borne with constant fortitude and cheeriness of mind.

Mourned by men and women the world over who set high value on character and honour in the conduct of affairs, Edward Grey, in the year after his allotted span, passed to his Creator. 'Happy the soul that a noble enthusiasm sustains: be it love of truth, of justice, or humanity. Its ascent will be swift to the higher circles where beauty, wisdom, power, and love everlastingly shine.'

ARTHUR MURRAY.

Art. 2.—BIRDS IN LONDON.

1. *Report of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks of England.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1933.
2. *Birds in London.* By W. H. Hudson. Dent, 1924.
And Other Works and Periodicals.

IN his letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington, dated Nov. 20, 1773, from Selborne, the Rev. Gilbert White remarks that : " Martins love to frequent towns, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand : nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough, but even in the Strand and Fleet Street ; but then it was obvious from the dinginess of their aspect that their feathers partook of that sooty atmosphere." This, however, was not the first record of bird-life in London, for Schaschek, who visited England about 1461, remarks in his journal that nowhere had he seen so great a number of kites as at London Bridge, and Belon substantiated this with the statement that kites were scarcely more numerous in Cairo than in London, where they remained all the year, feeding on the garbage of the streets and of the river. The kite nested in London down to 1777, though White appears not to have noticed the bird. The birds of inner London, and especially the bird-life of the London parks, have probably attracted more interest than has the bird-life of any other great city, and innumerable observations and records have been made of these visitors to the metropolis.

From an area extending two and a half miles due north and south of Charing Cross and four miles due east and west of that point, Mr A. Holte Macpherson has recorded 126 species of birds, of which twenty-one nested regularly, eight had been known to nest during the present century, and the remainder were visitors, twenty of which were regular and seventy-seven occasional. The same census noted a number of interesting species on the water and the mud-banks of the Thames at low water, including whimbrel, common and jack snipe, and woodcock on the banks, and gadwall, scoter, scaup, and other duck on the river. The great crested-grebe is numerous on all London reservoirs and has bred for some years, while the little grebe or dabchick, though a resident on them all, is not

a very common bird. The black-necked or eared grebe first nested at Tring Reservoirs in 1918, and subsequently in 1928 and other years, when it was photographed; the sclavonian grebe is a winter visitor to many of the waters, and the red-necked grebe a rare bird-of-passage.

The birds of London streets and of open spaces other than the parks comprise a remarkably comprehensive list, with, as examples, the white-throat seen singing in Whitehall, the harsh call-note of the snipe heard one night over the centre of the city and the bird itself seen at Eaton Square, and the woodpigeon found sitting on a nest with two eggs in a lime tree in the grounds of the Bank of England. The nightingale passes every year through the Selbourne Society's birds' sanctuary in London; and two or three times from autumn to spring buzzards have been watched, either singly or in pairs, flying over the suburban quarters. A puffin, driven inland by coastal gales, was picked up in the garden of Finsbury Circus in 1932, and on April 26 of that year a pied flycatcher was noted in the grounds of the Natural History Museum, both birds being additional records for inner London. The wryneck, the siskin, the little auk, water-rail, jay, tree-sparrow, whinchat, redstart, little owl, sparrowhawk, lapwing, redshank, and six sorts of gulls have been recorded at various times within London, while once a flock of teal was seen, and on another occasion a flock of lapwings over the Albert Memorial. The coming of the flocks of black-headed and herring-gulls to the Thames Embankment, and of the flocks of tufted ducks to the waters of the parks has created some speculation as to the cause of their regular appearance, which has been attributed to a certain hard frost at the end of the last century. It must be remembered, however, that the gull population of this country has increased remarkably since the Bird Protection Acts scheduled all gulls, with the exception of the two black-backed species, for protection all the year round; and probably the coming of the gulls to London, though not unknown there before, is a result of this increase. London gulls mostly roost on the reservoirs at Staines and elsewhere, or in the estuary flats, though their sleeping time is regulated more by the time of the tide than the sun, and at all hours of the day they may be watched on the wing. Equally of interest was the coming of the flocks

of woodpigeons and starlings to London, not only to the parks but to the streets, where some of them roost and others may be seen flocking in or out of the city according to the day's dawn or evening. The starlings have chosen the London Embankment opposite Somerset House, St James's Park, the British Museum, and other buildings for their great winter roosts, which every so many years are shifted for fresh quarters. The large flocks of starlings seen passing over London from the north to the south are those returning from their feeding-grounds, which appear to lie mainly south of a line drawn between Watford, St Albans, and Hatfield. The birds seen in the parks and on Hampstead Heath during the winter's day are said to be the older ones, incapable of a fifteen to twenty miles flight to find food. Some of London's woodpigeons roost actually inside the parks, but a number fly in to feed and spend the night in trees in the countryside well outside the city, whence towards dusk they can be seen flying.

The appearance of a cormorant at the top of the cross above the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, in 1932, caused wide public interest, but these birds for long have nested in a semi-domesticated state, though perfectly free and unpinioned, in St James's Park, and perhaps this was one of their young. On one occasion a cormorant of St James's Park took a picturesque flight over Buckingham Palace (whose gardens were turned into wild birds' sanctuaries in 1932), Whitehall, and Pall Mall; and another once returned with a wild bird from the coast. Many such stray sights of uncommon birds flying over London streets are to be witnessed. The heron sometimes crosses the Metropolis in his majestic way, and has been seen recently from Paddington. The passing-over of straggling flocks of rooks, with a few jackdaws in their company, is more frequent than that of our commonest hawk, the kestrel, which may poise in mid-air awhile to hover upon quivering, outstretched pinions, or to sweep along swiftly and then perch on some chimney-stack. A sparrowhawk once was seen chasing a small bird by Chester Terrace. Flocks of chaffinches and greenfinches come into the open spaces in winter, and odd pairs of blue tits and great tits are ever roaming about the city, wherever they can find tree or shrub to stay some time for a little performance of bird acrobatics with much merry music, especially in the winter

months, the period when wild nature is mostly on the move. The robin and the tomtit have been seen in bushes near the Marble Arch, and blackbirds and song-thrushes are still frequent visitors to the trees in St John's Wood, despite its changed appearance. In the hard winter of 1932, fieldfares and redwings from the parks penetrated as far as Lincoln's Inn Fields, where also the English great tits, the missel-thrushes, and throstles came.

One must apologise if these notes are somewhat scattered; but so many have watched London birds, and the value of a record for a particular bird is so very different, say, in the streets from what it is in the parks, that one is forced to look at London's bird visitors from the point of view of localities rather than that of species. In reviewing one's records for Hyde Park, it is interesting to make a comparison with the bird records for the Central Park of New York, which is somewhat similarly situated. On an average, seventeen species of birds nest in Hyde Park, including blackbird, chaffinch, woodpigeon, tufted duck, spotted flycatcher, greenfinch, mallard, moorhen, redbreast, hedge-sparrow, great tit, blue tit, starling, missel-thrush, song-thrush, wren, and house-sparrow; whereas only six species nest in Central Park: namely, the European house-sparrow, the starling, the oriole, the American robin (which is, in fact, of closer relation to our thrush than to the robin), an owl, and a woodpecker. Fifty species of birds nested in Central Park in 1875, eighteen in 1908, and eight in 1924. The marked difference between that decrease and our increase of wild bird-inhabitants in London is partly due to the wonderful encouragement given to such life through the Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks, which have richly endowed inner London with a bird-life that otherwise would have become almost extinct, save for the usual city flocks of sparrows, pigeons, and starlings. No greater testimony to the scientific encouragement of birds can be found than that of the parks of London.

In the Vienna 'Neue Freie Presse,' in 1913, an Austrian observer described the fascination of Hyde Park to the foreigner as due to its vastness and the rest that it affords the eye.

'One forgets that one is in the heart of the capital of the world,' he wrote. 'Hyde Park, in a way, symbolises the

English character. Just as it is not the Englishman's way of charming at first sight, or to confide in a stranger, Hyde Park does not appeal to the foreigner when he visits it for the first time. But as one grows to love the English after a longer acquaintance, so does one grow to love Hyde Park, so different from anything else.'

In her delightful book on the history and romance of Hyde Park, Mrs Alec Tweedie draws upon that 'so different from anything else' in her description of nature in the park. The fascination of bird-life in Hyde Park lies probably in its difference from bird-life in any other park within a great city. The brambling and the woodpecker have both been seen in Hyde Park, and the Report for 1928 of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks announced that the woodpigeon had come to stay there. A large bank, covering about an acre, was formed into a special birds' sanctuary by allowing the shrubs and grass to grow freely, and later the southern part was enlarged and ornamental ponds, flanked by yew trees, were added to form a memorial to W. H. Hudson, who was mainly responsible for the protection of birds in the parks. Here in this memorial sanctuary little flocks of goldfinches may be seen at rare intervals, and but for the grotesqueness of the carved memorial there, it would take us back to Hudson's 'Hampshire Days.' Some eighty species of birds have been observed in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens since the establishment of the sanctuaries, and of these, over fifty are native British birds, some twenty-five summer visitors, and about ten species that were winter visitors. Kensington Gardens once contained the main rookery for London, and the jackdaws lingered on behind them, but never with any signs of increasing. The mallard and the moorhen, however, are to be seen in increasing numbers on the Round Pond and the Serpentine, and at the former water, the black-necked grebe and the scaup duck are rare visitors. Sandmartin, yellow wagtail, wheatear, reed-warbler, sandpiper, greater spotted woodpecker, heron, and garden-warbler can all be seen in Kensington Gardens, while a flock of bramblings, the first recorded, was watched there from April 2 to 11 in 1932.

Undoubtedly our greatest authority on the bird-life of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens is the official

watcher, Mr A. Holte Macpherson, and one would be acting unfairly to ornithological science to make no adequate mention of his exhaustive records, however extensive may be one's own lists. The first few months of 1928 were remarkable for the number of unusual visitors to the parks and, on Jan. 12, Mr Macpherson recorded the first goosander, that elegant rose and white sawbill duck, with brilliant red bill and glossy black-green head, upon the Serpentine waters in the early morning, though it had left by midday. Two other observers also independently noted that visitor. On Feb. 6 and 7, a smew, one of the deep-sea ducks seldom seen inland, visited the waters, and likewise in April, a pair of scoters or common black duck. While in the third week of January the waters were still half frozen, a female or young scaup was noted. On Feb. 27 a male and on the 28th a female of the same species were watched by Dr Low. On some days in the end of January or in February, as many as 250 tufted duck were counted on the waters, and a great crested-grebe was frequently in the neighbourhood of the island there. In the March, a yellow-hammer, a very rare bird in central London, paid a visit for one day, and a large wheatear, reported near the Albert Memorial, on April 24, during the spring migration through the park, was undoubtedly a specimen of the Greenland wheatear. No chiffchaffs were reported in the spring passage that year, however, though ten swifts were flying over the Serpentine Bridge on May Day; followed on May 7 by Mr Hay, the Superintendent, finding a dead tawny owl by the Round Pond. The autumn migration that year, however, brought the song of the chiffchaff to Hyde Park, and the goldfinch was seen on at least two occasions in the Kensington Gardens sanctuary; while the Hyde Park sanctuary was visited by the bullfinch. Later several common sandpipers and grey wag-tails were seen by the Long Walk and the Serpentine, and in November of the same year, the most interesting of all migrants, the little goldcrest, the smallest bird in Europe, whose usual habitat is the pine-forests of the north, was reported from the Flower Walk.

The antics of the black and white swans, who so seldom agree that one year their squabbles ended in the death of one of the black, arouse a great amount of interest,

but seldom so much as do the mother ducks taking their broods from one water to the other, usually through the thick of the traffic, a scene invariably portrayed in the daily press year by year. Several pairs of tufted ducks remain on the waters for the summer nesting-season, but few of their ducklings long survive. About thirty years ago, tufted duck were seldom seen on the Serpentine, and the first pair nested in 1924. The increased visits of these birds, which are not at all shy of the public in the winter months, when with the mallards, gulls, and the flocks of Canada geese and of mute swans they compete for the crusts thrown by the visitors, is one of the ornithological puzzles of recent years. The pochard until a few years ago was also an infrequent visitor to Hyde Park, and the coot is more numerous now. This increase of tufted duck and pochard has occurred all over England, even on the west coast, where tufted duck used formerly to be comparatively rare in winter, and the cause for the increase would be worthy of one of those increasingly popular bird-censuses which come so helpfully from our younger university zoologists.

Some forty-five to fifty birds have been recorded in St James's Park, a remarkably popular haunt for city bird-watchers, and the nesting of a pair of cormorants, which were put out pinioned in 1923, has caused widespread interest in ornithological circles, owing to the remarkable contrast of their habitat with that of the typical colonies on the sea-cliffs. The roosting of the starlings, the flighting of the woodpigeons, and the six pairs of African sheldrakes and other foreign water-fowl hatched on the waters, though we are concerned here only with the wild birds of London, were somewhat eclipsed in interest by the cormorants, but nevertheless they remain of marked importance in the bird-life of St James's Park. In 1933 a corncrake was seen for the third successive year, and in the autumn of 1932 a green woodpecker, the first recorded, frequented the park. Moorhens at St James's, as coot on the great reservoirs, notably at Staines, multiply beyond measure, and for the sake of others are at times caught up; and once a corncrake was found amongst the captives, flying off immediately upon release, out over London roofs. The great crested-grebe is a frequent visitor to the waters, and one of the hand-

somest, too, though its gleaming white breast cannot vie with that living sapphire, the kingfisher, which is also a bird of St James's Park, usually a solitary visitor from his haunts on the river above Putney. In winter, redwings have been seen on the grass of the park opposite Marlborough House and within a few yards of the Mall; while the jay has been watched at least once. Mr Neville Chamberlain wrote to the press early in 1933 of a grey wagtail, an interesting record, he had watched in St James's, while a correspondent noted a white song thrush in October 1933.

The grounds of Regent's Park are richly supplied with wild birds, as well as those of the collections in the adjacent zoo. Regent's Park has its wheatears, whinchats, turtle-doves, sparrowhawks, cole tits, dabchicks, and kingfishers, though mostly as visitors only, and a kestrel was once seen hovering over the lawn of the Zoological Society. On the same day that the kestrel paid a visit a spring of four teal alighted on the pond of the Zoological Gardens; while several times in the course of the year a heron was seen in the park, and once ventured close to the aviary where specimens of its species were exhibited. The goldfinch has been watched for several days on the banks of the Regent's canal, feeding on the seeds of the Michaelmas daisies; and pied and yellow wagtails are not infrequently there during the period of the autumn migration. A dark melanic form of the wagtail was reported from the lake in Regent's Park in the winter of 1932, though, as most readers are aware, the young of the pied wagtail are much lighter in colour than their parents, and have at times been mistaken for lighter forms; the white wagtail, a very similar species, is somewhat difficult to distinguish without previous experience of the bird, but it is believed to be much more numerous in this country than formerly was supposed, and possibly is a more frequent visitor on passage migration to many likely haunts in the parks. The white wagtail is best distinguished from the pied wagtail in the breeding season by the male bird having the back and rump grey instead of black, while the female has grey in the white of the forehead and the black of the crown. After the autumn moult, however, these two species closely resemble each other in everything save that the white wagtail still has

the grey instead of the black tail coverts. The autumn season is a very likely one for the London parks, and a closer scrutiny by observers might reveal more records.

Greenwich Park has some nineteen nesting birds, including moorhen, bullfinch, chaffinch, carrion crow, pied wagtail, and spotted flycatcher, while during the years of 'invasion,' crossbills have penetrated well into London's parks. One of the most charming spots of London, the old grounds of the Royal Botanic Gardens, have proved sanctuary to an interesting list of bird visitors, for in addition to its occasional visitors, the barn-owl, the carrion crow, the bullfinch, chaffinch, greenfinch, spotted flycatcher, garden-warbler, pied wagtail, and linnet have been noted there. At Bushey Park, in 1932, a new rookery was started, making-up for one deserted some time before, while in the same year a pair of little grebes, presumably from St James's Park, took up residence in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, the first time, I believe, they have nested there, while one of the several pairs of moorhens built their nest at the top of a holly-bush, some fourteen feet high, instead of in the usual place amongst the water-side vegetation. The nesting habits of moorhens, common though the birds may be, afford frequent examples of diversion from the usual, and this tree-nesting is one not infrequently met with, and due largely, I think, to the birds' habits of roosting in these high perches at night, especially in the winter and early spring when they are desirous of finding nesting sites. The menace of the rat that hunts at night probably drives them to choose the perches, for though I have watched the ducks in the parks drive off the rats, I have never seen a moorhen courageous enough to fight one, though the rats regularly rob them of their eggs and chicks. While on the subject of moorhens, I might add a further example of their capricious habits, as recorded by Mr Holte Macpherson in one of his annual reports on bird-sanctuaries in the parks, of a moorhen's nest a few feet from the water in Hyde Park, and of the amusing actions of the bird when building in collecting pink and blue omnibus tickets from the path to decorate her nursery, not forgetting to return to the path for one she could not accommodate in her bill on the previous trip. But the Elysium of London's wild birds is Richmond Park. In the plantations there

fifty-seven species of birds nested in 1932, when the barn-owl was absent for the first time, and sixty-two were believed to have nested in the previous year. The alien little owl is fairly common in Richmond Park, which cannot, however, be called 'city.' The heronry at Sidmouth Plantation occupied thirty-three nests, and supplies most of the herons seen at odd times flying over the centre of London, especially at evening, when they return from their fishing vigils in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens. The deliciously sweet song of the woodlark, a nester which, like the stonechat and the whinchat, is holding its own, is one of the delights of Richmond Park, and one cannot listen to its exuberance of melody in the cool, summer's night air without being transported back to the pages of Richard Jefferies' books or to the lines of Gilbert White's 'Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk':

'To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff the awaken'd churn-owl hung
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft, enamoured woodlark sings.'

Bats, nightjars, and woodlarks all are in Richmond Park, but I have no evidence of the nightjar nesting during the last season. In the plantations the hawfinch, the tree-sparrow, the tree-pipit, and all three British woodpeckers have nested. The redpole, the woodcock, the sandpiper, the dashing peregrine, the beautiful goosander (possibly it was a bird from here that visited the Serpentine in 1928), and the whinchat are also to be seen. Confusion sometimes exists in identifying the mealy redpole, the rarer visitor, from the common or lesser redpole, but as with the pied and white wagtails, the rump is a good identification. The mealy redpole is most likely to pay a visit in the winter months and is lighter in colour than the lesser redpole, and with a white instead of a reddish rump. During the migrating season, the Greenland wheatear, a larger form than the common wheatear and one that passes through our land some little time later than the common wheatear, the 'Herald of Spring'—usually a fortnight later in my observations, or perhaps not until the first or second week in May—and the wry-

neck, a bird camouflaged to resemble the bark round which it runs, uttering its shrill 'pee-pee-pee-pee' call that has earned it the name of 'cuckoo's mate'—for it usually falls upon our ears shortly before the first calls of the cuckoo—are two regular birds in the park. A number of jays are in the woods, and the four familiar species of British titmice—blue tit, cole tit, great tit, and long-tailed tit—and the butcher bird or red-backed shrike that country boys call 'Nine-Killer,' from its habit of fixing its beetle prey upon a row of thorns in time of plenty to use in times of scarcity, are frequently to be seen. Partridge may be set up from the open pasture; and in all, about thirty-four species, other than the nesting birds, are often in sight at Richmond Park. There can be no doubt that many of the nightingales reported as being heard in Richmond Park are due to the mistaken songs of the woodlark, for in June and July especially that bird may be found singing often as late as midnight and afterwards. Forty acres of Richmond Park are closed to all except the wild life, and the fact that foxes and grey squirrels live in the park has caused some anxiety to bird-lovers. A year or two ago twenty-six foxes were shot for their raids on the water-fowl, while, rightly, no official encouragement is given to grey squirrels. Badgers, too, exist there, but there is no evidence that they are harmful to the bird-life.

The constant destruction of wild birds' haunts and nesting places where new roads and suburban houses are planned is always detrimental to the bird-life of the inner Metropolis, but effects of the Royal Parks' Sanctuaries upon London have been to preserve and increase it. These sanctuaries are the fruits of the seeds sown by the late W. H. Hudson and Sir John Cockburn, while the first Chairman of the Parks Sanctuaries Committee, Sir Lionel Earle, gave fruitful encouragement to the good work during his years of office from 1922 to 1932, when he was succeeded by Sir Patrick Duff. Mr Holte Macpherson, the official observer for Hyde Park, has frequently made additions to the records of London birds, and his contributions to the annual reports on the parks have largely helped to focus scientific interest on the wealth of bird-life within the city. London, with its nature sanctuaries and its enthusiastic bird-watchers, will never be short of birds.

ERIC HARDY.

Art. 3.—MARLBOROUGH.

Marlborough: His Life and Times. By The Rt Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P. Vol. I. Harrap, 1933.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE—it is the residence of the Prince of Wales. Is that all? No! it is the only monument in London that commemorates one of the very greatest men that England ever produced, and it was erected by himself. True, the house was a storey lower in his time, but it was Corporal John's, and there still hang in its entrance hall tapestries portraying incidents, as large as life, in his military career. Yet the careless and ignorant Londoner passes it by without a thought that, if Marlborough had never been born, England would never have risen to be a great imperial power, and the United States, if united at all, would be predominantly French and not English. Why this heedlessness and neglect? More than one life of Marlborough has been written, the most important of recent years being the two volumes, entitled 'The Wars of Marlborough,' by the late Mr Frank Taylor, which were published in 1921. The plain fact is that Marlborough was, in troubled and dangerous times, so supremely great that it was worth while to invent lies and legends for the sole purpose of belittling him, and that those lies and legends have been repeated and embroidered by later writers professing to write history, or, at least, historical fiction, apparently for the sole purpose of abasing that which was exalted. Now a descendant of the great man, Mr Winston Churchill, has published the first volume of a new biography, and we can look at Marlborough in a juster aspect. A tried soldier in little and great warfare, a tried administrator in many great offices of State, a tried and even distinguished man of letters, Mr Churchill lacks only an ambassador's experience to qualify him to appreciate to the full his great ancestor's achievements.

The material concerning John Churchill's earliest days is scanty. The very date of his birth seems to be uncertain, though beyond question he came into the world in May 1650, eighteen months after the execution of Charles I. His father, Winston Churchill, a Dorsetshire squire, had taken the losing side in the Civil War, with

serious consequences to his pocket, and little John was brought up in the ruined house of his maternal grandmother, Lady Drake, who had chosen the winning side, but had none the less suffered severely in the contest. Thus the boy passed his early years certainly in poverty and possibly amid fierce contention between the rival factions within the family; and Mr Churchill suggests that this curious training accounts not only for Marlborough's parsimony to the very end of his life but for the extreme, though not obvious, reserve which was one of his principal characteristics. That poverty begat unusual care for money even after it had given place to vast wealth may be taken as certain. We have all known self-made men who will give thousands of pounds to some great object but are very particular about correct change for a shilling. As to the reserve I do not feel so certain. There may have been constant bickering between the rival factions under Lady Drake's roof; but, as a matter of fact, in practically every family in England different branches took different sides in the Civil War and looked after each other as one side or the other rose to be uppermost. I doubt, therefore, if there were often great bitterness of feeling. Little is certainly known about his education. It had according to Macaulay 'been so much neglected that he could not spell the most common words of his own language.' I have read as many seventeenth-century manuscripts as most living men and, if spelling is to be taken as the test, I should say that few 'educated' men were to be found in England.

However, with the Restoration Winston Churchill's fortunes were restored, and in 1665 young John Churchill became page to the Duke of York and his elder sister, Arabella, maid of honour to the Duchess. Arabella presently became the Duke's mistress, and Macaulay at once infers that John 'owed his rise to his sister's dishonour.' How a poor, penniless lad of fifteen or sixteen could have intervened to avert his sister's dishonour, supposing that he was aware of it, and why he should not have risen upon his own merits it is difficult to see. He was very good-looking, very charming, and very intelligent. James, his master, was a good soldier, a good sailor, and an admirable departmental administrator; in fact, there is no disputing that, though a thoroughly unamiable and

wrong-headed man, he had all the ability of his race. So John got on well, not only in the circle of the Duke of York but in the wider area of Charles II's court, and in 1667 received an ensigncy in the First Guards. In the following year he went to Tangier, a new possession, where fighting and dangerous fighting never ceased; and there he seemed to have served until 1671, partly ashore, partly in a fleet which was fitted out against the Algerian pirates. Service afloat was, of course, all in the day's work for a military officer. Till the very end of the eighteenth century the first duty of the army was to man the fleet.

Returning home he entered upon his notorious love affair with the King's mistress, Barbara Palmer. The two were related by blood and were probably old friends. It is not strange that Barbara, a woman of strong passions, should have been attracted by her handsome young cousin, transformed from a boy into a man by active service. It is even less surprising that a young fellow of twenty-one, who probably had not seen a white woman for three years, should have yielded joyfully to her attractions. As in duty bound, we must, of course, condemn such illicit connections, but we need not ignore human nature. Barbara was tired of King Charles. She had been sent to meet him—for nothing agreeable to a restored monarch had been forgotten—before he sailed from the Hague to England in 1660. Charles was equally sick of her. Two well-known stories are told of the lovers being surprised by the King, and one of them is repeated by Macaulay as history. Yet, as Mr Churchill shows, they rest on nothing but the shallowest gossip. Macaulay, however, is not content with the anecdote. 'John Churchill,' he says, 'was thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoil of more liberal lovers.' 'He was kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots.' 'He subsisted upon the infamous wages bestowed upon him by the Duchess of Cleveland [Barbara Palmer].' Now the only authority for all this denunciation is the demonstrable fact that in 1674 Churchill bought a life annuity of 500*l.* for the sum of 4,500*l.* Whence came that money? Presumably from Barbara, for it is hard to think of any other source. But why insinuate that her lover extorted

it from her as the price of his love? Barbara was a very rich woman, and Churchill a very poor man. The two stuck to each other for some three years, and Barbara could not have failed to note that her John was not only handsome and charming but a brilliant young man who, with a little help at the outset of his career, would go far and do credit to her generosity. Why, because a connection is called illicit, ascribe every conceivable baseness to both parties concerned? Illicit connections include some of the most beautiful of known relations between man and woman. Barbara may have looked back to this gift as the best expended money of her whole life, and it is not likely that John ever forgot it.

Meanwhile it must be noted that Churchill's affair with Barbara was interrupted in 1672 by the declaration of war against Holland by England and France. He, with the other officers and men of his company of the Guards, formed part of the complement of the Duke of York's flagship 'Prince' at the battle of Southwold Bay. He escaped unhurt from this bloody action, and was promoted from ensign to captain in another regiment for his services. 'It is believed,' Mr Churchill tells us, 'that at this time Barbara Palmer paid the purchase-money which enabled him to take up the captaincy his sword had gained.' But, unless I am greatly mistaken, there was no occasion for purchase-money, for Churchill was appointed to what was called a 'death-vacancy.' Under the old purchase system an officer enjoyed astounding liberty of action, but there was one thing which he could do only at his peril, and that was to die, for if he were so imprudent as to cease to live, he forfeited the price of his commission.

In 1673 he was with his new regiment in Flanders, serving brilliantly at the siege of Maastricht, and in 1674 he passed into the French army as colonel of an English regiment in the French service. He fought with distinction under Turenne in three severe actions, and returning home as usual during winter-quarters (for he still retained his place in the Duke of York's household and his rank in the British army), he found a new interest in the person of Mistress Sarah Jennings, then a girl of barely fifteen, who had lately been admitted also to the household of the Duke of York. Thenceforward there was only

one woman in the world for John Churchill. Mr Churchill reprints some of the old love-letters that passed between them and prints a few that have never yet seen the light. He best knows his business, but there has never been any question of Marlborough's devotion and faithfulness to Sarah; and to me the publication of any love-letters seems an act of profanation. After many difficulties, chiefly, it seems, financial, the pair were married in the winter of 1677-1678 and settled down to that perfect and lasting union which is, perhaps, the most beautiful and sacred thing that is vouchsafed to poor mortals. Mr Churchill, and for that matter Macaulay, both lay stress upon the poverty in which the couple began their married life. Life in the circle of the Court was doubtless expensive, but John Churchill's annuity of 500*l.* would be the equivalent of at least 2,000*l.* in these days; and from February 1678, moreover, Churchill was a colonel of foot, which gave him at least 400*l.* a year more. But it is always a question whether the salaries of that time were received except after long delay and deductions of heavy discount. The greatest administrative reform of the nineteenth century, due to the development of the credit system, was the regular payment of salaries.

Moreover, Sarah was beginning to produce babies pretty consistently, and just at this time there was a change of attitude towards France and a great embitterment of feeling against Catholics. Churchill was sent to the Hague to negotiate with William of Orange, and the Duke of York was forced to betake himself to Scotland. With William, who was just of his age, Churchill speedily made friends. By sheer force of superior intelligence they understood each other as probably no two other men in Europe could have done. But the journeys to Scotland with James and the return journeys upon missions to Whitehall were wearying and expensive. Moreover, Scotland revealed some unpleasant qualities in James. There seems to be little doubt that he was by nature cruel, and nothing could have been more revolting to Churchill, who was essentially gentle and humane, than cruelty. That this evil trait should have displayed itself in religious persecution made things worse rather than better, for if Churchill, even by the admission of his enemies, were sincere about anything, it was in his attachment to the

Church of England. A final experience on the last return voyage from Scotland seems to have made a deep impression upon him. The 'Gloucester' frigate upon which James and his suite were embarked ran aground upon a sandbank on the coast of Norfolk. There was ample time to get out the boats and save every soul, but James, from a false idea of showing his courage (which no one could doubt), refused to leave the ship. No one could quit it until he did, and when after an hour the vessel began to slide off into deep water, he hastily got into a boat with some of his suite, including fortunately Churchill, kept back all others at the sword's point and shoved off, leaving some 250 wretched people to be drowned. The whole proceeding was so wantonly and unnecessarily selfish and thoughtless that far rougher men than Churchill could never have forgiven it. If he had ever loved and respected James—who was not by nature a lovable man—he must have ceased to do so after 1682.

In December of that year he was raised to the Scottish peerage with the title of Lord Churchill, in reward of his diplomatic services at home and abroad; and, high in favour with both of the royal brothers, he could settle down at last to enjoy life with Sarah. She on her side was in 1683 appointed lady of the bed-chamber to the recently married Princess Anne, who was romantically attached to her. This gave her a salary of 200*l.* a year. John in the same year received the colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons; and in 1684 they built themselves a modest country house near St Albans upon ground that was already in part Sarah's, so that at last they had a permanent home of their own. But they could hardly have settled into it before Charles II died (Feb. 6, 1685), and events began to move immediately.

In May came Monmouth's rebellion,* and Churchill with a few troops of horse and dragoons was the first to hasten to the scene of action, and on June 19 he gained his first contact with the rebels. He had counted upon

* In connection, by the way, with Monmouth's rebellion Mr Churchill tells us that in Trinidad there is a race of white men called 'red legs,' who are descended from the transported recruits of Monmouth's army. Is he quite sure of this? I myself abstracted all the colonial papers of that period at the Record Office, and though I remember wholesale transportation to Barbados I can recall no mention of Trinidad, which was at that time not even a British colony.

receiving the chief command of all the troops and was not best pleased when he was superseded by Feversham, a foreigner and a Catholic. 'I see plainly,' he wrote, 'that I am to have the trouble and that the honour will be another's.' It was he who made the dispositions which saved the day at Sedgemoor, but it was Feversham who received the Garter and the 1st Troop of Horse Guards, whereas Churchill had to content himself with the rank of Major-General, which in itself carried no pay with it, and the less lucrative 3rd Troop. He saw that he was not trusted, and he repaid mistrust with mistrust.

As James matured his measures for the dragging of England into Catholicism, Churchill became steadily, though not visibly, more alienated from him. Not only was he severed from him by differences of religious opinion, but he had long perceived that the King's policy was dragging himself and all who adhered to him to ruin. In 1687 he gave William of Orange to understand that no loyalty to James could compel him to be disloyal to his religion, and this pledge he renewed in August 1688, a few weeks later than the despatch of the invitation which brought William over to England. But when William landed at Torbay on Nov. 5, Churchill was still in close attendance upon James, and on the 7th actually received his promotion to Lieutenant-General. On the 19th he rode with the King to Salisbury, no longer trusted—on the contrary so deeply suspected that Feversham, the Commander-in-Chief, pleaded on his knees for his arrest. On the 23rd at a council-of-war he advised James to advance against William; Feversham on the contrary counselled retreat; and on that same night Churchill rode off with some scores, if not hundreds, of junior officers to join William. His action put an end to all danger of civil war by destroying the *moral* of the troops that remained with James. The desertion of the Princess Anne under the guidance of Lady Churchill, though under the dictates of her own conscience, broke the spirit and *moral* of James himself. That the revolution was accomplished without bloodshed was in no small measure due to Churchill, and this was a transcendent service to the country. It is, of course, easy to dilate on his treachery to James, his benefactor since boyhood, and on the powers of dissimulation which he must have displayed during

those critical days of November 1688. It is not so easy to appreciate the nerve and the courage with which, his fortunes hanging the while upon a hair, he awaited the decisive moment for action. It is quite impossible to estimate what the consequences would have been for England if he had stuck to James, faithfully followed his fortunes, and once again placed his sword at the service of France. Then indeed there might have been some reason to talk of treachery.

William, however, after gaining the crown of England showed no great warmth towards Churchill, though at his coronation he did indeed create him Earl of Marlborough. But though he kept him apart from his own sphere of operations he at least gave him command of the small British contingent which, while William himself was engaged with Ireland, had been sent to fight the French in Flanders. These troops, with their officers, were in bad order, uncertain in discipline after violent transfer from one master to another, ill-trained, and not too well inclined to submit to training. Marlborough took these 8000 men in hand, looked carefully to their pay, food, and clothing, put down abuses of all kinds from which they suffered and which in turn they visited on others, and in a few months converted them not merely into orderly and self-respecting soldiers but into a fine body of fighting men. The Prince of Waldeck, a veteran of the pedantic school of warfare, was hardly the commander to turn them to the best account, but he testified to the excellence both of them and of their leader, and was loud in praise of their conduct at the action of Walcourt (Aug. 25, 1689). William also gratefully acknowledged his services and transferred him from the colonelcy of the 3rd Horse Guards to that of the Royal Fusiliers, which should have been, and in Marlborough's hands probably was, a more lucrative appointment. But he was still unemployed with William's main army in Ireland. However, in the summer of 1690 he submitted a plan for the capture of Cork and Kinsale, the principal bases used by the French in Ireland; and William, appreciating the merit of the scheme, authorised him to carry it out. On Aug. 30 he embarked and, though delayed for a fortnight by foul winds, successfully disembarked his 6000 men before Cork on Sept. 22. Within twenty-

three days he was master both of Cork and of Kinsale at a cost of remarkably few casualties in action, though, as always in Ireland, the sick-list was heavy. These little operations, quietly and unostentatiously carried out, were more skilful and brilliant than any others hitherto achieved by the British Army in that war.

William was grateful and complimentary, but no more. He did not like the English and, as was natural, considered them alike for civil and military purposes as inferior to the Dutch. Maurice of Nassau had founded one of the great military schools of Europe which had divided, together with that of Gustavus Adolphus, the allegiance of British soldiers of the old school. It is true that Oliver Cromwell had founded a true English school, but though Cromwell's army had been the terror of Europe, it had hardly been tested on the Continent. But William knew or cared nothing about that, and being himself a representative—and a very poor representative—of the old pedantry he would suffer none but Dutchmen or other foreigners to hold high commands. He took Marlborough with him to Flanders in 1691, where he conducted a very feeble campaign, but he did not take him again. William and his fellow Dutchmen may claim the sole discredit for the useless destruction of British soldiers at Steenkirk and Landen.

But William had offended the English politicians even more than the English soldiers; and the most prominent men in both spheres as well as in the Navy entered into correspondence with the exiled James to secure their pardon in the improbable event of a Jacobite restoration. William was aware of this in many cases and did not disapprove. Marlborough was, of course, one of these correspondents and, in fact, continued to be in communication with the Jacobite Court for twenty-five years. It was, says Mr Churchill, a system, a life-long policy, pursued apparently with one principal object of obtaining useful information in return for useless. In these days it seems strange that prominent subjects should renounce and renew allegiance to sovereigns so light-heartedly and unashamedly; but when sovereigns are the only party-leaders the process becomes easier to understand. The only method of working for the good of the country and the nation was to keep a hold upon

both party-leaders. A national government by two joint sovereigns was out of the question.

It was, however, not mere neglect but positive disgrace which kept Marlborough from military employment from 1692 onward. He was accused of plotting to displace King William and Queen Mary in favour of Princess Anne, and Anne's refusal to dismiss Lady Marlborough from her household seemed to uphold the charge. In January 1692 he was suddenly dismissed, without any reason given, from all employment, civil and military. A few months later, upon the slender evidence of a forged document, he was arrested as a party to a Jacobite conspiracy and sent under close arrest to the Tower. After six weeks' confinement he was released on bail, but still lay under manifest disfavour. William, whether from fright or whatever cause, was unfriendly, and Marlborough naturally felt none too friendly towards William.

In January 1694 a project was put forward for an attack upon Brest. As usual, the secret leaked out; the French quietly made elaborate preparations for the defence of Brest, and the secret of these preparations, of course, soon found its way to Whitehall. By the end of April both sides, and the exiled King also, knew so much of each other's intentions; but it was nevertheless decided that the expedition to Brest should proceed, and on May 11 the usual instructions were given to the chosen commander, General Tolmach. Their purport, as was natural in the circumstances, was general and did not tie him down to any distinct operation. On May 3, as it is alleged, Marlborough gave information to James of the proposed enterprise, the basis for this allegation being two documents, which Mr Churchill has reproduced in facsimile. One of them purports to have emanated from Marlborough, though the original is undiscoverable. Macaulay quotes from it two sentences which, to my mind, are sufficient to stamp it as spurious. 'This [the destruction of the French fleet at Brest] would be a great advantage to England. But no consideration can or ever shall hinder me from letting you [not, *Your Majesty*, be it noted] know what I think may be for your service.' Conceive of Marlborough, the astutest man in Europe, writing commonplace rubbish of this kind to a shrewd

man and a skilled naval officer such as James. Of course, the news was in any event stale, and Marlborough could hardly have been unaware of it. Macaulay, however, finds in this letter a special motive for base conduct in Marlborough. 'Two Englishmen only had shown themselves fit for high military posts, himself [Marlborough] and Talmash. If Talmash were defeated and disgraced, William would hardly have a choice.' Now I cannot profess to have made a particular study of Tolmach, but I do know two things about him which seem to have been unknown to Macaulay and may have escaped Mr Churchill. The first is that he spelled his name as I spell it here, and the second is that all the letters from him which I found in the Record Office were written in French. He appears suddenly among the officers of the English army as a lieutenant-colonel in 1678, reverts to the rank of captain upon the disbanding of his regiment in 1679, reappears as a lieutenant-colonel in 1685, and finally, as colonel of one of the English regiments in the Dutch service, he leads the advanced guard in William's invasion of 1688. From these obscure facts I infer that the best part of Tolmach's life as a soldier was spent in the Dutch service, and that William would hardly have reckoned him to be an English officer at all. To regard him, therefore, as a rival red-coat to Marlborough seems to me an extremely doubtful proposition. To assume that Marlborough compassed his failure at Brest is nothing less than childish. Tolmach, though armed with full discretion not to essay impossibilities, deliberately tempted Providence and was defeated and mortally wounded. No one could have foreseen such a thing even if he had wished it, and Marlborough was not the man to desire the failure of his brothers in arms. It is amazing to think that Macaulay should have built such a terrible accusation upon evidence which Mr Churchill shows, in my judgment, to be utterly worthless.

Marlborough had still one more storm to weather before he at length passed into smooth water. He was one of the men among the most prominent in England who was imperilled by the crafty confessions of Sir John Fenwick, but, by the admission of Macaulay himself, 'preserved a serenity, mild, majestic, and slightly contemptuous.' The death of Queen Mary enabled William

to be reconciled to Anne and so to the Churchills. The war with France came to an end with the peace of Ryswick in 1697, and in the following year the King chose Marlborough to be Governor to Anne's little son, William, Duke of Gloucester, restoring him at the same time to the Privy Council and to his rank in the army. He was, however, still lukewarm towards the greatest of his subjects until the question of the Spanish succession showed him that the great contest with France must be renewed, and that the one man who was great enough to form a grand alliance and lead the troops of that alliance to the overthrow of the exorbitant power of France was Marlborough.

At this point when John Churchill may be said to have entered into his kingdom Mr Churchill's first volume comes to an end. We may pause for a moment to remember how late this entry came. Marlborough was fifty-two when the War of the Spanish Succession broke out, and so far he had never received employment worthy of his powers. Wellington, the only British soldier in the least comparable to him, held an important independent command in India at thirty-four, had the chance of putting his own ideas of Indian warfare into practice, and until 1805 was absolute autocrat of Mysore. He was no more than forty when he was appointed to the command of the army in the Peninsula, and only forty-six when chosen for the command of the European army of occupation in France. But Marlborough's greatest quality was patience—patience which, as he said, 'can overcome all things.'

We look forward to Mr Churchill's second volume with high expectations. In this first volume he is, so to speak, rather too much on the defensive. He has every right to do his best to vindicate the character of his hero, but (to me, at least) he seems to enjoy the part of advocate a little too well; and though his advocacy is brilliant, the tone of it is not always that which is permanently most telling. He is writing the life of a very great man, who had his littlenesses as have all great men, but stood on the whole so very high, not only in genius but (as I, at least, maintain) in character, that the reader grows a little impatient over the energy with which Mr Churchill chases away every little cur which has tried to defile the base of

Marlborough's effigy. Let the curs by all means be chastised, but not always in the pages of the narrative. Marlborough was above all things a dignified man, and should be treated—certainly not with pompousness—but with due dignity.

Lastly, special thanks are due to Mr Churchill, not only for the maps, plans, and facsimiles in his volume but for the numerous portraits which adorn his pages, and in particular for the four portraits of Marlborough. The dreadful wigs of that period would spoil any face, however noble, and there does not appear here to be a single presentation of Marlborough (with the possible exception of the painting by Closterman) which shows him with his own hair. Long curled love-locks could be very becoming, as more than one portrait of James, Duke of Monmouth, can testify, and if Mr Churchill can discover a youthful likeness of Marlborough, he will delight at least one reader. The poverty of his father during John Churchill's boyhood may have been highly beneficial to John's character, but it seems to have bereft us of a miniature portrait of a beautiful boy who was to grow into a mighty genius; and for such a loss his admirers are not easily consoled.

JOHN FORTESCUE.

Art. 4.—THE TABOO IN MUSIC.

IN reading encyclopædia articles on 'Taboo'—which contain all he knows of the subject in a general way—the writer has been struck by the absence of any reference to the many taboos associated with music and its instruments. The omission is the more striking inasmuch as taboos are mainly found in connection with religion, and therefore a rich quarry for those engaged in research work might naturally be anticipated in practices pertaining to the 'Divine Art' and 'Religion's Handmaid.' If the omission of musical taboos might be excused on account of their insignificance in number compared with some other forms, they are second to none in respect of the intensity of the penalty with which violation of them has been punished. For men, and, alas, even more—I fear many more—women have been imprisoned, lost all their goods, their eyesight, and life itself, for no greater an offence, as it would seem to us, than a blue-jacket would be guilty of who whistled 'God save the King' when on a warship (which I understand is against the Regulations), or his sister if she visited an organ factory! Though the word 'taboo' is of Polynesian origin, having been brought therefrom by Captain Cook in 1771, the thing has probably existed wherever religion, magic, and music were to be found. I shall therefore not hesitate to include European examples of arbitrary inhibitions, though they have not usually been called by this name. Indeed, I think we may go further, and say that as far as music is concerned the most drastic of all taboos is to be found among ourselves! For I know of no non-Christian people who have barred music altogether, as the Society of Friends did till quite recently, though many are now ardent disciples of Bach and Beethoven, apart from their meetings for worship. Nor can I recall any 'heathen' people who have prohibited instrumental music in their services as the Scottish Presbyterians did till the middle of last century, and as the 'Wee Frees,' and I believe the Plymouth Brethren, do now. To bring our very miscellaneous, if not voluminous, material into workable form we must see whether we cannot recognise in it some natural divisions; and it seems to me that three are fairly clear:

they are Religion, Sex, and Social Status. We will consider them in this order.

Many taboos are temporary, the predominance of forty days as an assigned period being somewhat striking ; we may therefore include the case of Nebuchadnezzar, who not only abstained from food while Daniel was in the lions' den, but 'neither were instruments of music brought before him' ; and of the Brahman, who during the second quarter of his life 'must abstain from music, singing, dancing, gaming.' This is the more remarkable since, as we shall see, music is more of a 'Divine Art' to the Hindus than it is to any other people. The Brahmins gave to the musically gifted Hindus a number of sacred songs closely connected with their worship. (The Rigveda containing the words is supposed to date from the year 1500 B.C.) Many of these melodies or 'Ragas' as they are called, were supposed to have miraculous effects. Among them were some which could not be rendered by any mortal man without risk of being consumed by flames—a Brahman himself would not come under the term 'mortal man,' being regarded as of divine origin. A singer named Naik-Gobaul made bold to defy the interdict. He does not appear, however, to have been able wholly to divest himself of belief in the taboo, for he took the precaution to stand up to the neck in the river Jumna before beginning to sing the forbidden Raga. Nevertheless he was consumed by fire ! It is interesting to compare this account in the Rigveda of the limitation of the right to sing a certain song with the account written, I suppose, 1590 years later, by St John the Divine, of the limitation of the power to do so : 'No man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.' A decree of the Council of Laodicea in A.D. 367, though violation of it is not stated to have been accompanied by any penalties, is sufficiently akin to that of the Brahmins nearly 2000 years earlier to call for brief notice here : it prohibited any one taking part in the liturgical song of the Christian Church except canonically appointed singers—a taboo on congregational singing.

Some thirty years later a section of the Christian clergy strenuously opposed the introduction of any new melody into the church, and but for the common-sense

and determined action of SS. Chrysostom and Cyprian this taboo on original composition would probably have become operative. If it had it would have prevented another taboo some two centuries later, for the Gregorian Chant was intended by its compiler to supersede all other liturgical music everywhere and for all time. And this taboo was in turn preserved by still another, for a threatened corruption of 'Plainsong,' as it is also called, was averted through a Bull by the reigning Pope (I think John XXII, 1316) prohibiting the introduction of chromatic notes. In another ecclesiastical ban extremes all but met: the Council of Trent contemplated, and the Calvinistic Council of Geneva actually passed, a decree forbidding harmony in churches. Till the early nineteenth century all metrical-psalm tunes were sung in unison. The many harmonised versions were used only in private houses. These same Genevan Fathers were also responsible for the only European taboo affecting men to which a penalty is known to have been attached: most of the melodies in the famous Metrical Psalter of 1542, so truly called 'The Psalm-book of the Reformation,' were drawn from secular sources. Nevertheless, once accepted, they were regarded as sacrosanct and not the slightest alteration might be made therein, under pain of imprisonment. Louis Bourgeois did venture to alter one and was promptly put into gaol. Through the intervention of Calvin, he was, however, released next day and his suggested alterations adopted!

Turning now from vocal music to instrumental, we shall find that in the early Christian Church instruments were never objected to as such, but simply specified instruments, and always on account of their association with heathen worship and indecent orgies. Consequently an instrument allowed at one place and time might be forbidden at another. Thus St Jerome declared that 'a Christian maid should not know what a lyre or flute is, nor what their use is,' while Clement of Alexandria, two hundred years earlier, and St Augustine in Jerome's own day, expressly approved the lyre!

But it has been reserved for the King of Instruments to afford the most striking example of the arbitrary character of what are called 'imputed' taboos, that is, those not based on some inherent quality or law of nature—and

most musical taboos are of this kind. The organ first crosses the historical horizon as a secular instrument, and, though said to have been introduced into churches in Spain as early as A.D. 450, so far retained this character in the twelfth century that both Greek and Latin clergy objected to its use in basilicas, though eventually the Western Church gave way. As a result of this, till very recently, the organ was found in churches only, with very few exceptions, and was used solely as an aid to worship. The English Puritans reversed this condition; they allowed the instrument in private houses, but, with the exception of York Minster, and I think Exeter Cathedral, not in places of worship, and burned most of those they found therein. At the Restoration the position was again reversed. So it has come about that while to one party in the Church the organ was 'a squeaking abomination' which would corrupt the worship of all who used it, to another it was the only one fit to lead man in his devotions. The latter attitude is well summarised in the 'Encyclical on Sacred Music,' issued by Pope Pius X on Nov. 22, 1903. Certain instruments are allowed in church only if the music they play is 'in every way like that of the organ' (VI, 20). And as with the instrument so with the playing of it: when the former has been regarded as having a sacred character its manipulation has usually been confined to members of a priestly caste, and in the case of magical cults to wizards. Previously to the Reformation the organ was played only by monks. Tallis, of 'Responses' fame, and Dr Tye of Ely Cathedral were among the first known lay organists in England; while in France the first cathedral organist not in Holy Orders was required by the Chapter to wear clerical attire to avoid the scandal of the instrument being played by profane hands!

Before reverting to non-Christian examples I would point out that were Macaulay's famous New Zealander, or let us in this case substitute Polynesian, standing on the ruins of London Bridge, to write a history of Europe in his own tongue and include music (of which Macaulay himself was flagrantly neglectful) in his purview, he would, I am sure, use the word *taboo* for the inhibitions I have cited; there is therefore nothing necessarily derogatory in the term; it is simply a case of using a

foreign word for lack of a vernacular one equally apt. The Egyptian temple-harp, a magnificent instrument some six feet high, with twenty or more strings, and richly decorated, appears to have been confined to kings and priests. The Hebrew *shopher*, a very long horn turned up at the extremity, 'was probably only blown by one divinely commissioned,' while the straight silver trumpet, the *chatzozera*, appears to have been used only by official heralds and companies of priests. Texcatlipoca, who takes the place among the Mexicans that Apollo did among the Greeks, brought down the flute from heaven and taught the making and playing of it to the Mexican priests. In gratitude they founded a very singular rite in the god's honour which unfortunately involved the sacrifice annually of the handsomest youth who could be found. It does not, however, seem certain whether flute-playing was confined to, or only controlled by, the ecclesiastics. The drum is used by the Shamans of Persia and Hindustan, and the Samoides and other tribes of North Asiatic Russia in connection with their wizardry ; by its means the priests of the latter effect those magical disappearances which have so baffled Europeans. Whether they allow other people to handle the drum I cannot say. The Laplanders do their divinations through the drum, and, like the American Indians, connect it with creation and the harmony of the world. I think it receives veneration in more countries than any other instrument. And these countries are so far apart that one cannot but wonder whether the similarity of idea has arisen spontaneously, or there has been some overseas connection unknown to us in the present day ? The *Ba Thonga* tribe in South Africa believe the inside of a drum to be the abode of a spirit, and with such reverence is it regarded that if a skin cracks it is taboo for any one to look through the hole except the expert called in to effect repairs. It is anomalous that the humblest of all instruments, the primitive rattle, made by putting pebbles in a gourd, has been accorded a higher veneration than any other ; it is the only instrument, I believe, which has been deified. The Indians of Guiana, who say their divine minstrel Amalivaca invented it, worship this primitive contrivance with the same ceremonies and devotion which other uncivilised peoples pay to a figure of wood or stone. In

many parts of Brazil it has, or used to have, a confraternity of priests attached to its service. For a fee they interpreted its rattling, as did the priests of Dodona the cooing of the doves. And, alas ! like the flute, it has not lacked human sacrifices !

Here it may be pointed out that the idea of an instrument being of divine origin does not necessarily involve a taboo in regard thereto, though the two ideas are often associated. Such an origin is very common. The silver trumpet of the Hebrews, already mentioned, was made to an inspired pattern, 'The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Make thee two trumpets of silver ; of a whole piece shalt thou make them' (Numbers x. 1-2). Not only so, but Zechariah foresaw the divine Designer Himself as using the instrument, 'The Lord God shall blow the trumpet' (ix. 14). Nor is such a conception peculiar to the Old Testament : there are repeated references to the use of both trumpets and harps by angelic, if not divine, personages in the Revelation of St John. The Egyptians attributed the invention of the first string instrument, the lyre, to Osiris, and the Greeks the first wind instrument to Pan. The Hindus say that the *vina*, the most charming of all instruments, was given to mankind by Sarasvati, the benevolent and kind consort of Brahma. Among the Yuin tribe of S.E. Australia the 'bull-roarer'—of which more anon—is said to be the voice of the god Daramulun, and in West and South Africa of Oro, a god of terror and vengeance. In Mexican mythology the idea of a god playing a musical instrument may be described as a commonplace.

Co-relatively an instrument may be the subject of a taboo without a divine origin being claimed for it. Among the Taiyal and Tsuou tribes in the Malay Peninsular the nose-flute holds this position ; it is taboo to use it except on the most solemn occasions, such as the celebration of a victory. It is played through one nostril only : in New Zealand the right nostril, in Tahiti the left. Getting a good tone is difficult ; personally I have been unable to get any !

One would imagine that if anything might have been free from a sex taboo it would have been music. Yet this is not so. And I fear that the reason is to be found in the almost universal tendency of the physically stronger

sex to tyrannise over the weaker. An instrument almost as universal among the 'tribes' as the harp has been among the 'nations,' though also known to the latter, by whom it is called a 'bull-roarer,' 'hummer,' or 'buzzer,' and consisting of a slat tied to the end of a string, has been the chief means of this. Among the Australian aborigines, especially the Arunta tribe, and the Xingu Indians, women are not allowed to see the instrument, the offence, even if accidental, being punishable by loss of eyesight and even death itself. There seems to be something in this akin to the 'evil eye' among ourselves, and we find the same belief to be held by Mafulu people of New Guinea in regard to the drum; if one is seen in process of manufacture, by a woman, even accidentally, the maker must begin his work all over again! The idea is very widespread, for the Laplanders forbid the use of the drum to their women-folk. The natives of Formosa will not allow women to use the nose-flute, no exception being made even in the case of a priestess.

In the very few cases in which an instrument has been used by women only, as, for instance, the lyre at one period of Egyptian history; a South African one-stringed fiddle called *mtangala*; and a kind of guitar used by Arab women of ill-fame; the reason, I think, has been disdain on the part of men rather than any formal taboo. That the first undergraduate at Oxford to play the piano in public was hissed off the platform, not for playing badly, but for playing at all, was probably due to exactly the same feeling! The Western Solomon Islands afford the only formal taboo against men that I can find. Legend says that in the earliest days only women played the *efu*—a kind of bamboo Pan's-pipes—and only men the *mako-mako*—a kind of Jews' harp. But there can have been nothing necessary in this sex-distinction, for one day a woman found a man playing her *efu*, so she stole his *mako-mako* and played it, and thereafter the rule was reversed for the whole tribe!

There are not many musical taboos on a social basis, but our list would be incomplete without a reference to the few there are. In Alfred the Great's day the harp had a very high and practical social value; serfs were not allowed to possess one; and if a free-man became insolvent his harp could not be taken from him as it was his

proof of citizenship. Among the Nootkas (Columbian Indians) two instruments are forbidden to all but chiefs; these are a whistle about an inch long, with a hole in it, made of deer-bone, and a bunch of mussel-shells shaken like a castanet. There are also African tribes who regard the drum as possessing much the same social virtue as a royal throne, though unoccupied, possesses in European countries; in the absence of the Chief himself a visitor to a village makes his bow to the big drum instead.

But if social taboos affecting music are few in number, one of them more than makes up for this by its drastic character and far-reaching recognition in 'civilised' countries; the reference is to the objection to women appearing on the public stage or platform, which existed long, though not universally, before its formal promulgation in a Bull of Pope Innocent XI (1667-91). Just as women's parts in Shakespeare's plays were taken by men or youths, so the soprano parts in Handel's oratorios were sung by boys till 1784, when occurs the first record of women assisting them. (Women took part in the English 'masques,' but these were given in private.) A few women sang solos in public during this period, but it was at the risk of their reputation for respectability! Instrumental soloists were still rarer; between 1733 and 1801 I can myself trace the names of only three women players on concert programmes. As women now play almost every orchestral instrument—the heavier wind instruments being the chief exception—and sometimes wield the conductor's baton, perhaps no better example could be given of what seems to me a leading feature of the musical taboo—its purely conventional character and artificiality.

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS.

Art. 5.—DICKENS THE BEGINNER: 1833-1836.

1. *Dickens*. By Bernard Darwin. 'Great Lives.' Duckworth, 1933.
2. *Dickens to his Oldest Friend. Letters to Thomas Beard*. Edited by Walter Dexter. Putnam, 1932.
3. *Criticisms and Appreciations of the Works of Charles Dickens*. By G. K. Chesterton. (Re-issue). Dent, 1933.

'THE father of Charles Dickens,' writes Mr Bernard Darwin, ingeniously turning fiction into truth by standing it on its head, 'was Mr Micawber and his mother was Mrs Nickleby.' The descent of any great man should always be considered from a Pickwickian point of view. It could plausibly be added that the most eminent child of those remarkable parents was born with the unchristian name of Boz. Dickens invented himself as well as his father and mother. 'Boz,' if one must be strictly accurate, first appeared in August 1834, when the pseudonym was attached to the second part of 'The Boarding House,' in the 'Monthly Magazine.' But that was the sixth contribution from its author's pen. His earliest emergence into public print had been made eight months before, when the same periodical contained 'A Dinner at Poplar Walk.' It was, in fact, exactly one hundred years ago, in December 1833, that Charles Dickens, not long come of age, first illumined the gloom of the pre-Victorian world; and, as every one knows, wept in Westminster Hall over his achievement.

It was the sudden breaking of a spring through the surface; and the rivulet broadened with a speed perhaps unique in literature. Before ever the young Queen came to the throne the new writer was famous. Within two years of his modest and almost unseen debut he was being approached to compile 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.' They began to appear in March 1836, and in the fifth number Sam Weller electrified England. By the end of that year his creator, over and above 'Pickwick' itself, had put forth fifty-six 'Sketches by Boz' and three booklets, had two plays produced, contracted for 'Barnaby Rudge' (as 'Gabriel Vardon'), had undertaken to edit and contribute to 'Bentley's Mis-

cellany,' became the friend and assistant of the famous Miss Burdett-Coutts, got married, and told a great newspaper magnate, John Easthope, what he thought of him. And up to November 1836, while this prodigious energy was fermenting for mellowier things, he had also been, day by day, one of the best and busiest newspaper reporters who ever lived. And he was only twenty-four.

Most of that should be matter of common knowledge. But common knowledge of Dickens is apt to falsify some of the values, and to see him as one or other of two period-portraits—the receptive but often miserable young David Copperfield, and the flamboyantly successful great novelist; the miracle of those three years, 1833 to 1836, being taken for granted, or even ignored. Chatter about the two imagined persons has no end either side idolatry. The 'Helots of Culture,' on the one hand—to borrow a thunderbolt from Swinburne's ecstasy*—still in self-justification pick little holes 'with the most exquisite infinity of impertinence.' The totally immersed devotees, at the other extreme, announce with rapture that Queen Victoria once slept in Mr Tupman's bed, or that the 'Pig and Whistle,' not the 'Goat and Compasses,' was really the inn described in some minor 'Reprinted Piece.' The climax of absurdity was reached early in 1933, when three popular newspapers discovered, with simultaneous enthusiasm, that Dickens is still the most widely read of English authors, and a combative poet of the younger generation deemed him to be well worth re-writing. Between the adorers and the diminishers we *ought* to know all about him by now. And though there are scores of Dickens letters still unpublished, we probably do know enough for any reasonable Court of Literary Appeal.

What, in fact, remains to be weighed, a century after the events, is the proper distribution of stress in that crowded life. It is a question of history, almost of biology, rather than of criticism. It is all very well, but genius, swift though it is in places where dull minds crawl, does not progress entirely *per saltum*. There cannot really have been freaks of nature, unaccountable metabolisms, in that evolution from the blacking-warehouse

* 'The Quarterly Review,' July 1902: the first article in the periodical to bear a signature.

drudge into the hypnotic self-exploiter of the public readings, from Maria Beadnell's moonstruck lover into the philoprogenitive husband of Catherine Hogarth, from the boyish theatre-worshipper into the superb creator of Vincent Crummles, from the shy letter-box-filler into the rather overweening best-seller; from Boz into Charles Dickens. What *did* happen, after all, in 1833, when he came of age as a man and was born as a writer? 'David Copperfield,' with the shades of the prison-house darkened in its early chapters, and the mundane success of the young writer later in the book rather overlaid by events at Canterbury, Yarmouth, and Highgate, is, as its title claims, a *personal* history. It is written from inside emotion. David is seldom envisaged from outside as a pushing young man working with demoniac energy among thousands of other young men. Forster, in a mist of retrospect and in his own Augustan superiority to dingy struggles, does not help us much here. The fullness of Dickens' later life, on the other hand, hides from us to some extent his loneliness as a nascent social entity. At eighteen or so, to any one in or on the edge of wider affairs, he was inconsiderable, invisible, submerged: a member of the nameless lower middle class. He was almost as solitary a figure as Art Kipps—as solitary, that is, in valuable worldly contacts, for even in moments of depression his bold mind always saw itself in a crowded theatre; and he was better educated, more articulate, than Mr Wells's also Kentish young man.

It is true that his middle class was less bewildering than its counterpart to-day. It had not so many overlaps or sub-divisions. It was less dense; England then held only one person for every three in this year of grace, and fewer, proportionately, were in towns. It was stricter: Lords were Lords, commoners commoners, tradesmen tradesmen—and literature was still a slighted trade; Dickens himself was to uplift it. Yet even within that smaller class-orbit the domestic movement of the young Dickens was circumscribed. He not merely knew no one who was anybody. He had hardly a score of warmish acquaintanceships, let alone intimacies, in his obscure society. Except for two passably useful uncles, John and Thomas Barrow, he had no family tentacles to draw a broader world close to him; solid ardour, in any case,

was not conspicuous in the Micawber kin. He had no generous school associations (much less Associations) to ripple outwards for him from a steady centre of tradition. Within his suburb of Camden Town itself he could hardly expatiate. He was a struggling bread-winner, and home circumstances gave him small scope. But even had they been more spacious, he still could not have stretched out hands to those dulcet intermediaries of our own more highly organised suburbanity, the pervasive minister of religion, the general medical practitioner, and the railway season-ticket-holder; because, historically, those agents of timid new intercourse were like the Spanish Fleet—not yet in sight. Not less far below the horizon were the solemn troops and sweet societies in which nowadays young persons of both sexes cluster. He was but a speck in an unimportant ocean that cradled few argosies.

On the other hand, he was not a castaway, nor yet a savage awaiting discovery. He was never quite the abject waif of Murdstone and Grinby's. Hardship in plenty he had known, and, as 'an innocent romantic boy,' had felt intolerable humiliation of soul in the scenes which he transferred with sincerity and consummate art to the household of Mr Micawber. But 'that slow agony of my youth'—a few months in his twelfth year—was experienced much more substantially, more poignantly, in his mind than in actual circumstance. Very soon his head was rising above the surface by gradual, regular strokes which were neither sluggish nor jerky. When John Dickens had a temporary lapse into prosperity, his son did not leap from darkness into light, from black nightmare into a bright little cavalcade. He laboured. While the first dire King's Bench and Marshalsea period was fading out—to recur again only when he himself was able and old enough to retreat to independence in Furnival's Inn—young Mr Charles Dickens was building up his own circle of associates. He had his small gaieties—the constant theatre-going, the little bachelor meetings with young gentlemen who walked a trifle raffishly into 'Pickwick' and many other books, and the vivacious gatherings at the Beadnells' house in Lombard Street, to which his friend Kolle (himself apparently a chance acquaintance) introduced him in 1830. Those associates

were undistinguished; naturally enough, for they were his adjacent flotsam. They were not, perhaps, a very large nucleus for a young man who radiated sociability, and was soon to glitter in rather more notable spheres. They were enough to impart a pleasant warmth to life, to stimulate the gregarious instincts, to encourage the unconscious vanity of youth by providing each 'mutual' friend with his own small audience. But no member of the flock was of the least practical use to Dickens, either socially or, so to speak, commercially. The young man had to make a living, and there was round him nothing but a plain of mediocrity. He could not even climb by manual work.

That very difficulty is not always justly apprehended to-day. The industrial revolution, while it gave 'labour' a chance with one hand and took it away with the other, made the problem of what to do with our sons very perplexing for the non-industrial and not securely mercantile middle class; for the office worker who under the older régime was, at most, expected to develop, as senility thinned the sap, into a fatuous Tim Linkinwater, and whose real chances were as sparse and improbable as the luck which fell to Nicholas Nickleby when he met the Cheeryble brothers. That was the way things happened. Literal-minded persons have often criticised the absurdly easy successes of the Dickens heroes. But in the clerkly strata of society under William IV those harlequinades were almost natural. They depended, of course, upon the actor. If only he had been a Card, the young David Copperfield might have had quite a good prospect of turning Murdstone and Grinby's into a world-wide monument to the soundness of British boot-polish: a household word. He would have been an inimitable traveller in the firm's wares, would have written the poems for the advertisements himself, would have suggested branch establishments in Bengal and Eden (U.S.A.), perhaps (who knows?) at Borrioboola-Gha and Port Middlebay; and would have ended up in the 'seventies with a fine half-country house on Beulah Hill or at Hampstead. That was the ascent which for a virtuous apprentice was taking the place of rising to ride in a coach-and-six and become Lord Mayor. It has usually been a possibility for young Englishmen of a shrewd, tough type.

But it was not a career visibly open to one who, according to a schoolfellow, always appeared as 'a gentleman's son, rather aristocratic than otherwise.' Social walls, as well as delicate personal sensibilities, stood intangibly, impassably, in the way.

But young Charles did want to get on. The egotist as well as the genius in him was always bent on that. He could see no ultimate goal but a glowing, generous primacy in whatever career he chose. He *knew*, before he was told it, that he was inimitable. For immediate incentives to action he had the very real fact of financial necessity and the very real romance of adoration of Maria Beadnell. It should not be argued, however, in spite of what Dickens himself said to Forster (and Forster was loath to believe), that the David-Dora, Charles-Maria episode necessarily meant the terrific upheaval of a master spirit. Forster did not know the facts in any detail; the Beadnell letters were published in America only in 1908. Even if he had known them fully, he might not have been sympathetic. He had had, it is believed, his own affair with 'L.E.L.' But possibly one who as a bachelor of forty-four married a publisher's relict—very happily—would not have been the right person to appreciate the raptures at twenty-one of some one else whom he had not met at that age. Still, that is no reason to spurn Forster and say that Miss Beadnell's fickleness was a first and grand climacteric in the novelist's life. Dickens always dramatised his own emotions, and as soon as they subsided saw them as processes of logic. He long treasured, almost to the pitch of private gloating, the painful wound which broke out again (a little peccantly, though it had been healthy before) when he met Maria Winter a score years later and turned her into Flora Finching. That affair between May 1830 and May 1833 certainly was desperate, desperately felt, desperately true, and truthfully sublimated in 'David Copperfield.' It was undoubtedly a direct force in his efforts to make a position for himself. But it was not the only force: it can be taken too seriously. Nor did it affect his worldly progress. He may, then and long afterwards, have seen himself transformed by it from a sparkler into a burning fiery furnace. But he was really glowing all the time, with or without Dora and Miss Julia Mills in the offing.

Consider the mere facts of his successful attempts at self-support—necessary attempts, however Byronically they could be romanticised. His steady but rapid progress came simply from his taking chances and having deep faith in himself. The genial current of his soul never froze; but neither chill penury repressed nor blighted love inflamed any specially noble rage in him. Openings appeared, avenues were explored, and he was as 'active and spry in the sympathetic cause' as his own Colonel Scadder. It was all quite natural. But his first employment was in a blind alley, as an unskilled clerk or glorified office-boy. He had introductions, and used them, like any middle-class lad then and now. There was no particular reason why he should go into an attorney's office, though it was a joyful thing for the presentation of the Law in Literature that that happened. He had apparently no intention of becoming a lawyer. He simply needed a clerk's wage, and from 1827 to about 1830 he earned it. But he must have seen that mere clerical work never led to advancement, for in order to take notes of cases he learned shorthand, like Copperfield. He also, in 1830, improved his mind by reading at the British Museum Library. Finally, for a short time he set up as an independent shorthand-writer in Doctors' Commons. But abstract and brief chronicles of dull petty lawsuits, like those described in 'Scene' VIII ('Doctors' Commons') of 'Sketches by Boz,' made no career for a lively young man. The moment a chance offered he produced his shorthand, and followed his father into the more exciting side-track of Parliamentary reporting. He became part of the machinery of Fleet Street—but as yet only of the machinery.

Early in 1832, for a short time, he had a temporary post on the flickering 'True Sun.' Within a few months, if not simultaneously, he began to work in the Press Gallery for 'The Mirror of Parliament,' a more solid concern with which his uncle, John Barrow, was connected. Here at least, in his new profession, he had some stability of tenure, though the work was seasonal. Here, too, he first met Thomas Beard, who was in some respects the most stable figure in his practical life, and the only person of this earliest period, except Mitton, a school-fellow of his brothers, whose intimacy endured till

death. In the meanwhile John Micawber-Dickens had come into a little money and was also in regular work. His son Charles, though his salary was vital to the family's subsistence, could therefore enjoy some amenities. It was at this time that—by his own account, given to Forster—he went 'every night, with a very few exceptions' to the theatre. That is perhaps an exaggeration. Such pertinacity would not have left much time for the society of Maria Beadnell. But his ever-present love of the stage was certainly not far off an obsession at that time, and it must have coloured very curiously that other passion for the enchanting Dora. He could draw her into his dramatic enthusiasms. Her family inspired in 1831 the esoteric skit, 'The Bill of Fare,' based on Goldsmith's 'Retaliation.' For her, perhaps, he invented his burlesque 'The O'Thello,' which is so queerly reflected in the 'Sketches' in 'Mrs Joseph Porter': Mrs Porter, a shadow of Mrs Leigh (of the Beadnell entourage) in real life, being a notable critic of 'Othello.' It is just possible that when he tried to go on the stage—took lessons in the dramatic art and arranged a happily foiled interview with Bartley of Covent Garden—he did so to make a better income for Dora's sake. We cannot be sure of that. No doubt Dickens would have entered with gusto upon any new and promising career. But he never shirked his daily task, and later events prove that at the height of his infatuation for Maria Beadnell he must have been performing his duties as a reporter with zest and thoroughness. Moreover, he kept his head and his sense of humour well enough to be able to use most of the Beadnell circle as a source of innocent, unembittered merriment in the earliest contributions to the 'Monthly Magazine.'

The final rupture with Maria came, appropriately enough, in the course of play-acting—'Private Theatricals. Stage Manager, Mr Charles Dickens. On Saturday Evening, April 27, 1833.' A month later Dickens was best man to Kolle at his marriage with Anne Beadnell, and thereafter the old intimacy languished. With Kolle he corresponded till 1835, and then all that rosy glow faded. Kolle reappeared for tepid friendship twenty odd years later. Maria, Mrs Winter—how grotesquely cold the embers were when *she* turned up again: and yet

they burnt. But the gay little Camden Town prologue to the career of 'Boz' (still neither born nor christened) tinkled out when the curtain fell on John Howard Payne's 'Clari, or the Maid of Milan.' It is almost an irony that Dickens chose for that fateful performance that thin opera in which the theme-song, as it might now be called, is 'Home, Sweet Home.' The affair may have been utterly soul-shaking, or only an infantile complaint, or a waking dream rather over-sentimentalised in later attempted recapture. At any rate, it was, for Dickens, finished. He went on with his daily job: he himself, much later, was sure that he continued with the energy of desperation. It is permissible to suppose that the utterly irrepressible energy of the normal Charles Dickens also entered into it: though if one compares the two John Dickenses (Micawber and Mr Dorrit), the two Maria Beadnells (Dora Spenlow and Flora Finching), and two—out of many—Charles Dickenses themselves (David Copperfield and Arthur Clennam), one is forced to believe that some of the hectic frenzy was profoundly felt and was not simply an actor's or an artist's rapture in his temporary part. But he had every workaday reason for zeal. There was a bright professional future, in a limited way, before him. There was no reason, whether he were lovesick, lovelorn, or not, why he should not be aflame with ambition. He had made 'a splash in the gallery'—his own words, not unsupported: 'he and Beard were the two best reporters of the day,' said 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer' Charles Mackay, later of the 'Morning Chronicle,' and 'in his nineteenth year (Dickens) occupied the very highest rank among the eighty or ninety reporters then in Parliament,' said James Grant, in his history of 'The Newspaper Press.' Fleet Street, in 1832-34, was undergoing one of its periodic upheavals. Changes of a type not unfamiliar to-day were going on in the newspaper world; and they provided chances for rising young journalists like Charles Dickens, who had not yet written a work of fiction, nor, so far as was known, contemplated that adventure. His real opportunity came when he joined the staff of the 'Morning Chronicle,' and that journal begat its evening companion.

It is at this point that the biographers in general, even that affable archangel, Mr Bernard Darwin, either

begin to see the Parliamentary reporter as 'Boz,' the rapidly maturing embryo of Charles Dickens, or become psycho-analytical about Dora and the histrionic temperament. Either emphasis is wrong. In May 1833, and in December 1833, and right up to the end of 1835, Dickens was a Fleet Street man, first, last, and most of the rest of the time. He was a whole-hog hundred per cent. journalist. He was writing 'sketches,' but they were side issues. For a long time they were not even paid for as separate items: he got nothing out of the 'Monthly Magazine,' for it had no money, and to the two 'Chronicles' he remained only a first-class reporter whose regular salary was increased because he could throw in a sketch at intervals. All the evidence, some published but some, striking in detail, not yet published, shows that the 'glory of print' for 'A Dinner at Poplar Walk' did not dim the eyes of 'Boz' for more than half an hour. He must for a good while yet be considered simply as a working journalist climbing the Street of Ink; and he knew it. 'Seek not to proticipate.'

It was Beard who got Dickens the post on the 'Chronicle.' Things were going on behind the scenes in Fleet Street. 'The Times' was becoming definitely Tory in politics, and the old 'Morning Chronicle,' then in a state of some decrepitude, was being infused with Whig vigour, which, for that day, was fairly Radical in quality. In 1833 it was still in the hands of William Clement, part proprietor of the 'Observer' and 'Bell's Life,' but it was even then, apparently, being reorganised internally. In July 1833, at any rate, Dickens dined with John Payne Collier with a view to an introduction through him to the 'Chronicle.' Collier noticed his rather pronounced taste in dress, but did his best for him; without avail. The chance of full-time work on a full-time paper did not come till August 1834, when Beard, himself newly taken on, put in a word for his friend, and got him engaged for political reporting not only in the House but all over England. Thus began a memorable partnership: memorable to us to-day because the work suited exactly the superb acquisitiveness of Dickens' mind just at the right moment in his life. His extensive and peculiar knowledge—his own phrase is hackneyed now, but it is precise—of England and her people, her roads, inns, humours, ugli-

nesses, her incurable optimism and courage, was almost all acquired in those two years spent in rushing about with Thomas Beard. But it was memorable also for a less visible reason. It gave the young reporter confidence in his relations with other people: indeed, something occasionally like arrogance. Courage and self-confidence he always had. But now, going to and fro importantly, making immediate decisions, fighting for his paper tooth and nail, he could feel that he was some one: not a lively boy in a poor street in Camden Town among a lot of cheerful nonentities. He was his own self, a player on the great stage, not an amateur in the Theatre Royal, Back Drawing Room.

He had not at first, in 1833, that feeling about his fiction, when he discovered himself capable of that art. The tears in Westminster Hall were part of an emotion which any writer can understand and honour. But they did not make him see himself all at once as a great author. He shyly hinted that Anne Beadnell (now Mrs Kolle) might look at the article in the 'Monthly Magazine,' and mentioned it also to her genial papa. He responded to the magazine's request for more, but did not at once suggest payment for them. He told Kolle of these 'polite and flattering' approaches. He said early in 1834 that he was committed to a series for the 'Monthly,' to be called 'The Parish.' But in his own mind he may already have begun to conceive large-scale work: 'should they (this series) be successful, as publishing is hazardous, I shall cut my proposed novel up into little magazine sketches.' For a novice who was not being paid for his literary efforts that is an odd mixture of sanguine confidence and caution. But the very contradiction is the clue to his position. He was still only at the beginning of a career. He had now a financial 'stand-by,' the Gallery work, which he knew he performed well, and which, as things were in Fleet Street, might lead further in its own sphere. The fiction market, as it would be called to-day, was not to be rushed. He must study it carefully while he carried on with the business of living. He was a reporter. But he could *write*: he knew now. That he did hold some such view—and so, fortunately, fell into the 'Pickwick' opportunity—is evident from his attitude to the next request for sketches, which

came from the proprietors of the 'Chronicles,' or rather of the 'Morning Chronicle' about to multiply itself. But that brings us, as it brought him, to a great turning point. The development of the 'Morning Chronicle' was a much more important thing to Charles Dickens, journalist, than it seems now to us in the evolution of Boz, man of letters. To a Fleet Street young man of twenty-one it was the kind of chance which comes seldom—the re-establishment of a substantial journal, with a determined policy, and plenty of money behind it.

The paper changed hands in the summer of 1834. The chief of three new owners was John Easthope. The editor, retained from the existing régime, was John Black: afterwards remembered, like every other man of character in a similar position, as 'the last of the London editors of the old school.' He was a robust personality, but perhaps in one respect a member of a newer school. He was in the shadow of the paper's proprietors. However, to Dickens he was always a good and honoured friend—'Dear old Black! my first hearty out-and-out appreciator.' And he appreciated Dickens, in practice, to the extent of entrusting to him and Beard jointly all the special expeditions to the ends of England to secure news ahead of 'The Times.' For that was the 'Chronicle's' policy—to forestall and out-do, in the Liberal interest, the political news supply of the great Conservative journal of the day. What is here more relevant is that it was the policy of Easthope, a remarkable figure who has almost escaped the notice of Dickens' biographers.

Easthope had made a fortune on the Stock Exchange, and entered Parliament. There he spoke only (and well) on questions which he grasped fully. He sought and held no office. But in 1841 Melbourne procured him a baronetcy for his services to the Liberal cause. In fact, he was the sort of person who in our own more suspicious days would perhaps be hinted at by prejudiced opponents as a sinister figure lurking in the background. He was active in the conduct of his newly acquired journal. It is not too much to say that it was his control of the 'Chronicle' which was the dominant, if remote, force in the career of Charles Dickens between August 1834 and November 1836—of Dickens, not 'Boz.' Easthope, in

his loftier world of affairs, had probably hardly heard of 'Boz' till about midsummer 1836, and even then he may have felt, as 'The Quarterly Review' said a little later (October 1837), that the author 'has risen like a rocket, and will come down like the stick.' Dickens, his employé, he did know, however; and a curious meeting they must have had early in their mutual acquaintance, for it was not on the 'True Sun,' as Forster says (followed by Mr Darwin), but on the 'Chronicle,' against Easthope, in February 1836, that Dickens led a strike of reporters.

By that time he had strengthened his financial prospects. As a reporter on the staff of the 'Morning Chronicle,' from August 1834 onwards, he received five guineas a week. It enabled him to move into Furnival's Inn and escape some of the embarrassment of Micawber domesticity. It also gave him Macrone the publisher for neighbour. The evening issue of the 'Chronicle,' started in January 1835, was in the main only a replica of the morning one. But it aimed at getting into the British home, and so desired other features than news—a phenomenon not invisible to-day. The specially appointed editor, George Hogarth, an able and experienced man of high standing, knew that the young reporter had contributed sketches to the reputable 'Monthly Magazine.' He asked him to do the like for the 'Evening Chronicle'; and his assistant, Charles Mackay, tells us that these papers were meant to be what would now be called a 'feature,' and to differentiate the 'Chronicle' from rivals. Dickens may have guessed as much, though Hogarth seemed to take it for granted that sketch-writing was covered already by the five guinea weekly wage. When it was clear that the articles were wanted regularly, Boz asked for more, naturally enough. He pleaded, quite humbly, that it might be 'fair and reasonable' to expect something 'beyond my ordinary salary as a reporter.' It *was* fair and reasonable: he was granted seven guineas a week—salary, not payment piecemeal for sketches. The point here, however, is that his letter about it to Hogarth, written on Jan. 20, 1835, says explicitly, 'I wish to put it to the proprietors.' For all practical purposes 'the proprietors' were Easthope. He did not prefer his request simply to the daily editor, Black, or the evening one, Hogarth.

Hard work for the 'Chronicle' meant that there was very little time for sketch-writing in any case, and, obviously, that such contributions could no longer be given for nothing to other publications. Boz honestly and frankly asked the 'Monthly Magazine' for payment if he was to continue. The editor agreed to give half a guinea a page—which for 'A Dinner at Poplar Walk' would have amounted to four guineas—or about 17. a thousand words. But the journal's finances were inadequate, and so Boz's contributions ceased after February 1835, with no unfriendliness on either side, and no hardness in the futile bargaining. The sketches continued to appear at frequent, not quite regular, intervals in the 'Evening Chronicle' up to Aug. 20; and then they ceased there too. But in September 1835 a certain 'Tibbs' began to contribute to 'Bell's Life' some of the articles which were afterwards incorporated in 'Sketches by Boz'; and Vincent Dowling, the editor, was Dickens' friend. The arrangements at this point between the author and the two papers are at present unexplained. It is worth while noticing, as some slight evidence of integrity in a divided purpose, that the 'sketches' for the 'Monthly Magazine' were in the form of fiction, those for the 'Evening Chronicle' were descriptive impressions, and those for 'Bell's Life' a kind of descriptive fiction. It is not unreasonable to suppose that Dickens, though, as a reporter, he was in a perpetual whirl over England in post-chaises, yet managed to dispose of his literary by-products by a method of balanced expediency.

But by now—the autumn of 1835—he must have begun to take himself a little more seriously as an original writer, or to think more clearly of prospects in that capacity. The little circle of his friendships was enlarging. He had been received joyfully into the home of the Hogarths. He had met Miss Burdett-Coutts, and was on the way to drift into that position of honorary almoner which not only gave her expert advice but provided the world with Mrs Gamp. He had struck up a friendship with John Hullah, to result almost at once in the libretto of 'The Village Coquettes.' He had attracted the kindly notice of Harrison Ainsworth, and had been introduced by him to Macrone, the evanescent publisher: John

Macrone, Dickens' neighbour, who was the only non-family guest (except Thomas Beard, the best man) at Dickens' wedding, and, at Ainsworth's suggestion, got Dickens to put together the 'Sketches by Boz' ('me and the other boy'—Macrone—'goes partners in it,' wrote Dickens himself), and published them, taking a heavy but successful risk and paying the young author his full value in the book market.

That market value was not over-estimated by Messrs Chapman and Hall when, in December 1835, they looked everywhere for a writer to turn out something light and attractive to fit Seymour's sporting pictures. The story of Mr Pickwick's origin has been told over and over again. It is the romance of a supposed ready writer, a willing hireling, turning out to be a genius. But the hireling was not yet 'the inimitable "Boz." ' He still had no remarkable past nor glittering present to recommend him. Ainsworth, established already, saw his promise; and Ainsworth represented his nearest contact with humane letters. Macrone believed him a good speculation. Beard knew his technical prowess. In Fleet Street he was probably looked upon as a young man likely to go some distance, but in no definite direction as yet. He was subordinate to Black and Hogarth in his newspaper work. He did not attain to the sub-editors' room where men like Mackay and Grant (themselves now only dim names) were in secondary power. He had not yet met Forster among the younger literary forces, nor Macready in the theatrical world; neither Cruikshank nor Hablot Browne in the artistic. He knew Dowling, of 'Bell's Life,' among the editors, and possibly William Jerdan of the 'Literary Gazette,' a benefactor of Ainsworth himself. He was only in the dimmer twilight of contemporary literature; and excellent though he might be as a journalist, the working journalist was even less in the public eye then than now. What should his rich employer know about this pushing young subordinate, beyond the fact that through work like his the 'Chronicle' reached a circulation of 9000 a day to the 11,000 of 'The Times'? But Easthope had to know a great deal about him all through 1836. Unpublished letters show Dickens in a contumacious mood towards 'the proprietors,' inclining in the end towards what Mr Ralph Straus amiably calls

an 'almost ingenuous inability to understand that he could possibly be mistaken about himself.' *

At the beginning of that year Dickens had the 'Pickwick' contract almost in his pocket. He was engaged to Catherine Hogarth, his editor's daughter. The 'Sketches' were about to appear as a book. The glow of the Westminster Hall thankfulness must often have come over him again just then. But it was more than mere pride that moved him to action when, with the rest of the staff, he heard the 'Chronicle's' dispositions of the work for the ensuing Parliamentary session. He, Beard, and three others found them intolerable; and they threatened very plainly to strike—or shall we say withhold their labour?—if other arrangements were not made. Dickens agreed to be the spokesman, and to assert that 'we wish to understand distinctly, yes or no' whether they would be dismissed 'at the termination of the present engagement' if they did not sign the agreement for the new terms. If so, they would sign under protest, and go somewhere else as soon as possible. But if it did not mean dismissal, they would not sign at all, but would negotiate further. That is blunt enough, in all conscience; and courageous. It may be remembered that the 'Tolpuddle Martyrs,' who are to be commemorated in Dorset in *their* centenary year, were transported in 1834 for a far less definite 'conspiracy.' But in 1836 the black-coats were not yet in the Labour movement.

As 'Dickens to his Oldest Friend' proves, the 'strike' was against Easthope; and the strikers seem to have won. But nothing went right between Dickens and 'the proprietors' after that. His reporting was as zealous as ever, but something mysterious and irksome was happening to the 'Sketches.' They were not appearing in the 'Chronicle,' and apparently Dickens wanted to know why: in May he asked to see Easthope about it. Easthope must have smoothed matters over somehow, but still the two 'Chronicles' were void of original work by 'Boz.' But so was 'Bell's Life' after Jan. 17. What with the publication of the first series of 'Sketches,' the first number of 'Pickwick,' two plays in hand, marriage and that quiet honeymoon at Chalk, Dickens cannot have had

* 'Dickens: a Portrait in Penell.' Gollancz, 1928.

much spare time in the spring of 1836. But his eagerness to put things right with Easthope hints at a certain anxiety about his still important seven guineas a week.

'Pickwick,' in March, succeeded moderately at first: in August, wildly, fantastically. But on Aug. 3 Dickens wrote to Macrone: 'The "Carlton Chronicle" has got a new editor, who has applied to me to write a series of short sketches for it, which I have consented to do.'* There was no reason why he should not. But what he sent to the 'Carlton Chronicle' (an ephemeral publication, very erratic in its dates of appearance) in September and October appeared almost simultaneously in both the 'Morning' and the 'Evening Chronicle,' with one exception; and Dickens complained to Easthope that the 'Carlton,' and 'Bell's Life' too, were acting as pirates. He was always sensitive about literary piracy: a little more callous about transfer of custom by himself. But in August, also, he had signed an agreement with Bentley to edit and contribute to the new 'Miscellany.' He had too many irons in the fire. In November he was getting behindhand with the 'Pickwick' instalments, and his resumed sketches for the 'Chronicle' had apparently been late too. At any rate, Easthope seems to have remonstrated, with the result that Dickens resigned first the increment of salary allowed for the sketches and then his position as reporter. His dignified letter announcing this decision—still unpublished—rebukes Easthope for his treatment of young and promising members of his staff. There was something to be said on the other side. 'I acted with great fairness by them, and have nothing to atone or explain.' But, long after, 'what gentlemen they were to serve, at the old "Morning Chronicle"!'.

That was the real end of Dickens' journalism for the daily papers, except for his ill-starred and short return to Fleet Street as editor of the 'Daily News' in 1846. In January 1837 he took his place as editor of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' dispensing acceptance to or impetrating contributions from writers far his senior in years, experience, and standing. With Easthope he remained on good terms. Sir John was present at the private farewell dinner to him on his departure for Italy in 1844, and about the same

* Letter printed in 'The Dickensian,' Winter Number, 1931-32.

time tried to secure him again as a mere contributor—at ten guineas an article: in vain. 'Boz' had become Charles Dickens for good. Three years had brought about that development. It was the appearance in print of that December a century ago, not the profound melancholy after the performance of 'Clari' seven months earlier, which was the turning point in his life. The mere interval alone dissociates the beginning of authorship from the end of first love. Dickens could write a sketch a day—he said so to Macrone—and publishers and editors in the 'thirties were the very reverse of slow in their treatment of unknown authors, or in getting matter ready for press. New work rather than past grief was the inspiration of the young author; a compelling stimulus to one in whom unequalled creative energy was allied (let us be frank) with great vanity. As he established himself in the world of genuine activity, of real things outside the toy theatre of the suburbs, boyish indecision vanished and honourable self-assertion grew strong. His whole atmosphere changed. His more famous friendships—with Forster (the great introducer), Macready, Cruikshank, Maclise, Talfourd, Lytton—began at the end of 1836, or soon after, and inevitably, with no forcing (Beard is the supreme instance of their strength), the old ties grew weak. It was the three years 'in the shops,' as the engineers might say, that made these companionships natural and socially possible. He had been prepared for them by using the machinery of letters, by having to hold his own with fellow journalists and editors and competing publishers. Happily for us, circumstances made his final choice clear for him. The 'Morning Chronicle,' more than any one other force outside his own genius, turned him from a career of practical dexterity, in which no doubt he could have been thoroughly successful, to a kingdom of free imagination in which mere success was a trifle. 'It was as a journalist that he attacked the world, as a journalist that he conquered it,' says Mr G. K. Chesterton in those 'Criticisms and Appreciations' which do criticise and appreciate Dickens so superbly for a generation not brought up on him. But the real victory came when Dickens was able to control the journalist, the news-monger of a day, in his own heart, and be himself.

F. J. HARVEY DARTON.

Art. 6.—THE GROUP MOVEMENT.

It is an interesting coincidence that in the Centenary Year of the Tractarian Movement, for the renewal of spiritual life in the Anglican Church, initiated by Newman, Pusey, Keble and others at Oxford, and celebrated last summer with much enthusiasm, another religious revival, working on quite different lines, should at the same place, and at much the same time, take up its challenge to the world and present a new and vital Christianity possible to all men. This movement which claims to return, in all primitive and undiluted methods, to the teaching of the Apostolic age ; which invites the world to accept the superiority of its system to any other form of church institution of the past centuries, and finds, in its principles and practices, the only way of countering Communism and averting a world revolution, calls for the impartial consideration not only of the Church and laity, but of others, who, recognising that the progress of materialism has outstripped all controlling spiritual influences, would gladly welcome any fresh endeavour that tends to substitute a sense of duty and good citizenship for the unrest, the pleasure-seeking, the self-centred lives of many of the present generation.

But while the Groupists' Movement has steadily advanced in the past decade and caused much searching of heart amongst the bishops and clergy, regarding the possible value of the new teaching and whether it could be found consonant with the 'faith once delivered to the saints,' the haziest ideas on the subject have generally prevailed, while many confuse the new departure with the Oxford Tractarian Movement, basing their information on the somewhat weird accounts furnished by friends, of crowded and hilarious house parties of Groupists, where young men and women, sharing their experiences in common and debating many religious problems of the time, recount marvellous instances of their own conversion or that of their friends, in a manner which might be considered scarcely suitable and not always edifying.

It was not until the summer meetings at Oxford, and later at the Albert Hall, evoked controversial discussions in the Press between prelates and clergy of conflicting views, that greater interest was aroused, and we learnt

in the Groupists' literature, which has since flooded the market, of the inception of the movement by Frank Buchman—an American by birth—and of the success which he achieved with his band of 'Life Changers' and the doctrines and principles on which he based his faith. Again, we learnt that Buchman was born in Pennsylvania in 1878, that he took his Bachelor and Master's Degrees from Muhlenburg College (which recently conferred on him an Honorary D.D.); and that he later accepted the charge of the first Lutheran Settlement for Poor Boys, where, he tells us, although devoted to his work, he was conscious of 'some hindrance preventing the message of Christianity from getting through.' Leaving for England in 1908, on his resignation from the post in consequence of a difference with the trustees of the Settlement, he attended a religious convention in Cumberland, and entering a small village church in Keswick, where only seventeen people were gathered, became, he declares, a converted man. Here, as if by miracle, some particular aspect of the Cross, which the woman preached, seemed to present itself before him in brilliant light, and impressed him with the realisation of a great abyss gaping between himself and his Master, lifting his soul from its selfishness to make his entire surrender to the Divine Will. His first act was to write to those in America, by whom he thought he had been misjudged, apologising for any ill-feeling shown towards them, and the relief afforded by this avowal confirmed his conviction that confession and unequivocal restitution must become the first steps in the Christian life.

From early days Frank Buchman appreciated the favourable ground the universities offered for the dissemination of his views. At Harvard and other colleges in America, and afterwards at Cambridge, he formed centres for the propagation of the new movement, while from Cambridge a band of young 'Life Changers' were sent to Oxford, where a more considerable work was set on foot. In 1909 he took up his position at a large American State University as head of the Y.M.C.A., and there first found the value of personal contact with individuals to be more efficacious as a means of conversion than mass evangelism. Here he took in hand and eventually converted three of the most conspicuous figures

at the university—the College Dean, a polished and cultured student, and Bill Pickle, the leading bootlegger of a ring which was the despair of the College authorities. Later, in 1915, a missionary tour was undertaken through India, Korea, and Japan, with considerable results.

But the work overseas was associated from early days with equally strenuous endeavours at home, and it is of interest to note that, whether in England or abroad, the so-called house parties were recognised by Buchman and his followers as the best channels of social intercourse for arousing and extending general interest in the movement. The first house party took place in 1918 at Kuling, when missionaries, pastors, statesmen, business and professional men were present, and the first two week-end parties in this country were held, the one at Cambridge in 1921, for men from both our leading universities, and the other at Oxford two years later, on Buchman's return from abroad. These house parties are increasing in popularity and the favourite means of bringing together large numbers on informal lines, in preference to the usual religious conferences or conventions. They vary in size from twenty to a hundred and meet in an hotel or private residence, according to the need of space, and extend from a week-end to a full week or ten days. The object of the house party was described by Harold Begbie—a convert to the cause—in his book 'Life Changers,' as 'frankly to relate modern individuals to Jesus Christ, in terms which they understand and in an environment which they find congenial.' Informal talks, in which are discussed personal sins, conversions, entire self-surrender, guidance, and what is termed the 'rationale of intelligent witness, or how to convey to one another one's own experience of Christ,' occupy a considerable portion of each day. Bible study is also greatly to the fore, and 'the morning opens with a time of united quiet in waiting expectation for the revelation of God's Will, and the evening provides a period for conversation and personal discussion,' the sex question, which at first figured in undue proportion in these meetings, being now relegated to separate gatherings of men and women.

Marvellous, it is claimed, have been the effects of the new teaching. Hundreds, on both sides of the Atlantic, have had their lives radically and permanently changed by

it. Family and social life have been purified and strengthened, separated couples brought together again, and commercial men led to a higher standard of business integrity and of the right expenditure of money made or acquired. The Groupists' literature teems with tales, often well authenticated, of the miracles performed amongst seemingly the most depraved of men—the transformation of discontented and disagreeable individuals into cheerful and contented members of society, and of intellectual sceptics into believers in the Christian faith. These, in their turn, have become the chosen instruments for changing the lives of others, and have influenced and in many cases brought into the orbit of the Groupists' Movement (unlike the conversions effected by the Salvation Army) men of science, of learning and of repute, and others of social position and filling high offices in military and naval circles. A few concrete instances are given: of a Greats' man, aged 24, who, as atheist and pantheist was converted by Buchman's influence, and later, by argument, transformed Harold Begbie into a warm supporter of the movement. Another example is given by Begbie of the 'rugger blue—as keen an athlete as ever played for the university,' and again, a personal convert of Buchman, who, on his return to Cambridge after the War, to take his degree, found absolute faith and freedom in the new life, and as an immediate consequence attached himself to the Talbot House Settlement, placing himself and his services at the disposal of the Rev. 'Tubby' Clayton, the adored Chaplain of Poperinghe.

With such well-substantiated accounts of the work accomplished by the 'Life Changers,' a special interest attaches to the questions, What is the motive power and what the underlying inspiration of so successful a movement? The answer is clearly and decisively given by Frank Buchman and other leaders of the Group Movement, in the leaflets and pamphlets to which we have referred. Conversion, entire surrender to the will of God, divine guidance and inspiration, given at all times and in all places, but more especially sought in the quiet hour enjoined at break of day, and again, the ethics of fellowship and sharing, including confession of sins in a public assembly, are the governing principles of the Groupists' creed—the adoption of one and all by each

separate disciple being a necessary qualification for membership of the Group. Many of these principles are endorsed by Christian men and women and can generally be traced to the Gospel-teaching of the earliest days ; but it is in their interpretation and their application to daily practice that justifiable misgivings and legitimate criticisms are aroused. It is, therefore, not surprising that as the Groupists' propaganda has been broadcast in their literature and in the Press, counter-statements should have been pungently advanced by men such as the Bishop of Durham, the Rev. C. M. Chavasse of Oxford and some of the evangelical clergy of the same university, who, though recognising the good which has been accomplished, still deem it their duty to confute many of the Groupists' assumptions and claims.

On the question of surrender of the will and the ' quiet hour,' there is little divergence of opinion, and the regular time at early dawn for communion with God, which Mr Rowlands describes as ' unhurried communion with Him, for Bible reading and meditation and looking for the guidance of the Holy Spirit,' has been recommended by the Church and saints since earliest apostolic days. But as regards conversion, issue has been joined between the Church and the Groupists on the knotty point of ' once born ' and ' twice born,' for while the Church has always recognised that conversion—' the turning of man from sin to God '—is absolutely necessary in one form or other for every individual, and the Groupists allow that full conversion may in some cases take time to mature, their leaders assert that ' the truest sign of spiritual rebirth lies in instantaneous cause and effect, for when conversion is once effected the real victory is gained.' On the other hand, Bishop Henson and other authorities hold that though ' dramatic conversions, which arrest public attention, have never been lacking in the records of Christian evangelism, the growing emancipation from sin and the saintly character formed within, are generally the work of gradual evolution and growth.' Still more strongly the Groupists dispute the contention that there can be no true conversion without a full confession in public of the sins of the past—the sharing with others the experiences and failures of earlier years.

It is, however, in the various aspects of guidance,

as presented to us by Frank Buchman and other writers, and the still more controversial subject of 'sharing,' that the greatest points of difference between them and their critics will be found. Guidance is looked for, it is said, in 'Communion with our Father, the Living God'; and is 'simply the experience of God flooding into a man's life, to give him direction and power—it is man in touch, not with the natural, but with the supernatural—man in touch with God.' Yet the Groupists themselves, recognising the mistakes that might arise in human interpretation of God's guidance, initiate four 'Tests' to be observed in considering the question. These are that 'Guidance must not go counter to the highest standard of belief which we possess; that it should not contradict the revelations which Christ has already made through the Bible; that it must be absolutely honest, pure, unselfish and loving, and must not conflict with our duties and responsibilities to others.' Yet here critics may reasonably question if undergraduates of a possibly undisciplined character, and others, whose lives hitherto have been in direct contradiction to God's teaching and who are unacquainted with their Bible or with religious subjects, are competent and fitted to apply to themselves these rules in a satisfactory way.

Again, intuitions, on which so much reliance is placed for indication of the path to be pursued, become dangerous, as Bishop Henson declares, in the belief that 'sudden inspiration should take the place of carefully prepared plans and interfere seriously with the vocation in life, which had been earlier deliberated with wisdom and judgment and previously submitted to the guidance of God.' 'Few will deny,' says the Rev. C. W. Emmet, 'the working of God's providence in their life and that such leadings do come at times with a real authority and certainty. But these intuitions must be approved by the conscience and reason—the God-given powers by which each one of us must direct his way on his own ultimate responsibility.' Yet Eleanor Forde, in a Groupists' tract, insists that 'the guidance of God may sometimes seem to be unreasonable, but must be acted on in faith by the persons receiving it'; while the Rev. S. Shoemaker, after speaking of the possibilities for those influenced and led at every step by the Holy Ghost, as a

new discovery of the Groupists, adds, 'after one begins to live by the intimation of the spirit, life becomes, at times, a kind of game, to see how often one can hear and understand aright—how many situations can be solved by direct understanding.' It has been observed that guidance under this form may take shape as a 'pious amusement hardly worthy the name.'

The Rev. Geoffrey Allen, in his book 'He that Cometh,' maintains, 'we may be at liberty to fill our diaries with engagements for days and weeks and months ahead, but each day allow God to redirect as His purposes demand,' inferring surely that the Almighty may first guide His children to frame engagements, which next, when they fall due, He may guide them to break! The story of the prolonged deliberation of a Groupist on the selection of a dressing-gown to wear in the quiet morning hour, and the joyful recognition, after days of uncertainty, of divine permission to do so, shows the absurd perversion of the Groupists' presentation of guidance, and occurs in the case of another inquirer, who, undecided as to his future, consulted Dr Buchman and was asked to take a pencil and write down the thoughts and guidance given him. For nearly the whole hour no inspiration would come, until at length some ideas occurred which he deemed almost unworthy of repetition. To his surprise, on referring these to Buchman, he was told with confidence that this was the right guidance of God! Still more remarkable in this connection is the avowal of a leader such as Canon L. W. Grensted, that after reflecting for days whether a journey should be made by car or by train, he was faced with the direct message, 'Don't be a fool—go by car!' A further lamentable result of the misapplication of guidance is seen when undergraduates, in the obsession of the movement, become, as their tutors complain, indifferent to their success in schools and quite oblivious of the great sacrifices often made by parents to give them a university education. There is the authenticated tale of a young girl standing up and testifying, not only as to her past but as regards her future, that she did not care whether she took a 'first or second or did not pass at all, as she had gained something of far greater worth!' That this is the accepted Groupists' view of relative values is strengthened in the reply of a young man at her side,

who, when asked to condemn such views, declared, 'she is absolutely right, what does anything else matter!'

The questions of 'sharing for confession' and 'sharing for witness'—equally prominent features of the Groupists' dogma—are still more debatable. Mr Thornton-Duesbery and other apologists, although acknowledging there is no reason why a sinner should not confess his sins direct to God, maintain that public confession and restitution for wrong are proofs of true repentance and that 'this sharing is necessary as a testimony to win others and thus make your sin your asset.' Mr Rowlands goes so far as to say, 'the conversion of others is often due to hearing the testimonies of those set free from sin,' apparently forgetful of the fact that public confession was tried in apostolic days and discontinued for good reasons as inadvisable and causing many abuses. It is easy to trace the pitfalls which may be associated with this 'confession for witness.' The excitement of sharing past experiences has led young people, on many occasions, to go 'one better' than their neighbours, by confessing sins which they have never committed. Others, in adding to the enormity of their iniquities, enhance, they believe, the marvellous redemptive power of Christ. Nor is there any finality in this confession. Sins are to be shared again and again in 'witness,' as often as evangelistic purposes or pastoral sympathy may require, with the inevitable concentration of the mind on former transgressions, which may become formal, or exaggerated or dangerously morbid. Instances are given of unbalanced minds being carried away at Group meetings by the strong appeal to the emotions and suffering later from a loss of mental power—while this 'witness sharing' may serve to disintegrate the family home by its too frank avowal of things in public, which, if confession were necessary, should have been private.

Loyalty to the local Group, strongly enjoined on every member, is, in its extreme application, condemned alike by the Church and secular writers, as 'strengthening the further authority of the Groupists over the judgment of the individual'—the 'collective guidance of the Group becoming the accepted test of the guidance of each of its members.' The Inner Group within many local Groups, with the reference when in doubt to the final arbiter, Frank Buchman, can fairly be compared, in the words of

Mr Chavasse, to the 'hierarchy of the Roman Church and the infallible Pope.' 'The Groupists, indeed,' he says, 'stand outside the Churches, and therefore can surpass the complete control gained by the Jesuits in the Roman Catholic Church—where at any rate the Jesuit General is always subject to the Pope's orders.' Group loyalty only accepts rival loyalties so far as they are duly subordinated to their own dictation, and it has been said that 'in order to check the marching orders from on High, which the Groupists claim they have received, the movement has created a checking machinery which robs him of his private judgment and binds him to unquestionable obedience to the verdicts of another authority, to that of the luminous thoughts which he was originally required to look upon as divine.'

Nor is schism, as a possible result of the new movement, a danger which can be ignored by bishops and clergy; and this fear is justifiable in the light of earlier experiences, for if Mr A. J. Russell and other leaders disclaim the desire to initiate any new 'church, cult, sect or organisation,' there is frequently only the alternative of the extinction of the work through lack of organisation, or of complete separation from the Church. 'Groupism covers the whole ground of normal denominational life so well that other systems are rendered specially superfluous by the logic of its own system.' Quakerism and Wesleyism are cases in point. The Quakers' Movement, inaugurated by George Fox, reproduced in the world a 'New Testament type of Christianity, which, however, crystallised in but a short space of time into the most sharply distinctive of all Christian sects, and by degrees dwindled into a self-contained community—nobly philanthropic in its way, but indifferent to the spiritual needs of unevangelized mankind.' While Wesleyism, founded by a man who lived and died in the Church, and condemned all departure from it, was soon the nucleus of a new sect and has continued to this day a Nonconformist body. Such have been the arguments approving or repudiating the Group doctrine, with which we have become familiar in the past year, and these arguments were repeated with renewed force in the great adventure of last autumn, for the work of evangelization in all parts of London.

For some weeks previously a Press campaign by the

Groupists prepared the way for the new endeavour, which was launched in 'The Times' by a reasoned appeal from Canon Grensted for the 'awakening and strengthening of the sense of spiritual need and of a trust in Divine power and guidance—the one thing necessary for world recovery—for the marvellous power of individual lives entirely freed from fear and selfishness and surrendered to the guidance of God and to the service of his fellow men, and for the co-operation of the churches of all denominations in the great work now to take place.' This was followed by the equally striking testimony of the Bishop of Calcutta, who enlarged on the wonderful results to be obtained from the vital energy of the Group Movement and told of the 'heightened vision' given him in a house party at Oxford, of what God was 'able and willing to accomplish through him, did he offer no obstacle of unbelief or of self-will to the guidance of the spirit'; while Mr Rowland-Wilson and many undergraduates testified to the life 'full of adventure and purpose' gained in the surrender of self to Jesus Christ; and Prebendary Carlile urged the need of a fair trial for the movement.

This correspondence again aroused hostile criticism. The Bishop of Durham questioned the magnitude of the work accomplished and adverted on the 'grotesque exaggeration' of the Groupists' advertisements, the unseemly luxury and extravagance of the travelling teams, the mystery of the financial arrangements and the oracular despotism of 'Frank.' Concurrently a leader in 'The Times' endorsed many of these views and described the Group Movement as 'a contemporary expression of a recurrent phenomenon in the history of the Church, subject to the volcanic eruptions which have so often passed for Christian evangelism,' and insisted that 'there is nothing of value in the movement which cannot be obtained within historic Christianity.' Still more scathing is the condemnation expressed by Mr Reginald Lennard, whose opinion as an Oxford don of many years' standing carries considerable weight, that of all the influences and movements which he had seen at work in Oxford, 'almost, if not the most depraving in its ultimate tendency and the most insidiously inimitable to the formation of fine character, is the Group Movement which Dr Buchman has brought to us from America!' Yet Mr Lennard,

it is only fair to state, acknowledges that he ignores the psychological and theological sides of the questions, both of which should figure in any impartial consideration of a movement such as this.

Statistics were introduced to prove as usual that both sides were in the right—the claims of the Groupists on the one side to vast numbers of university converts at Oxford and the conversion of the masses in Canada and other places abroad being whittled down by the counter-statements of those in opposition that only two hundred undergraduates had definitely joined the movement, and that second visits by Groupists to scenes of their earlier missions found an immense falling off in adherents. As if to leave no stone unturned in reviewing these controversies, a significant analogy is found by Professor Jacks between the quest for guidance in moral and spiritual affairs now active in the Groups, and for the demand for dictatorship in social and political life, which characterises the various Fascists' movements of our times, both, as Professor Jacks says, evincing 'an equal distrust of self-government and the desire of human beings not to govern themselves but to be well governed, the double tendency of the movement towards spiritual dictatorship (guidance) on the one hand and towards spiritual communism (sharing) on the other, synchronizing as it does with parallel movements in the political field.'

The success of this preparatory work in arousing public sympathy is proved by the crowded service at St Paul's Cathedral on Oct. 7, and in the large attendance at the series of meetings which were begun in the Central Hall, Westminster, on Oct. 16 and continued throughout the week. On the raised platform were gathered the Bishop of Barking, the Bishop of Warrington, Prebendary Carlile, the Dean of Westminster, some Roman Catholics, 250 Oxford men and 50 from Cambridge; and faith in the slogan that 'youth must lead' was again evidenced by the introduction at the first meeting of more than a dozen young men from Oxford and Cambridge, who rehearsed their past, their conversion and their hopes for the future. These were followed by many of the older men present, whose speeches were received with respectful attention, reflected in the 'quiet listening of the assembled clergy,' the proceedings being enlivened

by the statement of the Headmaster of Berkhamsted School that he had been 'humbugging' until he had come into contact with the Groups, and although occupied with charitable work, was 'lazy, self-indulgent and a liar!' In the following meetings criticism and disapproval were more freely expressed, though appreciation was shown of the courage of the young men in declaring their earlier delinquencies and the fervour and faith with which they were facing the battle of life. But the general impression created was vague and disappointing, owing to reiterated assertions taking the place of argument and searching questions being shelved by evasion of the issues raised. To inquirers who wished to put their hands to the plough at once, the reply was, 'You witness by nothing more definite than you witness by sharing'; more fully explained to the faithful in the words of the author of the 'Oxford Groups,' 'the psychological reaction of relief which sharing gives, makes for the healthy discovery that all the sins confessed by the stranger are also the sins of others, so that we can give our sins into another's keeping with as much relief as we can discard a heavy greatcoat on a hot summer's day.' Many, contrasting the indefinite character of these proceedings, must have left the meetings thanking God, in the words of the Bishop of Norwich, for the 'width of vision' of the Church of England and for the possession of the Prayer Book—'a true standard of holiness and natural righteousness.'

The London campaign marks a new epoch in the history of the Group Movement, and the metropolis becomes for the time the centre of its various activities. The results still remain to be proved, and it will be interesting to watch, in the efforts to reach all classes, the reception given to the message in the slums, in artisan dwellings and in the aristocratic homes of England. Much will depend on the line adopted by the leaders on both sides. Prejudices must be surrendered by the Churches and an open mind preserved to secure a real *rapprochement*. Yet in this connection the tolerant and impartial attitude assumed by the clergy, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the several organs of the clerical press, which has been a marked feature of the present controversies, stands out in striking contrast with the contempt shown by the Church for

earlier evangelistic revivals. Though feeling compelled to warn their flocks of obvious dangers, they recognise the marvellous conversions and the great good that have been achieved, and, like Gamaliel of old, maintain that if the work is not of God it will fail and perish, or if prompted by divine agency it cannot be gainsaid.

The lack of co-operation hitherto seen is probably due to the difficulty of working with those who resent even friendly criticism, and find full salvation only in the complete acceptance of the Groupists' faith. While they urge all to remain in their respective churches and to revere their own pastors, they despise the Christian experience of two thousand years and belittle the spirituality and devotion alike of the saints of old and of the bishops and clergy of the present day, though they discover in Frank Buchman himself 'something of the radiance of St Francis, the mysticism of Fox and the evangelism of Wesley!' Again, we must recognise the resentment aroused, through the adoption by Dr Buchman of the title 'Oxford Groups,' thereby leading many in the United States and in England to accord a friendly welcome to a movement which they presume is sanctioned by so great a university.

The need is now for constructive proposals rather than destructive criticism. Mr W. H. Selbie, who has watched the work of the groups in Oxford with kindly interest since their inauguration, in advertng on the 'fundamental psychological error of creating a technique of soul healing, which the Groupists' apply to one and all, and the lack of intelligent theological background in the work, yet warmly emphasizes the possibility that the Groupists' Movement could be used as a 'valuable adjunct to the Churches' efforts of the present day.' In the same way, the Bishop of Norwich, deprecating the attitude of the Groupists, in considering that worship and adoration are of secondary importance and attaching but little value to the Sacraments, still recommends that conferences should be held between the Group authorities and the clergy of the Church of England, that Groupists' house parties should be attended by sympathetic persons representing the Established Church and the Free Churches, and that the clergy, in friendly talks, should discuss what the Groupists can do for the Church and the Church for them.

Few will question the good that might be achieved by the closer association of the one and the other. Is not some auxiliary force to the efforts of the Churches the great need of the day? Are not the bishops the first to acknowledge that these revival movements are often called into being by the lack of personal holiness in the Church itself and by the omission of the clergy to make the most of the opportunities afforded them! How few of them, says the Bishop of Durham, are fitted to receive the confidence of the penitent's confession, while even in a sick room the pastoral visit often consists in the discussion of the trivialities of the day. How much social service has been exalted at the cost of spiritual endeavour for the souls of men? And in the case of the Christian laity, how great has been the gulf fixed between religion and daily life—to what a small extent does the fellowship, which Christ decided should be a leading characteristic of His kingdom on earth, figure as a distinguishing feature of His Church? Even amongst those united in the desire for a 'higher life,' does not the fear of cant preclude the interchange of thought as regards the common interests associated with eternal realities? Is not the Bible, with its matchless imagery, unequalled poetry and unique literary power, almost ignored by intelligent and educated men, and quotations therefrom frequently accompanied by a smiling apology for quoting its pages or studying its contents.

If, then, we find that the religion of the present day, in the coldness and apathy of its votaries, in the unsuccessful efforts of the Church to make religion attractive to the masses, and in the half-hearted service and lack of enthusiasm of the majority of professing Christians, fails to meet the spiritual needs of a world distracted by a hopeless longing for liberty, justice and a lasting peace, are we not bound, in the words of the Bishop of Southwark, to give a 'just and patient hearing' to a movement, which, in spite of the prejudices and the crudeness of its methods, has made, in the vital force and devotion of its adherents, for the salvation of some of the most hopeless of mankind, the 'changed lives' of many falling short of Christian ideals and the quickening of religious faith in those already accepting God's calling?

C. M. BARRINGTON.

Art. 7.—BLESSINGTON—D'ORSAY.

Blessington—D'Orsay: A Masquerade. By Michael Sadleir. Constable, 1933.

MR MICHAEL SADLEIR is one of the leading living exponents of orthodox literary biography. Diligent and painstaking, he marshals the serried masses of his material before putting pen to paper; then, absorbed in the atmosphere of his period and saturated in the personality of his subject, he brings the latter to life again in his pages. He is never clever at the expense of his subject, like so many of Lytton Strachey's imitators; his is the unselfish art of the genuine biographer, who submerges his own personality in that of his subject. His study of Trollope will be read as long as any interest in the Barsetshire novels endures, because he recreated so sympathetically the bluff, workmanlike character of the novelist. He succeeded only less brilliantly in reconstructing the early life of Bulwer, because Bulwer proved a less satisfactory subject than Trollope. And now that he has apparently succeeded equally with Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, we are moved more than ever to admiration of his art, while marvelling that he should have wasted time and trouble on two such moribund marionettes.

Students of the early Victorian period remember Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, as a rather handsome lady of full-figured maturity, standing beside the beautiful Caroline Norton on the extreme right of the group called 'Regina's Maids of Honour' in the 'Fraser Gallery.' They also remember having seen her name as a contributor to those handsomely bound and extravagantly illustrated annuals, which Lockhart called 'painted bladders,' because, as Joseph Jekyll remarked, their engravings 'induce the world to endure their prose.' Three of these, at different times, she edited—the 'Keepsake,' the 'Book of Beauty,' and the 'Drawing Room Scrap Book'—each a replica of Mr Bacon's 'beautiful gilt volume called the "Spring Annual,"' edited by the Lady Violet Lebas,' described by Thackeray in 'Pendennis.' As Thackeray relates, since the 'plates were prepared long beforehand, requiring much time in engraving, it was the eminent poets

who had to write to the plates, and not the painters who illustrated the poems.' Pendennis's first job in literary journalism was to write some verses to illustrate one of these engravings, but though Ainsworth, Bulwer, and Thackeray himself contributed occasional trifles as favours to the editress, the professional element was only leaven, and the Hon. Percy Popjoy represented the type of fashionable *dilettante* who exerted his muse for the disinterested pleasure of seeing his name in print.

As a novelist, Lady Blessington was a less successful and prolific purveyor of silver-fork fiction than Mrs Catherine Frances Gore, who now survives solely as having supplied Thackeray with a subject for satire in one of his 'Novels by Eminent Hands.' Even Mr Sadleir finds small merit in her novels. Describing 'The Repealers' as undeniably bad, he holds it worthy of salvage from the dustbin for its autobiographical interest. Of 'The Two Friends,' the plot of which is 'violent and absurd,' he can say no more than that it has value to 'the student of period-manners,' which may be said of any novel about fashionable society. He detects 'shrewd observation and sincerity of feeling beneath the feeble style' of 'The Victims of Society,' but in asserting that 'this book merits the attention of students because . . . Bulwer was definitely responsible for some parts of the finished work,' he surely presumes the existence of Bulwer enthusiasts as avid as those who write theses to trace the extent of Shakespeare's concern in an obscure play by Marston or Shirley. He finds only one other novel worthy of passing notice, and Bulwer, hardly a disinterested critic, was alone among contemporaries in giving her more than the scantiest consideration as a novelist.

Why, then, should she be remembered by more than a tombstone? There are two reasons. First, she spent nine weeks in the spring of 1823 at Genoa, during which she courted the society of Byron and intelligently recorded the result in her 'Conversations of Lord Byron.' But a single swallow does not make a summer, and her reminiscences of Byron merit rather a chapter in his biography than a biography of herself. Mr Sadleir deals ably and adequately with the subject in a single chapter; her relations with Byron are not the *raison d'être* of his book. Second, she was the most celebrated literary hostess

of her generation. At Seamore Place in the 'thirties and at Gore House in the 'forties, her *salon* was frequented by an assembly of celebrities in art and letters as brilliant as any ever collected within the Hôtel Rambouillet. 'Everybody goes to Lady Blessington,' wrote Haydon; 'she is the centre of more talent and gaiety than any other woman of fashion in London.' It was there that the staid Macready was moved to excitement by Liszt, 'the most marvellous pianist I ever heard'; there that Thackeray made his society bow as the author of 'Vanity Fair'; there that Abraham Hayward would go after dinner to drink tea and 'learn the French news'; there that Fonblanque and Forster, Dickens and Ainsworth would meet Landor, Bulwer, Disraeli, Sam Rogers and Campbell, Maclise and Landseer. Few diaries and memoirs of the time fail to refer to some brilliant evening under her roof; there was a glamour about Gore House which caught the breath of every ambitious young man when first invited there.

Here, then, is Lady Blessington's niche in literary history, here the reason for writing a book about her—not a biography, but an essay in landscape painting, presenting in panorama the literary life and manners of the period with the light, leisurely touch of Elia or the 'Roundabout Papers.' This seems to have been Mr Sadleir's original intention, for, at the end of the first edition of the volume recently re-issued as 'Bulwer and His Wife,' appeared the announcement, as being in preparation, of "Gore House, or the Life of Lady Blessington," being the Second Portion of "Bulwer: A Panorama," with portraits of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Count d'Orsay, Sir Henry Bulwer, and other fashionables.' He changed his plan, however, and decided to write the life-stories of Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay—not, presumably, because either presented the biographical scope of Trollope or even Bulwer, but because the pathetic drama of their lives appealed to his sympathies as a novelist. For, though it is several years since Mr Sadleir gave us 'Privilege,' 'Desolate Splendour,' and 'The Noblest Frailty,' he achieved success in fiction before biography, and the story of 'Blessington—D'Orsay' has potentialities which would have intrigued the author of 'A Modern Lover' and 'A Drama in Muslin.'

Sally Power was born in County Tipperary on Sept. 1, 1789, the second of five children. Her father, known as 'Beau' Power, 'handsome, intemperate, stupid, snobbish, and cruel,' was made a magistrate at Clonmel because he 'seemed precisely the type of local bully to combine servility toward rank with brutal assiduity in persecution' of rebels. By the time his eldest daughter had reached her fifteenth year, his financial embarrassments were so acute that he actually sold her, still a schoolgirl, into marriage. The husband, Captain Farmer, was rich and apparently something of a 'dasher'; even supposing, as Mr Sadleir suggests, that he intended 'to buy the girl out of hand, enjoy the purchase till it palled, and then leave her *plantée*,' a penniless girl of fifteen must have been possessed of unusual powers of attraction to captivate to the point of marriage a man of his wealth and experience. She must have been more than the innocent child which Mr Sadleir conceives her. The evidence is slight, but her first biographer, R. R. Madden, in his 'Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington,' records that gossip attributed to her a 'love of ball-room distinction, and intimacy with persons remarkable for gaiety and pleasure,' which endorses the obvious conclusion that she was precociously developed, conscious of her charms, and well able to use them to advantage.

It is the crowning triumph of Lady Blessington's powers of fascination that, after the lapse of a century, she has secured the devoted admiration of Mr Sadleir. It is characteristic of his attitude throughout his book that he faithfully follows her own account of her first marriage, though it differs in detail from other evidence collected by Madden. She was a 'helpless child' in the hands of a 'sadistic brute,' whose maltreatment so revolted her that she fled from him to the unsavoury refuge of her father's home and steadfastly refused to return. According to herself, the period of cohabitation was three months; according to another, three years. Superficially, the discrepancy counts for little, but to Mr Sadleir's case it is essential to suppose that she fled in a state of sexual nausea after three months. For, if she had endured for three years the sensual brutalities of sadistic insanity, she would have learned a prostitute's indifference to

sexuality, whereas Mr Sadleir constructs the entire fabric of her subsequent life upon the theory that the effect of nauseating revulsion, inflicted by her brief experience of marital life with Farmer, re-acted upon the sensitive organism of a young girl to annihilate for ever her sexual sensibility.

Three years after her marriage—in 1807—another military officer entered her life, Captain Thomas Jenkins, a gentleman of fortune, with an estate in Hampshire. He first professed honourable intentions towards Ellen Power, but soon transferred his affections to her elder sister, with the result that she consented to live under his protection and, after two years of wandering about, the autumn of 1809 found Margaret Farmer, at twenty, 'happily, if equivocally, established at Jenkins' house in Hampshire.' Mr Sadleir is hardly happy in fitting this incident into his scheme. If the girl's sensitive delicacy was such that three months of loveless sensuality could nullify her sexual instincts, how could she tolerate for seven years the duties of a kept mistress? How could she endure such relations with a man whose character could suggest the rumour that he required his young mistress to dance naked on the dinner-table for the amusement of his brother-officers? Mr Sadleir finds comfort in the reflection that 'moments of compulsory wantonness do not make a wanton'; then, to support the assumption that 'the physical element in their prolonged cohabitation was neither important nor long-lived,' he conveniently supposes Jenkins to have been 'a person of tepid and volatile inclinations,' who was 'content to find his amusement in the wit, sympathy and charm of his companion and to let sensual enjoyment go by the board.' Was there ever such a complacent keeper, even in Restoration comedy? Was there ever a pretty young woman so fortunate in securing chivalrous consideration of delicate scruples that she enjoyed the privileges, without fulfilling the function, of a kept mistress?

Margaret Farmer was even more fortunate, for she met a second and 'greatly exaggerated Jenkins' in the second Viscount Mountjoy, who became first and last Earl of Blessington in 1816. Blessington was an extravagant eccentric, but, having reared a family by his first wife, could hardly be accused of incompetence or perverted

instincts. Nevertheless, Mr Sadleir asks if it is not 'a fair assumption that he was no longer greatly interested in normal love-making,' when he fell captive to the charms of Mrs Farmer and paid Jenkins ten thousand pounds for her surrender. The transaction appears in accordance with custom in such arrangements, but Mr Sadleir conceives that 'Jenkins, in return for his out-of-pocket expenses, surrendered her social talents,' and 'parted from her with the amiable indifference of one anxious to do his best for an agreeable ward.' Knowing nothing of Jenkins, we may stretch a point of human probability to accept his extraordinary character. But we know more of Blessington. We know that he had purchased the person of his first wife by a precisely similar transaction, that she bore him two children out of wedlock, and two more after her first husband's death rendered marriage to Blessington possible. Blessington's first wife was now dead, but Margaret Farmer's deserted husband still lived. Blessington's predicament was the same as with his first wife. But in this case, Margaret Farmer did not bear him two children before her husband obligingly died, nor did she become his mistress. Behaving with 'perfect correctness,' Blessington installed her in a house in town and 'treated her with the attentive courtesy of an accepted but not very impatient suitor,' while investigations proceeded with a view to obtaining a divorce from Farmer. He completed the purchase from Jenkins in 1816; late in the following year, Farmer got drunk and broke his neck by falling out of a window, leaving his wife free to become Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, in February 1818. The happy event was fortuitous; Farmer's convenient death could not be foreseen. Granted that Blessington was eccentric, granted that he was a 'not very impatient suitor,' why should he pay ten thousand pounds for the lady's 'social talents' and settle down to wait indefinitely for their enjoyment? Because he wanted her for his wife, and did not wish to smirch her reputation by living with her as a mistress? Hardly, for her reputation was already smirched by her *liaison* with Jenkins; moreover, he had observed no such delicate consideration in the case of his first wife. Why, then, did he not live with her at once? Mr Sadleir's explanation is that 'he had heard from Jenkins how matters stood.'

Like Jenkins, he wished to enjoy only the 'social talents' of this beautiful and charming young woman!

There is another explanation. Suppose Sally Power at fifteen, a forward miss, conscious of her attractions, vain of her success as a ball-room belle, precocious in worldly knowledge from overhearing the ribald conversation of her father's too convivial guests, necessarily none too squeamish from being brought up in such an environment and ambitious to leave it by an early and satisfactory marriage. Much more likely to captivate the dashing Farmer than the innocent schoolgirl! Married to Farmer, she has wealth and position beyond her father's station, but she is unhappy because Farmer is a brute. She continues an unhappy married life for three years. Then Jenkins appears. His financial position may be no better than Farmer's, but he is a decent fellow and devoted to her. She does not love him, but giving herself to him would be less unpleasant than to Farmer. So, in exchange for her person, she procures a life of easy affluence and freedom to follow her own pursuits. When, after seven years, Blessington broaches his proposal, it is eagerly accepted—by Jenkins because the price is incredibly handsome for a mistress of long standing, by the lady, because she is presented with the opportunity to secure wealth and position beyond the wildest dreams of her ambition. Blessington would marry her if he could, but he might not be so eager if she had first lived with him as a mistress. So would argue the girl who had captivated Farmer, endured his animalism, and prostituted herself to Jenkins. Holding off for honourable terms while divorce proceedings were set in train, she staked her throw on becoming the consort instead of merely the mistress of an earl—and won.

Lady Blessington lost no time in launching her ambition. Luxuriously established at 11 St James's Square, she aimed to rival the celebrated Lady Holland as a political and literary hostess. But society in 1819 was sufficiently exclusive and conservative to glance askance at newcomers. Blessington, with his love of lavish display and prodigal extravagance, was generally regarded as an amusing *parvenu*, while his wife, though a beauty, was a nobody and not yet mistress of the charm which came with maturity and subsequently gained her

celebrity. Disappointed and disheartened at the extent of her progress after three seasons, she welcomed the whim for continental travel with which her husband became inspired by Count Alfred d'Orsay in 1822.

Count d'Orsay was even more *parvenu* than Blessington, being the son of a Bonapartist general by an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Wurtemberg. For four years he had a commission in the Garde Royale, but having sent in his papers, he was settling down to the career of a professional dandy when he met the Blessingtons. His dandyism differed from the Brummell pattern. 'Full-blooded and highly strung, with broad shoulders, a deep chest and a beauty which won hearts,' he was what is called 'a good fellow,' his 'very handshake' being 'wholly different from the aloof greeting of the dandy.' Men liked him because he was essentially masculine, in spite of the effeminacy of his sartorial frippery; for the same reason, he was the more attractive to women. He had exceptional gifts and impeccable taste, both literary and artistic; he might, with application and practice, have achieved success as a painter. But his weakness for gambling, combined with the habit of idleness, condemned him to a career of sterility. Denying that he was a mere '*élégant* and nothing more,' William Archer Shee described him, at the time of the Gore House break-up, as 'a man of varied talents and attainments, and a most accomplished and agreeable companion,' whom none could know 'without lamenting his wasted life, and neglected opportunities.'

When the Blessingtons left for the continent in 1822, and d'Orsay joined them by arrangement at Avignon, he thenceforward remained a member of their household. The natural inference was that drawn by contemporary society—'of a rich myopic cuckold, a guilty wife, and a dashing young lover who contrived simultaneously to enjoy the husband's money and the lady.' It is natural in the light of their individualities, Blessington a rather ridiculous eccentric, Lady Blessington in the fullness of mature beauty at thirty-three, d'Orsay an exceptionally handsome and charming youth of twenty-one—a '*Cupidon déchainé*,' as Byron called him. Except that the lady was fascinating instead of fatuous, they resembled Congreve's characters of Sir Paul, Lady Plyant, and 'dying Ned

Careless' in 'The Double Dealer.' But, having once started on the theme of sexual abnormality, Mr Sadleir takes the bit between his teeth. He declares d'Orsay to have been sexually incompetent. He imputes to him merely a filial affection for this beautiful and charming woman, who, in her turn, though barely a dozen years his senior, lavished upon him maternal fondness. He suggests that Blessington—not Lady Blessington—was sexually attracted to d'Orsay. What a conglomeration of sexual perversion! A beautiful woman, rendered 'virtually unresponsive to sexual emotion' by early marriage to a sadist, kept as a mistress by one man and married by another for the sake of her 'social talents,' induces the latter to homosexuality with one who enjoys the reputation, without the physical means, of being her lover! Truly they lived in 'masquerade,' in an atmosphere beside which the arrangement agreed upon by the protagonists in the 'Decameron, day V, no. 10,' seems almost sanitary!

For several years the 'Blessington Circus' perambulated the Continent. Blessington travelled in semi-regal pomp; 'his retinue of servants was enormous, his *batterie de cuisine* sufficient to feed a club; while the various travelling carriages, with mattresses, pillows, *chaises-longues*, picnic appliances, restoratives, toilet accessories, changes of clothing, writing-desks and books have never yet been numbered.' The splendour of his continental homes, first at Naples, then the Hotel Ney in Paris, vied in extravagance and luxury with Beckford's at Fonthill. There is little to tell beyond a tale of profuse and meaningless expenditure before Blessington's death from apoplexy in 1829. With the chaperonage of his presence removed, the clouds of scandal gathered over Lady Blessington and d'Orsay. On the death of his only legitimate son and heir six years before, Blessington had devised a will in keeping with his character for eccentricity. Leaving only two thousand pounds a year to his widow, he bequeathed his Dublin estates to whichever of his two daughters elected to marry d'Orsay. Mr Sadleir believes that he merely 'wished to do something for' his friend, adding that 'whether or no he was aware of d'Orsay's disability is immaterial.' In his obsession with the abnormal, he complacently presumes

Blessington to have been an unnatural father, for could he otherwise have contemplated the marriage of his daughter with an incompetent? Would he, moreover, unless inspired by diabolical humour, have directed the inheritance of 'male issue lawfully begotten' of such a marriage? Such conduct was inconsistent with his character. But there is another interpretation of his motives, which consorts with his eccentricity. Suppose that he was aware of his wife's criminal relations with d'Orsay, his infatuation for the latter was such that he still 'wished to do something for' him, while the burden of his resentment rested on his wife. Hence, not only the smallness of her legacy (which Mr Sadleir confesses himself unable to explain), but the conditions of d'Orsay's marriage, designed for her humiliation and to thwart her own re-marriage with d'Orsay on his death. Lady Blessington's opposition is admitted; d'Orsay's marriage to Lady Harriet in 1827 took place only on her condition that consummation was deferred for four years. Mr Sadleir believes her insistence on this condition to have been inspired by an altruistic desire to save Lady Harriet, then only sixteen, from a possible repetition of her own experience with Farmer. Why, if d'Orsay was incompetent? Deriding the idea of jealousy as her motive, Mr Sadleir asks, 'If she were jealous, why limit her demand to four years? Was she likely to be less jealous in 1832 than in 1828?' Probably not; but, at the date of the marriage, she seized upon Harriet's youth as the best available pretext for postponing consummation of the marriage she could not prevent, and having so secured a respite, relied upon her ingenuity to devise a fresh means of frustration when occasion arose.

The occasion arose when, following Blessington's death, the widow came, with d'Orsay and his young wife, to reside at Seamore Place, and commenced her second venture to vie with Lady Holland and others as a fashionable hostess. The *ménage à trois* immediately incited gossip, which gathered zest from the fact that women of fashion prudently refrained from visiting there. The scandalous press proceeded from suggestive innuendo to scurrilous impudence, the sneer that d'Orsay behaved as 'the most loving of beaux fils to his belle mère (à la mode de Bretagne)' gaining colour from reference to

Lady Blessington's erstwhile relations with Jenkins. Harriet d'Orsay became regarded with the sympathy of false sentiment as the innocent victim of guilty lewdness, a conception which she quickly adapted to her own advantage. Tired of being a wife only in name, she began to worry her husband, who, of course, persisted in refusing the satisfaction she desired. Mr Sadleir ascribes his refusal to his physical incompetence; the more obvious reason was fear of his mistress's jealousy. Evidence is forthcoming from the correspondence of Lady Charleville, a social rival of Lady Blessington's, that Harriet was hostile to her stepmother; for what reason, unless the latter was the cause of d'Orsay's attitude towards his wife? But, though Mr Sadleir makes much play with the Charleville papers to illustrate Harriet's 'incautious promiscuity' and dangerous flirtation with Lady Charleville's son, the details are of merely incidental importance. It matters little whether d'Orsay's incompetence or Lady Blessington's jealousy inhibited consummation of Harriet's marriage; it matters little if d'Orsay enjoyed his wife's virginity or not. In either case, the result was the same; Harriet d'Orsay's situation became so intolerable that, in August 1831, she left her husband and her stepmother's roof, never to return, and thenceforth scandal settled for ever upon Lady Blessington.

Thus it was that, during the succeeding seventeen years of her literary activity and celebrity as a literary hostess, while, as Archer Shee observed, she had 'the art of collecting around her all that is best worth knowing in the *male* society of London,' Lady Blessington was ostracised by her own sex. Brilliance, without beauty, crowded her *salon*, and she had to swallow smilingly the humiliating fact that men of talent, who came to her house for her witty conversation and the society of their compeers, never dreamed of bringing their wives and daughters. The remainder of her life is a pitiful and pathetic tale of a losing battle, waged with desperate courage and no better weapon than a mediocre literary talent, against the increasing burden of debt accumulated by d'Orsay's gambling and extravagance. The inevitable end came in 1848, when she fled to France before the bailiffs, and Thackeray was moved to sorrow and indignation by the sight of Hebrew dealers desecrating her drawing-room on

the day of the sale. She died in June 1849; d'Orsay survived her by three years in the mad state of remorse described by Thackeray, who visited him in Paris in 1850. They lie buried side by side at Chambourcy.

Lady Bellaston defied Tom Jones to conceive 'anything more insipid and childish than a masquerade to the people of fashion'; to people of the most sympathetic understanding, the masquerade of Lady Blessington and Alfred d'Orsay must appear a lamentable waste of life's opportunities. They, who might have done much, achieved nothing; conscious of missing the best in life, but defiantly assuming an air of enjoyment, they persisted in pursuing the butterfly of artificiality. Mr Sadleir sees only proud dignity and courage in Lady Blessington's remark, 'There are so few before whom one would condescend to appear otherwise than happy,' but it is a wistful confession of miserable futility. At the end of her reign at Gore House, Archer Shee wrote:

'Whether or not the relations between Lady Blessington and the "*Cupidon déchaîné*," as Byron called him, exceeded the limits imposed upon platonic regard, or sanctioned by family connection, is a question now of little moment. It is much to be regretted that such disregard of appearances should have justified the unfavourable inferences drawn by the public,—and the isolation in which the Countess lived, deprived of the friendship and countenance of all those of her own sex who had characters to lose, must have been very painful to anyone who had any remains of the feelings which Nature implants in the heart of every woman. Those who know her best, find it difficult to believe her to be utterly devoid of all the better instincts of her sex, and recognise much in her character, as it appeared to them in their social moments under her roof, that marked the woman of generous impulses, and refined tastes and feelings.'

Archer Shee's impression will be shared by most readers of Mr Sadleir's book, which inspires, like Lady Blessington's own life, a feeling of regret that so much talent and effort has been unworthily wasted.

MALCOLM ELWIN.

Art. 8.—THE APPEAL OF THE POSTER.

1. *The Technique of the Poster.* By Leonard Richmond. Pitman, 1933.
2. *Poster Design.* By W. G. Raffé. Chapman and Hall, 1932.
3. *Mise en Page.* By A. Tolmer. Studio, 1931.
4. *Art in Advertising.* By E. W. Twining and Dorothy E. M. Holden. Pitman, 1931.
5. *Modern Publicity: an Annual.* Studio, 1931-33.

ADVERTISEMENT is the smile on the face of trade, and trade in its widest application. Similarly one may describe the poster as the 'glad-eye' that trade turns on a coy but observant public by way of taking its attention captive. It is a form of picture-writing that has little or nothing to do with the hieroglyphs of old, because they had an element of mystification, and there is no mystery about the poster—except our wonder how far it is destined to go. It will probably be as long enduring as any form of barter, sale, or charity, and in time may prove as potent in its own field as the caricature or the leading article. True, it lacks the hammering force of the great daily paper in the way of reasoned, explicit, and repeated statement. But it has come along with giant strides in the past half-century, and is fast attaining a virtual universality of appeal, thanks to its qualities of challenge and persuasion, instantaneousness and colour.

For the poster makes no stipulation as to age or class or party in the beholder, and when it is worthy of its pretensions and opportunities it can be eloquent in a flash. It revels in incongruity of themes, and thrives on chance acquaintanceship. It welcomes all the grist it can get, and reduces the pageantry of publicity to a single dimension—the spread of paper on a wall. It can be as splendid as the tabard of a herald, or as matter-of-fact as the legend on the placards of a sandwich-man. At its best, it has the optimism of a wedding-march, the humour and gaiety of Gilbert and Sullivan, the irresistibility of 'Ole Man River,' and the fierce insistency of jazz, with fewer discords and none of its tedium. One may go further and liken the poster to a bold and winsome gipsy on the uplands of print—a wildflower of the highway

growing between the mansions of art and literature. It plants roots in the midst of decay, and flourishes where buildings perish. It turns letterpress to illustration, the trade-mark into a thing of comeliness, the catchword into a proverb. In these utilitarian days it courts patronage as much as Doctor Johnson flouted it, but it joins him in conjuring up 'potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.'

Whereas art exhibitions are seen by thousands, poster hoardings are seen and judged by millions. Indeed, with slight alterations of language, the poster has been known to travel overseas and acclimatise itself in many different lands. The purist may scoff at its foible of hyperbole, and say as was said of a famous auctioneer—that its diction was 'got by Burke out of Malaprop.' But it airs its self-interest with a frankness that politicians might envy, and possesses a picturesqueness that seems a lost secret in modernistic art. If it turns the artist 'into the street,' at least it provides him with a local habitation and a livelihood. Finally posterdom rejoices in that *mot juste* of the Prince of Wales when he styled it 'the Poor Man's Gallery,' and the term is not likely to be excelled. At any rate, the fact remains that it engages one of the most expert among up-to-date callings, and occasions a handsome turn-over that creates employment in more ways than one.

The origins of the poster in some form or other are too remote for discussion here. Every one knows how the spade of the archæologist is diminishing the number of things that stand to the credit of the modern era, but there is no evidence as yet of posters in the ancient world. The remains of decorative frescos on the house walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the vividness of colour still attaching to so many classic 'finds' elsewhere banish our despair of disinterring some form of mural notice by which the folk of old were admonished or informed whenever they sat down to eat and drink or rose up to play. The Greeks vented their information by public crier or by placards borne up and down the streets. The gladiatorial shows of Rome were made known by means of 'libelli' or handbills. Sentences of outlawry and notices of sales of goods were hung up on tablets for all to see, and for those who could, to read.

But it is doubtful if either Greeks or Romans had anything corresponding to our poster of to-day. It was an age when good wine proverbially needed no bush, yet the ivy-leaves sacred to Bacchus were hung above the tavern door. We may presume, therefore, that even in the restricted area of an ancient city there would have been a public to appreciate it if a witty text from Horace or Martial could have been given on some prominent wall, with a touch of symbolism or mythology from a capable and sympathetic brush.

In our own annals it is difficult to find any real example of the poster until the wars of succession and religion gave place to the more peaceful dominion of travel and of trade. Every revolution had its broadsides and lampoons; every dragonnade bristled with warrants and proclamations and penalties; every wave of discontent had its outcrop of satires and ballads, born of anonymity and printed in concealment. Some of the promulgations for the arrest of traitors, heretics, and outlaws were rendered hideous with an attempt at portraiture, but the effigy was likelier to hinder apprehension than to help it. Our romancers make very pretty play with the inky ferocity with which their heroes were starred and stigmatised up and down the kingdom; but there was a small proportion of anything affixed upon the walls and gates that was calculated to raise the spirits of his Majesty's tried and trusted lieges. Every magistrate's gate was adorned with the details of a ruffian 'wanted' for some misdemeanour or other; and it was not till retail dealers began to make folk's mouths water with a recital—more or less adorned with crude woodcuts—of creature comforts at 'chepe' or 'resonable' rates that the poster may be said to have arrived and decided to stay.

A century ago the term 'poster' had no existence in its present application, though 'posting-bill' was leading the way for it. Roughly we may take it that it came from the practice of affixing public notices and appeals to posts that had taken their place on the public highway for some other purpose. Unlike the bulky iron affairs—like cylindrical boilers on end—that figure so prominently on the Paris pavements, and bear all sorts of *affiches*—civic, commercial, political, or frivolous—these posts

were exiguously narrow. Therefore, unless the bills thus 'posted' were correspondingly slim, like the long and categoric play-bills of that period, they ran a risk of being slapped on anyhow, so that one side overlapped the other and coherence went by the board. 'External Paper-hangers' Stations' was the name that was in use for hoardings among those writers who had the inclination to discuss them, and the time and patience for using such elaborate and genteel terms. Charles Knight—'Good Knight,' as Douglas Jerrold styled him in a witty and well-deserved epitaph—sententiously remarked nearly a century ago that these stations were 'numerous but rather ephemeral in their existence, and migratory in their propensities.' Truly his enumeration of the more conspicuous examples recalls a London very different from the overgrown capital we know to-day. But it would have been a daring visionary in Knight's time who could look forward to such a widespread, powerful, and lucrative industry as poster-art has come to be.

Since the Wembley Exhibition nine years ago constituted itself 'the Empire's shop window' we have seen the rise and fall of a laudable attempt to carry its work forward in the shape of the Empire Marketing Board, and with it the best-organised poster crusade on national lines since the Great War. From May 1926 to the end of last September the Board persevered in a useful apostolate for the spread of Empire products, and the acceptance of our Imperial privileges and opportunities through the medium of trade supply and household expenditure. Unfortunately, almost as soon as its career was started with a substantial annual grant, the nation entered on an intensive campaign of economy, and after a gallant attempt to conform to the restrictive conditions thus imposed, the Board perished from lack of funds and the withdrawal of needful help and encouragement from the Dominions overseas. These territories had a more than sentimental interest and obligation, because the grant in question was accorded in lieu of certain preferences in favour of Empire foodstuffs; and the Board's operations were continually hampered by the question whether the Dominions could not act more effectually in the way of propaganda for themselves. With the bulk of the Board's work there is here no immediate concern—its research

work in the cause of agriculture and pest-destruction ; its film installations for lending to schools and institutions ; its establishment of a chain of shops for the sale of Empire wares ; and its study of the latest method of providing scattered populations with the right equipment of science, transport, and organisation. It was the 40,000*l.* or more devoted annually to poster-work that brought the Board's activities home to the notice of the public, and found an outlet for the talent of poster-artists in the Motherland and overseas.

It was Mr Amery, then the Secretary for the Colonies, who put up the timely plea for municipalities and public bodies generally to give due facilities for the display of the Board's posters, and it cannot be said that these authorities failed to respond. Nearly two thousand substantial frame-boards were erected at various points in some 500 towns and cities—usually on sites that were privileged beyond the reach of 'love or money.' Parks, government and civic offices, law-courts, libraries, bank precincts, railway and traffic depots, police stations, and recreation grounds—all found space for the accommodation of these poster-boards, and ensured that the contents should be seen by every class of the people. Fault was occasionally found that designs with a too exalted character were distributed among the dingy poverty-haunts of the East End and big industrial towns, but on the whole their destination was carefully studied for securing the maximum of practical effect, and in no other way could these Empire Marketing exhortations have drawn so much attention. Paterfamilias was enjoined to smoke Empire tobacco, and still survived ; the average chatelaine far and wide was coaxed to renew her stores with the rice and tea of India, the citrus of the Cape, the sugar of the West Indies ; youngsters were bidden to eat more Empire fruit ; and business men were advised as to the ultimate benefits of trading as far as possible within the circle of His Majesty's Dominions. That the figures of consumption in these directions have risen consistently in the past seven years cannot be due solely to swifter transport and better packing ; something must have been due to this campaign of pamphlet and poster, and indeed, the fact has hardly been contested.

One awkward barrier the Board had to overcome was

the august horror of the official mind for anything like pictorial display, and there are venerable traditionalists at Whitehall and elsewhere who still shudder at the thought of patriotic departmentalism expressing itself in colour-print except the scarlet and khaki and blue of the recruiting services. Fortunately, the ground had long been broken before the Board came into being, with the result that it had to thread its way through the tangled activities of senior bodies like the Development Fund, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the Ministries of Agriculture and Fisheries, of Education, Transport, Health, and the rest. In this way the Board continued to put forth a memorable series of posters in triplicate, and express a surprising range of aspects in the way of Empire production. It was inevitable, perhaps, that such a series should include an admixture of work where there was a fashionable flimsiness of draughtsmanship, and a wild vacuity of meaning—nightmares of wandering lines and unrelated colours that cost far more in the printing than they were worth, either as messages for the casual passer-by or as symptoms of ultra-modernism in the studios. But the great majority of the designs adopted were interesting and intelligible to the man and woman in the street, and the textual additions were brief and crisp enough not to impair the degree of artistry. Empire campaigning previously may have been as empirical, perhaps, but had certainly never been so entertaining.

France set the initiative long years ago in the way of humanising the poster and bringing it down from the Olympian level to the domestic, from the general to the particular. Before the last century-end one of the chief dealers issued an illustrated catalogue enumerating his choice examples for collection purposes, and these—for the most part French—ran into a list of five figures. Doubtless it was the difficulty of housing them and enjoying them to advantage that discouraged the quest as a hobby, to say nothing of the rapid increase in the amount of good and effective work. For one thing, Paris beats London in the deference, the understanding, the *intimité* that exist between the householder or *concierge* class and the ubiquitous retail trader. Long before the great *magasins* arrived, with their palatial quarters and their

ramifications of enterprise, the firms concerned with daily necessities of domestic supply were commissioning first-class artists for posters, and showing the freaksters of Montmartre that Circe and Comus were not to have it all their own way upon the city's scaffoldings and walls. Who, for instance, does not recall the cats, the gamins, the midinettes, the street processions of Alexandre Steinlen? No poster in the world is better known than his picture of a pinafores maidie with loose hair and looser stocking, engaged in scrawling a well-known trade-name on a wall. Next in popularity came the same youngster, or her tiny sister, supping at a bowl of milk, with a bevy of cats around her in various attitudes of expectancy.

These child-types of Steinlen's always looked as if they had drifted into his ken out of the pages of Alphonse Daudet or Hans Andersen. They would be at home in any town of Europe, and that is why one used to find them, as Frank Emanuel has said, on the walls of so many scattered studios that they became an international institution. Steinlen had the peasant-sense, the fondness for poverty unadorned, that Millet nursed a generation earlier; and although some of us could never quite appreciate his Socialistic or anti-clerical manifestos, nobody could deny that they prevailed by their artlessness and vigour. They had something of the Old Testament ferocity that was to reappear in the war-time work of Raemaekers. Nothing and nobody in Montmartre or the studios of the Latin Quarter has surpassed him since, not even the irreverent frolics of Charles Léandre, so marvellously sculpturesque that the men and women he caricatured seem shadows by comparison. Our collection of posters at the Victoria and Albert Museum contains some of the best examples of the vivacity and grace of Cheret, and among them none better than his romping study of Loie Fuller at the Folies Bergères—an entente in miniature, one might almost say, where French art pays homage to English grace in dancing. Truly may we ask: what would Paris be without her poster-artists, or her walls without the capricious and half-licentious jesting of her theatrical and Bohemian *affiches*?

Talking of vivacity, one wonders why our collectors and commentators have not done more justice to one of

the most original posters that France has given us of late. This is the colour-sketch where a tipsy reveller in a studio smock disports himself in an energetic *pas de seul* till a load of paint-cans come cataracting down in all the lustre of a spot-light round him. The Matterhorn design by the Swiss artist, Emile Cardinaux, shows what robust outline can do with a few colour tones to help by way of atmosphere. In the main, however, the Continental nations have never improved on some of the stirring posters they turned out during the war and their Liberty Loan campaigns. Italy thrilled under the patriotic challenge of Borgoni's bold design showing one of her 'Arditi' defending his flag with a broken sword, a bandaged arm, and a face of defiance that proved an inspiration wherever it went. The Soviet has exhausted its resources and our patience with some of its robot allegories in the way of hob-nailed propaganda, and one feels like asking if many of these, like the seeds of the Russian revolution, were not 'made in Germany.' During the occupation years in Lille alone the Germans plastered walls and houses with nearly three hundred different posters, usually in unrelieved print, and produced by forced labour, for the purpose of bullying the inhabitants with menaces and penalties, and vain-glorious proclamations of Allied perfidy and Teuton prowess. It is only when we multiply that ugly total by the number of occupied towns in French and Belgian and other territories that we realise how far the poster was utilised by Kaiserism for the promulgation of its crude decrees.

Mars laid a heavy toll on the domain of brick and boarding 'for the duration,' and some of the posters designed for recruiting and other purposes may be remembered as adding a new horror to war. While the conflict lasted it used to be said that the hideous sights and discomforts inflicted on its victims more than accounted for some of the reckless things our heroes did when they were home on leave, even in the way of matrimony; and perhaps the same odd reasoning may serve to excuse the eccentricities that we had to suffer in the shape of posters. Fault was found, one may recall, with Mr Brangwyn's posters that, like the sermons of the vicar in Praed, they 'never showed that earth was fair or heaven was gracious.' But he knew his mission better than to people the realities of carnage and destruction with

statuesque heroes from a military tailor's fashion-plate. That is why he never flattered Thomas Atkins in his featuring, while paying sufficient tribute to his valour, and why we cannot summon up the memory of any of his posters that were not truly in keeping with the spirit of that desperate time. When the artist's 'Eve' was shown in the Queen's Gate exhibition of his works nearly ten years ago, a caustic observer remarked that, 'If Adam and Eve had been anything like that, there would have been no Fall.' To which there came the rejoinder how it was the serpent that brought about disaster in those primitive surroundings, and the serpent has certainly survived, as art criticism will prove any day of the week.

There was one war-time poster that fills us with recollection and this was on too monumental a scale for emulation, let alone reproduction. It was Bert Thomas's panorama of empire and fortitude which was spread along the front of the National Gallery, and seemed in no way out of place there, even from the viewpoint of 'the finest site in Europe,' as Palmerston or some one styled Trafalgar Square. On occasion one almost wishes that the same exalted background could be utilised for displaying now and then some of the splendid posters this generation is being given in the way of travel propaganda and broadsheet impressions of landscape and water-scenes, abbeys and cities and mountains, to remind us of what we possess in and around this favoured land of ours. Several of our railway companies—like the C.P.R. and other great corporations overseas—have done nothing better than the commissions they have bestowed and the results they have printed and produced for display in this direction. In addition to names already given one need only cite the fine examples produced by Norman Wilkinson, Fred Taylor, Charles Pears, Leonard Richmond, Charles Dixon, Frank H. Mason, George Sheringham, Austin Cooper, Robert Bartlett, Frank Newbould, and many another artist—as the auctioneers say, too numerous to mention. This is a case where success, as a rule, has been achieved by giving the draughtsman his own medium and scope, and then allowing him to see his work through the press to a right fruition. As Mr Gregory Brown has very well said—'That the pictorial can stimulate the reasoning faculties is certain, but the presentation must

be thought out primarily from the pictorial angle, which is the exclusive job of a designer.'

Scant space remains to say a word of successes in other fields—commercial, theatrical, marine, and even pharmaceutical—for the pill and the lotion have requisitioned good work in their turn for the comfort of our spirits and the delectation of our eyes. In the field of the theatre and the mart John Hassall, Fougasse, and others have devised new forms of humour entirely their own, without departing from the fair field of skilled and legitimate art. Indeed, it may well be hoped that due record is being made of their handsome contributions in this line for the edification of a posterity that may imitate them but can hardly improve on their achievement. It was the affection of a British artist for his fox-terrier that made him turn the animal to account when times were hard years ago, and the fact that the result has gone all over the world as a trade-mark of high-class 'mechanised music' causes no sense of incongruity, so powerful is the influence of use and wont. And even the grumpy author of 'Sartor Resartus' might have showed respect for the way in which an artist like Tom Purvis can take a handful of sober-coloured chalks and a grey rough-surfaced board and turn out a study in three planes of light which is a testimonial to Britain's healthy spirit, its faculty of sport and friendship, and its due regard for the outward man.

Considering how much of a firm's prosperity nowadays may depend on the effectiveness of its publicity output, the onus of choice when it comes to finding the right artist and the right design is a position hardly to be envied. Think of the brain-storm in which Ponderevo and his nephew conceived their posters for exploiting 'Tono-Bungay. Half the results that emerge from the toils of a selection committee and appear upon the hoardings seem to have been decided by what has been called 'royal flutters patent'—in other words, the hazard of a coin. Even where there has been a convergence of view, and the cost of reproduction and circulation has been kept well in mind, with a view to securing value for money, there is a liability to failure or imperfection at each successive stage from the first experimental draught to the last slap of the bill-sticker's brush upon the destined wall. Few lithographic artists have truly entered into the range of

Senefelder's invention and probed the delicacy, power, and beauty that are within its reach. The late Vincent Brooks, who was for so many years responsible for printing the famous series of the 'Vanity Fair' cartoons, told me he used to dread the day when Carlo Pellegrini or his successor, Leslie Ward, came down to see the result of his weekly labours through the press. Ward was one of the most placable of men, but when it came to steering the plate through an infinity of tones and shadows and blends of colour, he had to be relentless in his demands for repeated experiments until the final 'revise' satisfied his critical eye, and struck him as deserving the well-known signature of 'Spy.'

Unfortunately the costs of colour-printing have risen appreciably for high-class work since the war, and loose condonation on the part of a modern-minded public has passed too much work of a flashy and slapdash character. As Mr Richmond points out, the cinema has had its baleful influence here as well as in other spheres of judgment. Posters which are displayed only in any given place for a few days hardly call for the use of the costlier inks that are guaranteed to endure exposure to weather elements for weeks or more. The spirit of accommodation, therefore, lends itself to the use of inks which have nothing but a staring brilliance to recommend them. And when we recall the average quality of this department of display work—chiefly the posturing of utterly commonplace couples entangled in a fatuous and goggle-eyed embrace—the absence of permanence in the pigments employed may stand almost as a virtue rather than otherwise.

Now, apart from its pictorial aspect, a poster must be articulate or it is nought. Too often the utilitarian message is introduced as an afterthought, and this random arrangement is damaging to satisfactory results. We are familiar enough with the specimen which is obviously spoiled by a clumsy wording imposed upon the artist by a commercial patron or publicity director who is innocent of any affinity with art of any kind. He may insist on the magnification of the central figure until it is out of proportion with the scheme, or he may 'force a card' in the shape of some trivial detail of no interest to anybody but himself. That is why a quite presentable design may be distorted out of semblance or decency in order to

emphasise same favourite trinket or garment that is weighing on this vandal's mind ; or a pet animal may be induced to swallow a biscuit which is palpably bigger than himself. Where an artist has sold his design out and out—lock, stock, and barrel—he can hardly expect to battle with the fates, seeing that purchase and possession here are nine points of the law, and perhaps one over. But where the transaction is not so complete, and the designer can still call his soul his own, it is galling to his self-respect to have to submit, at the cost of subsequent commissions, to some vulgarising distortion or interpolation which wars with the whole conception as a work of art.

Those who have toured the United States of recent years will have noted the discernment with which the possibilities of postering have often been studied in due subordination to environment and the ordinary amenities of the road. At many a turning or crossing in the Eastern States the traveller is confronted with an extensive and substantial poster-board where the various designs have been arranged in some semblance of taste and order, with an interval of space around and between. We all remember how the late John Sargent enforced a lesson of spacing at the Royal Academy and effected a long-delayed reform by lessening the number of canvases on show, so as to set off the acceptances and afford relief to the eye. We have also seen at the Old Court House in Oxford Street how much a collection of good posters can gain by judicious spacing and suitable environment. We ask ourselves how long must we wait before this principle is applied to British hoardings, and a state of things superseded whereby a random array of miscellaneous designs are crammed edge to edge all over a house-wall or gable end, like the square tabs wedged into a cottage hearthrug. Surely it is as necessary for pictures to have breathing-space as it is for the human beings who call them into being, yet it is curious how this salutary rule is still disregarded by artists of the over-zealous order, like some of our pre-Raphaelites years ago.

With a characteristic flout Mr Chesterton lashed out the other day against the 'filthy abomination' which is allowed to desecrate our countryside with posters that are all the more vulgar because they do violence to nature and are utterly out of place. Japan and other countries

have not waited until intellectual and æsthetic indignation has exhausted invective like this, but are steadily enforcing statutory penalties against traders or any others who inflict unsightly objects on the nature-lover and sully the beauty of their lakes and hills and forests. Once, with a pleasant rasp of cynicism Mr H. W. Nevinson gave us a reason why night-trains are popular on the railways of various countries. This is because they enable the traveller, he says, to escape the continuous horror of so many flaring advertisements along the route. But the jest is losing some of its sting now that so many railway tracks are being steadily walled up with excess of publicity material, and illuminated with a glare that almost vies with day. British anger has been expressed for years at the manner in which our 'blessed feälds' are being garrisoned with poster-trestles proclaiming in chrome and scarlet the impossible virtues of some commonplace specific or commodity. These forms of retail merchandise and medicament have no sort of congruity with their surroundings, and vigorous protests on the part of 'Scapa' and other societies with taste and public spirit have usually failed to effect a cure, except in the case of the few local authorities and individuals who are susceptible to the arguments of decency and common sense. The Leicester Memorial Way was released a few years ago from the presence of these unwelcome hoardings, and there have been other cases of emancipation in various parts of the country, thanks to the action of the Countryside and Footpaths Preservation movement and other bodies of the kind. But the evil has gain behind it, and therefore outstrips the remedy. Our leading newspapers have been asked over and over again to publish correspondence advocating the formation of societies whose members bind themselves to renounce the use of any food or nostrum that is advertised by such graceless devices; but all they can say is that they cannot be expected to popularise any movement which is possibly 'in restraint of trade.' Doubtless, however, there are many sober-minded people who have taken a vow on their own account not to patronise any kind of trading which is content to flourish by this profanation of nature's beauty, and leaves the countryside disfigured for the selfish ends of commercial vulgarians many miles away.

The same indictment may be levelled with greater force against petrol and motor firms who offend the reasonable-minded passer-by. They do so not only with wayside depots that harbour apparatus of ungainly shape and motley hue, but also with aggressive hoardings that confront the eye at frequent intervals with strident posters and road-signs for the glorification of every thing in the widening orbit of motoring, its outfit, prices, and requisites. Even those who have avoided and escaped the frantic cult of speed can appreciate the mechanical skill it demands from its votaries, if only because of the amount of death and injury and loss entailed where such experience and competence are absent. But with a steadily rising toll of road mortality, older-fashioned people urge that this highly-trained mentality ought to be equal to investing a new and powerful industry with rather more dignity and self-control. The motor interest should not only be capable of governing a vast code of insurance and restraining its novices from so heavily adding to the total of present-day calamities; it should impose on its members and traders some wholesome respect for the charms of the British countryside which it invades, and the amenities of the roads it dominates. There have been praiseworthy endeavours to improve and standardise garages and petrol stations, as yet with mixed and uncertain success; but so far any attempt to regulate the character and distribution of its posters seems only to encourage rival enterprise to exceed all precedent in sentinelling the roads with posters that are ugly, ill-placed, and tiresome from their unnecessary frequency. Half the trouble of the National Trust and the town-planning committees consists in rescuing their reservations from the inroads of the bill-sticker and the advertising agent, and one could wish that all our buildings of a more sacred or historic character could be preserved from this type of profanation. Surely the local authorities—or in default, some central body—might be given fuller control in all such matters, so as to limit the use of posters in such surroundings to a statement of what has been done for the general enjoyment at the public cost, and an appeal for the public accordingly to respect its own heritage and acquisitions.

Half a century ago a publishing firm with an educational bent assailed the average parent, actual or prospective, with what might be called a bill of rights and wrongs. It took the form of a giant black-and-white poster in which the problem of human evolution took a wedge-like shape, and a typical infant was graded off by stages in opposite directions. In one case he came out a white and venerable senior, in the other a dissolute and senile wreck, and the legend underneath by way of moral was—'The Child: What will he Become?' That pictorial poser occurs to mind as we ask ourselves how far the art of the poster is to develop, and to what purposes. Prices are rising steadily, alike for ideas, for draughtsmanship, reproduction, and the renting of sites for display. Here, as elsewhere, there is a passion for throwing commissions into the lap of the few artists who have made a name and find themselves overworked and very often drained of inspiration. By way of reducing their 'occupation area,' it has been suggested that the size of posters should be halved. But this proposal comes too late. The dominating tendency in modern advertising is towards boldness of policy as well as originality and taste, and that is why the advertisement pages of the newspapers have left the poster behind in so many competitive respects. However, these professional discrepancies must settle themselves. The chief concern here and now is to express the hope that with such unquestionable powers of expression and appeal the poster of the future will respect its own scope and be less and less tied to the chariots of commerce. Why should Ariel be continually chained to Caliban, when there are so many fields for that bright spirit to cover? Travel, health, education, patriotic obligations, and the national welfare—ay, and religion as well—may never be able to foot the bill of artist, printer, and distributor as handsomely as many a trading firm and syndicate are doing. But if the State administration is to consult its mission in an enlightened manner, and cultivate the favours of a mixed electorate which is heedless but not hopeless, it will bestow more and more attention than our governments have done hitherto in the direction of using the poster as an appeal to the eye, the brain, and the soul of the community.

J. P. COLLINS.

Art. 9.—THE HEALING OF A WOUND.

THE first problem presenting itself to the most primitive man was the healing of a wound. Even animals were not exempt from an interest in the process. They had, and still have, their own methods of dealing with the calamity. Rest was their remedy. They could not read Galen; they were not led astray by wrong theories; and, save for a few isolated exceptions, their passive surgical procedure down to the nineteenth century was in many cases better than our own. If they were denied the use of instruments, they were spared the abuse of them and the use of remedies that did more harm than good. The history of the healing of a wound is the history of surgery. For the modern surgeon, who is under forty years of age, a wound has no existence. The healing is automatic and inevitable, governed by a law of nature, uniform and universal. Accustomed to wounds, which he himself has made amid ideal surroundings, with his own chosen instruments, upon tissues selected and prepared in advance, healing is a natural process of some interest to the patient and the nurse, none to the surgeon. Failure to heal is the miracle.

From this complacency surgeons were suddenly aroused twenty years ago by the harsh voice of war. War is the father of all things. With that desperate saying from Heraclitus, *Πόλεμος πάντων πατήρ*, the German history of their medical service begins. War is the father of surgery, of military surgery and of civil surgery too. There is a military surgery and a civil surgery. The two are quite distinct, although they both arise from the same stem. Apart from motives of humanity, the soldier healed of his wounds was fit to fight a second time. What the surgeon learned in the field he practised when he returned to civil life. War is as old as the race, and wounds go with war; but there was always a surgery of some kind to meet the need. At the siege of Troy two medical officers are named, who were exempt from all other duties. Hippocrates alludes several times to medical service in the army; his son served with Alcibiades in Sicily. In the Crissæan war the medical officer had a technical gallery with complete equipment; the Spartans had a good service, and in the Persian armies the

surgeons were compelled to attend the enemy wounded as well as their own. That is the first sign of the Red Cross. For eight hundred years the development of the Roman service is quite clear from the days when the soldiers bandaged their comrades' wounds, and to escape from action occasionally bound up imaginary wounds upon themselves, which was a much neater device than the modern practice of self-inflicted wounds. Finally, a regular corps was established, which differed little from our own, except that the officers had double pay.

These wounds of old war are described on many pages of ancient history and poetry, which are often the same thing. Here is the most ancient: Penelios struck Iloneus beneath the eyebrow towards the back of the eye, of which the pupil was torn away; and the spear, piercing the eye, came out at the back of the head; and Iloneus, his hands stretched forth, fell. For such a wound there is no healing—then or now. A more modern case is that of Julian, the Apostate, as his enemies yet describe him: A javelin, after grazing the skin of his arm, transpierced the ribs, and fixed in the interior part of the liver. Julian attempted to draw the weapon from his side, but his fingers were cut by the sharpness of the steel, and he fell senseless from his horse. His guards flew to his relief, and the wounded Emperor was gently raised from the ground and conveyed into a tent. After recovering consciousness, he called for his horse and arms, but his strength was exhausted; and the surgeons who examined his wound discovered the signs of approaching death. His wound began to bleed afresh; his respiration was embarrassed; he called for a draught of cold water, and as soon as he had drunk it expired without pain about the hour of midnight. Had this happened under modern conditions the august soldier would have been on the operating table of a Field Ambulance in two hours. Worse wounds have healed; he might have lived; but we should miss the noble funeral oration which he pronounced upon himself, occupying two pages in Edward Gibbon's history.

In the opening days of the recent War the civil surgeon was a menace, until he learned that war is a rough business, and that his practice must be modified to conform with hard conditions new to him. For the treatment of a

wound there is no established ritual. The surgeon must do the best he can in the circumstances in which he finds himself. In the long period of peace preceding the War there was a discovery of surgical principles and a development of technique such as the world had never witnessed, but the surgeons had lost touch with reality. By the continual observance of the behaviour of civil wounds which they themselves had made, they were by the contrast astonished at the vast wounds of war, and for the moment they were bewildered. Antiseptics of all kinds were used freely. These were of value in wounds that would have healed without them, and they destroyed any infection that had not yet occurred. Asepsis in the field was like a lost tradition. The drainage of septic joints, the irrigation of them through rubber tubes, the application of short splints to long limbs meant amputation at the base. Operators who from their training must close every wound by sutures, and yet were prevented by their knowledge and conscience from closing them, employed an emulsion of bismuth, iodoform, and paraffin, and so evolved the delayed primary suture. But by their scientific training they had acquired a flexibility of mind that left them quick to conform with a new experience. In no long time they discovered that the proper surgery of the front was to clean the wound, ruthlessly cut away all dead and dying tissue, check bleeding, and pack the cavity with some light material soaked in a harmless fluid. Speed in evacuation from the field to the base, where the victim had the advantage of a more deliberate surgery, finally solved the problem. After one battle which opened at five o'clock in the morning the ambulance trains were in London at two o'clock the same afternoon. The long Thomas splint held its own to the end, and was carried by the regimental bearers in the assaults. Blood transfusion was practised even in the trenches.

Let us, then, not think that we have learned all and forgotten nothing. We forgot the war lesson of history : If a wound is clean, leave it alone ; if it is not clean, clean it, and leave it alone. Neither let us think too hardly of the old surgeons ; they were doing the best they knew ; they had the mind of their period. The medieval mind was alert for wrong beliefs in theology, which it was surmised might lead to an eternity of pain. That pain

in time was discovered to be subjective rather than material; but the pain inflicted by the medieval mind through a wrong conception of the healing of a wound was real and material for eighteen centuries. In both cases the medieval mind reasoned correctly upon premises that were false. The medieval surgeon strove for suppuration; and the beneficence of suppuration arose from the doctrine of the four humours. Pus was considered to be a crudity or coction of those imaginary qualities. Indeed, it still goes by the name of humour; and the French speak of a suppurating scrofula as *l'humour blanche*. The formation of pus was encouraged to relieve the system of an inherent crudity. Poultices, grease, and salves were applied to fresh wounds; tents saturated with irritants were thrust into them, to promote suppuration, to get it out of the system, as we still say.

The first primitive observation was that some wounds healed; others did not; the patient died. What part the surgeons played in the tragedy was concealed from them and from the patients alike. The very means they adopted hastened the end. It was observed, further, that all serious wounds were accompanied by suppuration. That was nature's method of extruding a foreign body. By trusting blindly to nature they were led astray. An incomplete experience is the falsest of guides. The business of the surgeon even yet is to assist nature by doing for her what she cannot do for herself, or does very badly. In the vain attempt to assist nature, the old surgeons only thwarted her. With probes, tents, and fingers they 'searched' the wounds. They closed them with salves, concoctions, and balsams. 'Is banishment the balsam,' Shakespeare asks, 'that the usuring Senate pours into captains' wounds?' These balsams were the equipment of every surgeon, and they were held to be so potent that they received holy names—St Paul, St Thomas, St Victor. Galen brought the balm of Gilead from Damascus: there were balsams of Tolu, of Peru. Friar's balsam, once known as Crusader's salve, is yet used by us. The wounds were sealed, an abscess formed, poultices were applied, the abscess burst, and if the patient were yet alive he recovered from his injury.

In the long range of history a surgeon is accounted great according as he understood the subject of suppura-

tion. The history of suppuration is the history of surgery. Nature has two methods of healing a wound, by first intention and by suppuration. The great surgeons who tower above the base crowd of bunglers strove for primary healing, but for centuries they were borne down by the false readers of Galen, who followed the method of suppuration as nature's only cure. Roger of Salerno, in 1180, was their leader; he promoted coction by suppuration and dressed wounds with galenical salves. Surgery took the wrong turning, and remained on the wrong course until our own time. Powerful voices were raised in protest. Celsus, in the first century, warns the surgeon, in his anxiety to exclude the air, not to use the suture until the depth of the wound was so cleaned that no clot remained, for this formed pus, excited inflammation, and prevented union. The most powerful was Theoderic, in 1266, '*qui pulcherrimas cicatrices sine unguento aliquo inducebat.*' It is not necessary, he protested, as all modern surgeons profess, that pus should be generated in wounds; no error could be greater; it hinders nature, prolongs the disease, and prevents the healing of the wound. This was a true precursor of Lister.

Henry of Mondeville was his successor with the dogma: Wash the wound free from all foreign material; use no probes or tents; apply no oily or irritant substances; avoid the formation of pus, which is not a process of healing. Many more surgeons, he said, know how to cause suppuration than to heal a wound. Avoid everything likely to cause pus, '*medicinæ quæ faciunt nasci pus.*' Nor did he disdain the effect of the mind upon the body. If a patient was losing courage, he was to be told that he had been nominated for a high office. He and his followers washed the wound with wine; they removed every foreign body; they brought the edges together, and did not allow even the wine to remain within. Nature, they said, supplies the means of union in a viscous exudation, or natural balm as Paré called it, adopting the word from Paracelsus. In old wounds they did their best to obtain union by cleansing, drying, and refreshing the edges. Upon the outer surface they laid lint soaked in wine or alcohol, which soon evaporated and left the wound dry. They avoided salves and powders, which only shut in decomposing material—'*saniem incarcerationant.*' This was

a reversion to the method of Rhazes, the Arabian, who was born in 925, authorised by the Hippocratic school which strove for a dry wound with adhering surfaces. It was also the practice of that certain Samaritan of the first century, who found a man half dead, and having poured in oil and wine bound up his wounds.

It will be hard for us to believe that a belief in the beneficence of suppuration prevailed down to our own time ; but those fairly modern surgeons, as a compromise or evasion, strove for a pus which they called laudable. Let us cite an impressive piece of evidence. Sir Thomas Clifford Allbutt, regius professor of medicine in the University of Cambridge, in an address at the St Louis congress in 1904, records his own experience :

' In the third quarter of the nineteenth century, in my days as a physician, the apothecary of a large hospital showed me a row of amputations, with stumps pouring out pus in cataracts upon the cushions, and exclaimed, " That, sir, is what I like to see ; nothing so wholesome in a wound as a good discharge of laudable pus." '

It is hard also for us in these public days to believe that many important procedures were retained as professional secrets and personal perquisites. Humane men from Hippocrates to Sydenham declaimed against the practice. The ' major apparatus ' for lithotomy was a long mystery ; Jenner was derided as a fool for revealing gratuitously his inoculation against smallpox. An English horse-doctor who had unusual success in his familiar operations only revealed his secret with his dying breath : I boil my tools.

The ligature as an instrument in the healing of wounds must have suggested itself to the most primitive surgeons. As they failed to distinguish between artery, vein, and nerve, they did not know what to tie. One surgeon who tied the musculo-spiral nerve along with the artery was pursued by the victim with a sword whenever he appeared in the public streets. For a studious scholar the history of the ligature would be an interesting theme. It would involve a search of the literature beginning with the first century and ending in the nineteenth, when Lister devised absorbable ligatures made from animal membranes. From Heliodorus, who wrote shortly after Celsus, we learn

that the ligature was employed in the operation for aneurysm. We even know where Antyllus procured the Celtic linen thread for the purpose, at a shop in the Via Sacra between the temple and the forum. At various points the ligature appears : in 1180 by Roger, who learned its use from Paul of Egina ; in the thirteenth century by Lanfranchi ; but it was left for Ambroise Paré, in the sixteenth century, to revive the method ; yet it required a hundred years to establish the practice. This great surgeon brought a fresh mind to bear upon a new problem, the healing of gunshot wounds. Up to his time the custom was to pour in boiling oil. On one occasion there was not enough of the remedy, and he discovered that the patients did not suffer from the lack. Henceforth he had the temerity to remove foreign bodies, to cleanse the wound with water and alcohol ; he contented himself with a simple bandage and much other rational surgery.

The best surgeons had a prevision of antiseptics. They feared the air ; and that fear led to the sealing of wounds with salves and the abuse of the suture. They knew only too well the malignant atmosphere of the hospital. Cleanliness was to them an instinct ; it was enjoined upon the Hippocratic surgeons to wash the hands, to cut the nails, to boil or filter the water, to use only new dressings. It was left to Semmelweiss to discover, in 1847, that obstetricians killed patients they attempted to relieve. When he compelled his assistants to wash their hands in chloride of lime, puerperal fever was brought under control. These old surgeons felt their way. They left nothing untried. What Lister it was who devised the method of searing an amputated stump with a red hot iron we do not know. It was a great discovery, and saved innumerable lives ; it is yet a good method in similar circumstances. It was improved upon by Colonel Swenny in a troop-ship coming from India. In his own words to the present writer :

‘ A man fell from the main-top and smashed his arm ; it was hanging by the sinews. I asked a sailor for his clasp-knife. He gave it to me open. The knife was clean ; it had just been used for cutting tobacco. I cut off the arm with one slash ; the bone was already broken through. I was holding the butt of the arm in my fist, to keep the man from bleeding to death. The sailor was caulking the seams of the deck with

oakum and hot tar. I called for the bucket, and thrust the stump into the hot tar, pulled it out, and let it cool in the air. Not a drop of blood was lost, and in ten days the scab came off, leaving the wound as clean as a salmon fresh from the sea.'

The long history of the healing of a wound falls into two periods. The dividing line fell in our own day, with Lister's practice of aseptic surgery. Two other divisions may be made, at the point when Ambroise Paré substituted the ligature for the red-hot knife and cautery, and when Morton discovered the use of anæsthetics. This new surgery is the experience of a single lifetime. A recent writer in reminiscent mood reminds us how new a thing modern surgery is.

'In the largest London hospital,' he says, 'when I was a dresser, as that humble functionary, now known as an interne, was then called, I was about to assist at an operation for the amputation of a leg. In those days there was a style. Instead of the prevailing white uniform, we wore a frock-coat and a beaver hat. The Professor of medicine from whom I first had lectures always appeared in evening dress with white necktie, although the hour was eleven o'clock in the morning. This London surgeon removed his frock-coat, washed his hands, and dried them carefully with a towel hanging on the wall. He then took from a peg and put on an old frock-coat, caked with the blood of innumerable operations. He recommended me to do likewise; but as I had no other coat, I was compelled to risk having my new coat soiled. In those days the fear was lest the surgeon might receive harm from the patient: now the process is reversed, the danger is that the patient may receive harm from the surgeon. I have seen a more delicate surgeon wash his hands, and merely turn back the sleeves of his coat in preparation for cutting a man for the stone. The buttons on the cuffs of the modern coat are a reminder of that old convenience. I need scarcely add that both patients died, and this practice was in vogue twenty years after Lister had enunciated the principles of aseptic surgery.'

But Lister's work was not a casual and isolated discovery. It was the slow result of long experiment based upon history and scientific principles. What, before Lister, did pathology teach? Mr Treves inquires: That all organs and tissues had different ways of healing according to their anatomy; that the healing of the skin and

muscles was easy; that the process in bone was slow and dangerous; that the serous membranes were in a class by themselves, most sensitive to injury and difficult to repair. Lister now asserted that the healing of all tissues was uniform and constant if germs were excluded. Surgery, then, had the same certainty in all tissues. It was governed by a scientific formula. His method was elaborated in the minutest detail; it was based upon a conception that was entirely new. Beginning from a fundamental and verified observation, he determined the general laws of repair. Lister came into a surgical world which had not advanced much beyond the experience of Paré. Ligatures and open exposure was the rule. The traditional surgeon made the round of his beds, and gave a tug at these dangling strings which the nurse had carefully exposed for his convenience. If he pulled too hard the ligature cut through, and the patient might die of secondary hæmorrhage. The skill of the surgeon lay in his ability to estimate the precise amount of force required as he pulled.

On the other hand, even amongst those who realised the importance of drainage, there was fear and distrust of these ligatures. Sir James Y. Simpson was chief of these, and he discarded the use of these putrid setons for the method of torsion of small vessels and acupressure on large ones. By the use of long metallic needles he avoided primary hæmorrhage. The practice was to thrust the needle into the tissue, pass it over the vessel, and into the tissue beyond. This method, although it originated in Edinburgh, was most practised in Aberdeen by William Pirrie, who reported remarkable results; and for the first time in modern surgery amputations were done without the sequel of suppuration. At this time the surgery of Scotland was the best in the world; and still further attention was excited by strange reports coming out of Glasgow. The story from Glasgow was that a certain Mr Lister was having unusual success with 'a local dressing' of carbolic acid. This substance, men said, was not new; it was merely another of those sanative compounds known for all time. Lister replied that he was not using it as a local dressing, but in a new way for its germicidal qualities. That was his discovery, his new way of healing a wound.

In science everything has a cause. The cause of Lister's discovery was the research of Pasteur. In the first communication which he made to the profession about his new method of healing a wound, in the 'Lancet' of March 16, 1867, he writes :

' We find that a flood of light has been thrown upon this important subject by the philosophic writings of Mr Pasteur, who has demonstrated by thoroughly convincing evidence that it is not to its oxygen or to any of its gaseous constituents that the air owes its property of infecting wounds, but to minute particles suspended in it, which are the germs of various low forms of life, long since revealed by the microscope, and regarded as merely accidental concomitants of putrescence, but now shown by Pasteur to be its essential cause, resolving the complex organic compounds into substances of simpler chemical constitution, just as the yeast plant converts sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid.'

Men could write in those days.

It had long been known that retained secretions in a wound were a menace. As early as 1825 Mr Syme, in a paper in the 'Edinburgh Medical Journal,' remarked that wounds of the cheek having two orifices healed readily, and he urged delay in closing all wounds until the oozing had ceased. About this time the method of Amussat for avoiding hæmorrhage by torsion of the vessels came into vogue. Mr Syme adopted his plan for the smaller branches, but he was unwilling to abandon the use of ligatures, as he considered them useful for drainage. These ligatures were of silk well waxed, and the ends were allowed to hang out of the wound ; it required three weeks for these ligatures to cut their way out, and the wound must be kept open and exposed to infection for that time.

Lister's discovery, like Sydenham's, met first with neglect and then with opposition. Even in Scotland it was received with contemptuous criticism. Simpson dismissed the germs as mythical fungi, having no more existence than the aerial sylphs and spirits of the Rosicrucians. The whole question of spontaneous generation was involved ; it was only disproved by Tyndall after the labour of a lifetime. Aberdeen was slow to give up its metallic needles. The rivalry was intense. Even students did what they could in their own well-meaning way to solve the problem by breaking windows. Many

surgeons gave the method a conscientious trial, and failed; it was the fault of their practice. One of them has been seen holding a needle in his teeth whilst he wiped out a wound with a dirty sponge; and he called himself a follower of Lister. Simple as the method was, splendid in its simplicity and magnificent in its littleness, as Mr Treves describes it with his fine felicity of phrase, it soon became debased. It was known that germs were in the air. Therefore the air that entered the operating room must be filtered through a layer of cotton wool. The air was purified by a carbolic spray until the floor was awash like the deck of a schooner in a heavy sea. Clean wounds were doused with carbolic acid, the surgeons forgetting the master's teaching, that 'an antiseptic is injurious to the cellular elements of the body as well as to the microbes; the art of the surgeon lies therefore in employing it in sufficient but not in excessive amount.'

At this point students interpose with the question, Why is it that surgeons do not now use carbolic acid? They are confused by the unfortunate distinction implied by the terms aseptic and antiseptic. It was Lister who made the discovery that if no germs are present, a wound will heal. Obviously, if no germs are present, one does not require an antiseptic to destroy them. The surgeon's business is to refrain from introducing them; then he is operating aseptically. The word 'aseptic' is as old as Hippocrates. He taught that wounds should be dressed dry; Chassaignac taught that they should be drained. What they talked about Lister did, and explained the reason. The most recent exponent of this stupidity declares that 'a completely impermeable dressing was one of Lister's ideas.' The exact contrary was the case; he substituted for his original putty a lac plaster, because it would not adhere to the skin; he employed a drain of lint in all important wounds; he was the great exponent of the open method, so long as there was the least possibility of any infective substance remaining within.

The news of the discovery went slowly over Europe. Volkmann came from Germany, Bloch from Denmark, Lucas-Championnière from France. It reached Billroth through Volkmann; but it was not until 1879, more than twelve years after the discovery, that this great surgeon was sufficiently interested to make specific inquiry. In

that year he sent Von Mikulicz-Radecki to London, where Lister then was, to verify the earlier reports which his other assistants, Gussenbauer and Wölfler, had brought. There he learned from Lister 'precision and consistency,' without which, as he said, 'a surgeon is a mere bungler in the treatment of wounds.' The method was brought to America by four Canadian house-surgeons of Lister's, one of whom, John Stewart, retired only in 1932 from the office of dean in the medical school at Halifax. Pasteur and Lister came together in person for the first time in 1892, in Paris, on the occasion of Pasteur's jubilee, when it appeared to his biographer, Lucas-Championnière, 'as they arose to embrace one another, the sight of these two men gave the impression of a brotherhood of science labouring to diminish the sorrows of humanity.' To most men Lister is now a vague and shadowy figure, but not to those who saw his beautiful face when he came to Montreal in 1897.

So much has been said—more than some will care to hear—about Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen that they may expect to be told that Lister was a Scotsman. One would be guilty of suppressing the truth did one not confess that he was not. He, an alien, went to Edinburgh in 1854, where he remained for six years; he went to Glasgow in 1860, and did not return to London until 1877. He, an alien, gained entrance into the stronghold of Scottish surgery, where he managed to remain for twenty-three years. That in itself was something of a feat, for we may have been led to suspect that Scotsmen only yield to superior force and are not easily robbed of professional or other privilege. One should add that he married Syme's daughter; that may be a partial solution of the mystery. The whole truth is that Lord Lister, as it is correct to name him, was born in Essex. He was of the Society of Friends, commonly known as Quakers. On that account the two major Universities were barred to him; he graduated from University College, London, bachelor of arts in 1847, bachelor of medicine five years later; and in the same year he was admitted fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, he then being in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He performed the usual duties of dresser or house-surgeon to Mr Erichsen, whose text-book is still remembered with

respect. Upon the advice of Sharpey he went to Edinburgh 'to take six weeks of Syme's clinic.' In the process he acquired Syme's daughter as well.

Discoveries of any kind are of no value apart from their effect upon the human mind. Of all these influences modern surgery is the most powerful. It has robbed war of its worst horrors and poverty of its greatest dread. It touches every human being now alive, because it removes from life something of its uncertainty and danger. A trivial accident to the eyes no longer means that one is to sit in darkness until the end comes. Fear and despair have given way to security and hope. The continuous torture of disease amenable to surgery has passed into the comparative luxury of half-assuaged pain. With pain held in check, death has lost its sting, even if one enters less cheerfully into the waters of oblivion. This anticipation of a seemingly death is certain to produce a profound effect upon the human mind.

He is a poor master, said Leonardo da Vinci, whose work surpasses his judgment: he alone is advancing towards the perfection of art whose judgment surpasses his work. Perfection has perils peculiar to itself. The present peril of surgery lies in the perfection of its technique, in the divorce of practice from judgment, in the wider divorce between surgery and medicine. Science and practice, medicine and surgery, can thrive only in a single mind. Divorced, both are condemned to sterility. Under such a divided system a new kind of physician and a new kind of surgeon may be developed—the physician who studies only a part of the patient, governed by the laboratory worker, to whom the patient is nothing more than a series of microscopic slides or chemical solutions. This new surgeon, on the other hand, will know the patient merely as an arrangement of typewritten cards. He will see him for the first time unconscious on the table, when he comes like a masked executioner to complete the sentence of the judge. Physician and surgeon then become sheer empirics, working on a narrow, experimental basis, without philosophical conceptions or even a scientific hypothesis of disease. The wound may heal, although the disease remains, and the patient be denied the privilege of a life not untimely prolonged.

ANDREW MACPAIL.

Art. 10.—CASTLEREAGH.

1. *The Rise of Castlereagh*. By H. M. Hyde. Macmillan, 1933.
2. *The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1815-1822*. By C. K. Webster. Bell, 1925.
3. *The Congress of Vienna, 1814-1815*. By C. K. Webster. H.M.S.O., 1920.
4. *The Confederation of Europe*. By W. Alison Phillips. Longmans, 1914.
5. *Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry*. By Sir Archibald Alison. 3 Vols. Blackwood, 1861.
6. *Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, Second Marquess of Londonderry*. Edited by his Brother, Charles, Third Marquess of Londonderry. 12 Vols. Colburn, 1848-1853.

UNTIL the year 1925 the English Foreign Office possessed no portrait of one of the greatest of English Foreign Secretaries. In November of that year a portrait of Lord Castlereagh was hurriedly borrowed in order that the European diplomatists, assembled in London for the formal signature of the Locarno Pact, might be inspired by the pictorial presence of one of the greatest of their craft. Thus Castlereagh, in effigy, presided over that historic assembly; and thanks to the generosity of the present Marquess of Londonderry the lacuna in the Foreign Office gallery is at last filled up. Of these curious facts it is hard to say which is the most significant: the neglect with which Castlereagh was treated for a full century after his death; the tardy recognition, deferred until our own day, of the great part which he had played in the affairs of the United Kingdom and of Europe; or the unique, though dilatory, homage paid to his memory by the signatories of the Locarno Pact.

Hardly less curious is the fact that during the forty years after Lord Castlereagh's death only one article devoted to his life and work appeared in the 'Quarterly Review.' It was written by John Wilson Croker as a review of the 'Castlereagh Correspondence' (December 1848).

Fourteen years afterwards Lord Robert Cecil, M.P.,

afterwards Third Marquess of Salisbury, wrote an article—one of the most brilliant of the many he contributed to this 'Review'—on Lord Castlereagh. Lord Salisbury's article was devoted almost exclusively to Foreign Policy.

'Prudent panegyrists,' he wrote, 'will confine their attention to his career as Foreign Secretary during the ten closing years of his life. It is upon them that his title to fame must exclusively rest. The other transactions in which he was mixed up hardly reflect much light upon his name. . . . A certain admiration is due to skill in whatever occupation it is displayed, and, therefore, we cannot refuse to admire the skill with which he effected the Irish Union. But still we should prefer to dwell on any other display of administrative ability than that which consists of bribing knaves into honesty and fools into common sense.'

Such language is more characteristic of the 'great master of gibes and flouts and jeers' than of the statesman destined to provide the Legislative Union effected by Castlereagh with its most conclusive justification. It is only fair, however, to remember that at the time when Lord Salisbury wrote (1862), research had not availed to put the transactions of 1799–1800 into true historical perspective. Yet, as regards the 'Quarterly Review,' Lord Salisbury's judgment on Lord Castlereagh was final. For seventy-two years no article on that great Conservative statesman has appeared in these pages. It is, indeed, only in these last years that historical critics have begun to do justice to the memory of Lord Castlereagh. His half-brother, the Third Marquess of Londonderry, endeavoured in 1848 to 'rescue the name of Castlereagh from the calumnies and abuse which have been so long and so industriously cast upon it by political adversaries and pardoned rebels.' But the slight memoir prefixed to twelve volumes of 'Correspondence' did little to counteract, in the heyday of Liberalism, the popular prejudice against the colleague of Lord Eldon and the obsequious accomplice (for so was Castlereagh misrepresented) of Prince Metternich and the autocrats of the Holy Alliance.

It is interesting to speculate what the result might have been had Sir Walter Scott acceded to Lord Londonderry's request that he would write his brother's biography; Scott would surely have been much better employed than in writing the 'Life of Napoleon'; but he

declined the task. Not that he disdained the suggestion. On the contrary, he would have been delighted 'to contribute to place that most upright and excellent statesman's memory in the rank which it ought to hold with his countrymen.' He realised that public opinion had been grossly misled, and that 'the truth of history has in no case been so much encroached upon to serve the purposes of party.' But he pleaded that he knew little of the House of Commons and less of Ireland; and, besides, he was the friend of Canning. So the task fell to Sir Archibald Alison, whose accomplishment evoked somewhat tepid commendation from Lord Salisbury. 'His labours,' wrote the latter, 'have all the heartiness of a labour of love, and their partiality is not perhaps out of place as a counterpoise to the efforts of those whose judgments have been warped by a bias more marked and less commendable.'

A counterpoise it was not. In spite of it the popular prejudice persisted. 'Ireland will never forget the statesman of the Legislative Union.' So runs the inscription on Castlereagh's tomb in the Abbey. Entirely accurate as a statement of fact, as a eulogy it is ambiguous. Few statesmen were, indeed, more cruelly misjudged by contemporaries. 'The villain who has left a memory that smells of hot blood,' is among the most quotable of hostile judgments; but to speak of him as 'the Robespierre of Ireland' touches perhaps the nadir of inept analogy. Lord Cornwallis, his partner in the work of Union, found him 'so cold that nothing can warm him,' and Lord Salisbury inferentially admits the impeachment when he writes, 'He had not the talents which captivate the imagination or the warmth of sympathy that kindles love.' Yet he could evoke passionate hatred.

'I met murder on the way,
He had a mask like Castlereagh.'

So Shelley wrote of him. Byron was even more brutal:

'Oh, Castlereagh, thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so didst thou;
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cut'st thy throat that Britain may be saved.'

Creevey's judgment may be discounted, for, though he was not lacking in shrewdness and humour, his temper

was malignant, and his pen was ever dipped in gall. Could anything be more savage than the following, written within two days of his victim's death ?

'Death settles a fellow's reputation in no time, and now that Castlereagh is dead, I defy any human being to discover a single feature of his character that can stand a moment's criticism. By experience, good manners, and great courage he managed a corrupt House of Commons pretty well, with some address. This is the whole of his intellectual merit. He had a limited understanding and no knowledge, and his whole life was spent in an avowed, cold blooded attempt of every honest public principle. A worse, or if he had had talent and ambition for it, a more dangerous public man never existed.' *

Henry Brougham, though a persistent opponent, was more just in his estimate : 'Well !' he writes to Creevey (Aug. 19), 'this is really a considerable event in point of size. Put all their other men together in one scale and poor Castlereagh in the other—single he plainly weighed them down. . . . One can't help feeling a little for him, after being pitted against him for several years pretty regularly.'

At long last, however, Castlereagh is coming into his own. After the bitter jibes and savage cruelty of contemporaries, after some years of almost complete neglect, and, more still, of quite inadequate and uncritical appreciation, we are now enabled to see the man in his true character, the statesman in his full stature. This we owe mainly to three writers : to Professor Alison Phillips, who was the first to put Castlereagh's achievements as Foreign Minister in true perspective ; to Dr Webster, who by patient and minute research carried the investigation into the diplomatic history of the period 1812-1822 both farther and deeper ; and to Mr Hyde, who has recently given us a careful survey of Castlereagh's career as an Irish statesman. Mr Hyde's narrative, however, extends only to 1802, when Castlereagh took office as President of the Board of Control. Dr Webster takes up the tale in 1813. Between the two narratives there is a gap of ten years during which Castlereagh was mostly in office. The time has surely come when not only should

* Creevey to Miss Ord, Aug. 14, 1822 (Creevey Papers, II, 42-3).

this gap be filled, but a continuous and critical biography of Lord Castlereagh should be given to the world.

Robert Stewart, Second Marquess of Londonderry, but known to history as Viscount Castlereagh, was born in Dublin on June 18, 1769. The Stewarts hailed from Wigtonshire, but had been 'planted' in Ulster by James I. Robert Stewart (1739-1841), Castlereagh's father, sat in the Irish Parliament as Member for Co. Down from 1769 until 1783. He was one of the leaders of the Volunteers (1779-1793), and raised and commanded the famous 'Ards Independents.' Thomas Davis's doggerel justly estimates the relative force of Grattan's eloquence and of the Irish Volunteers in wringing from England the Home Rule concession of 1782 :

' When Grattan rose none dared oppose
The claims he made for freedom ;
They knew our swords to back his words
Were ready did he need them.
Remember still, through good and ill,
How vain were prayers and tears,
How vain were words till flashed the swords
Of the Irish volunteers.'

The elder Robert had powerful English connections. His first wife (Castlereagh's mother) was Lady Sarah Frances Seymour-Conway, the daughter of the First Earl of Hertford. She died in 1770, and five years later Stewart married the daughter of the First Earl Camden. Though she had eleven children of her own she was an excellent step-mother to Castlereagh, who entirely reciprocated her affection. Thanks to his English connections, Colonel Stewart's promotion was rapid. Created Baron Londonderry in 1789, he became Viscount Castlereagh in 1795, Earl of Londonderry in 1796, and Marquess in 1816. In 1800 he was elected a Representative Peer of Ireland, and in that capacity sat in the House of Lords. His son, until his death, remained in the House of Commons. Robert the younger, like his father, a strong Whig, was elected Member for Co. Down after a terrific contest against the powerful Hillsborough interest in 1790. The poll was kept open for forty-two days, and the contest cost the Stewarts 60,000*l*. In the event Lord Hillsborough headed the poll, but Robert Stewart

wrested the second seat from the Hills, and took his place in the Parliament on Castle Green, very soon after attaining his majority.

The 'Grattan Constitution' represented an experiment (1782-1800) tried under conditions which rendered success almost unattainable. Great Britain was girt, in 1782, with a ring of enemies—her own revolting colonies in America, France, Spain, and Holland; to say nothing of the armed neutrality of the Northern Powers. She was therefore in no position to resist the demands put forward by the Protestant oligarchy which throughout the eighteenth century was dominant in Irish politics. Their chief demands were the removal of all restrictions upon the independence of the Irish Parliament and the concession to Ireland of commercial equality with England. They also demanded a limitation on the duration of Parliaments; a reform of the iniquitous pension system; a Habeas Corpus Act for Ireland; and that the Judiciary should be freed from dependence on the Executive. An Act was passed in 1768 to limit the duration of Parliament, hitherto limited only by the life of the King, to eight years. But this was the only concession made by the British Parliament until its pride was humbled by the successful revolt of the American colonies.

In the case of America the Anglo-Irish colonists found a close analogy with their own. They too groaned under restrictions imposed upon their trade in the interests of English manufacturers and graziers. They too, while acknowledging the sovereignty of the Crown, declined to recognise the supremacy of a Parliament in which they were not represented. Moreover, the American war compelled the British Government to withdraw troops from Ireland. Ireland, therefore, had some excuse for raising a body of Volunteers to defend its shores. The numbers of this force, consisting almost entirely of Protestants, rose rapidly from 8000 in 1778 to 80,000 in 1781. In 1780 the British Parliament, though maintaining the restrictions upon Irish imports into Great Britain, removed the restrictions upon Irish exports to foreign countries and British colonies.

The Volunteers, having tasted power, proceeded to press for other reforms, and in particular for Legislative Independence. One by one their demands were conceded,

culminating in 1782-1783 in Home Rule. Since the reign of Henry VII Irish legislation had been subject to the authority, under 'Poynings' Law,' of the English Privy Council. Poynings' Law was repealed in 1782, as was also the Declaratory Act of 6 George 1, which had asserted the right of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland. In 1783 this right was explicitly renounced. Thus was the Irish Parliament 'emancipated.' Yet the ensuing situation was pregnant with difficulties. The Dublin Parliament was representative, not of the Irish people, but of the small Protestant minority—amounting to perhaps one-third of the population. Moreover, the state of the representation even among the Protestants was hopelessly inadequate. Out of 300 members of the House of Commons, 216 were returned by 'boroughs,' and of these 200 were nominated by 100 individuals. Lord Shannon nominated 16, the Ponsonbys 14, Lord Hillsborough 9, and the Duke of Leinster 7. The freeholders exercised more independence in the counties, but the county members numbered in all only 82. Trinity College made up the total. As regards legislation, the British Parliament had made a complete renunciation of its authority, but that of the King remained, and it was on the advice of British Ministers that the King acted. Nor had the Irish Parliament any control over the Executive, which maintained its ascendancy intact by a system of wholesale bribery, by patronage and pensions, and by every known species of political corruption. Thus Independence was neutralised by political profligacy and systematic intrigue.

Such were the conditions by which young Stewart was confronted when in 1790 he took his seat in the Parliament on College Green. He quickly came to the conclusion that the Grattan system could not endure, and his first efforts were directed to its improvement. These efforts were resented by the Government, and in 1791 the Chief Secretary reported to Lord Grenville that Castlereagh was 'a decided enemy of the King's Government in Ireland,' and the more dangerous as '*professing* himself a warm friend of Mr Pitt's administration in England.' For at the outset of his political career old Lord Camden gave him some shrewd advice: after cautioning him against committing himself too definitely, and especially

against being 'open over the bottle,' he concluded: 'Would there be any harm in professing yourself a friend of the Pitt administration in England, though you are in opposition to the Castle?' Robert was quick to act upon it; the more readily since it accorded with his own inclinations. His first impulse was, like Pitt's, to push on with reform in Ireland, and so give the Grattan system a chance of success. He warmly advocated the admission of the Roman Catholics to equality of civil rights. By a series of measures passed between 1768 and 1792 some of the most cruel provisions of the infamous 'Penal Code' had been amended, some of the most intolerable wrongs of the Irish Catholics righted, but not until 1793 were they admitted to the parliamentary franchise, and not until 1829 to seats in Parliament. The Act of 1793 added some 30,000 electors to the Irish electorate. Stewart warmly supported that tardy measure of justice, and, like Grattan, would have given it more reality by a large measure of parliamentary reform.

In the meantime, however, the Irish situation was immensely complicated by the progress of the Revolution in France, and by the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the French Republic (1793). Towards the doctrines proclaimed in Paris many Irishmen were powerfully attracted. Among them were men like Theobald Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who, in 1791, formed an association known as the 'United Irishmen.' The avowed object of this society was to bring Protestants and Catholics together in a common effort to secure reform in Ireland. Whether from the first the aims of the new movement went beyond reform to revolution, whether the 'United Irishmen' looked to the establishment of an independent Irish Republic, still remains a matter of controversy.

'To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government to break the connection with England . . . and to assert the independence of my country, these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland . . . to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter, these were my means.' Thus wrote Wolfe Tone in his 'Autobiography' (I, 51). In his nature, as he frankly avowed, hatred of England

was so deeply rooted that it was 'rather an instinct than a principle.' But associated with Tone and Tandy were others who had, at first, no thought of separation, and some who would never have accepted it.

It has been frequently asserted that Castlereagh joined the 'United Irishmen,' either from sympathy with its 'constitutional' objects or, as his more malignant enemies asserted, simply in order to learn its secrets. That he ever joined the 'United Irishmen' is, Mr Hyde observes, 'perhaps the most ludicrous falsehood of the many which have been circulated by his enemies' (p. 87). Castlereagh was an ardent reformer; a revolutionary never. 'I dread,' he wrote in 1791, 'a coalition between them [the Catholics] and the dissatisfied Protestants. . . . I am afraid reform will be postponed till it is too late.' It was. But that was no fault of Castlereagh's. He did his part. Forces, however, were too strong for him. The Revolution in France destroyed the hope of reasonable reform in Ireland.

Yet in 1795 the reformers imagined that they were on the threshold of success. In January of that year Earl Fitzwilliam arrived in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. He came, it was supposed, to concede their claims in full. Fitzwilliam, however, had hardly landed when he became involved in disputes with the dominant clique at the Castle, and was promptly recalled by Pitt. The 'United Irishmen' immediately developed a revolutionary programme. Whether this was the result, or merely the sequel, of Fitzwilliam's recall it is difficult to decide. The fact remains. Irish leaders entered into treasonable negotiations with the French Republic. To meet this danger Orange lodges were formed, and the Government passed a series of Acts to increase the powers of the Executive, and enrolled a force of Yeomanry. The latter force, consisting wholly of Protestants, rapidly mounted to nearly 40,000 men.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone went off to Paris to seek French help, and in December 1796 a large expedition, commanded by General Hoche, sailed from Brest and presently appeared in Bantry Bay. The French Fleet was, however, dispersed by a storm, and in Ireland the plans of the rebels were frustrated by the prompt action taken by the Government. Nevertheless, sporadic

insurrections broke out both in the north and in the south-west. They were without difficulty suppressed, and a complete disarmament of Ulster and Munster was carried out by General Lake. Lake's work was done with needless cruelty, but so thoroughly that when, in August 1798, General Humbert, with a French force, landed in Killala Bay he found little support, and had to surrender. A similar fate attended the attempt of a French squadron to land at Lough Swilly. Among the prisoners taken on board the French ships was Wolfe Tone, wearing the uniform of a French general. Tried by court martial, he was sentenced to be hanged, an end which he escaped by cutting his own throat. During this troubled time the Irish Executive was in the hands of three men: Fitzgibbon (afterwards Lord Clare), the Chancellor; Lord Cornwallis, who in 1788 became Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief; and Lord Castlereagh.

In 1794 Castlereagh had made a happy marriage. His wife, to whom till death he remained devotedly attached, was Lady Emily Anne, daughter and co-heiress of John Hobart, Second Earl of Buckinghamshire, Viceroy of Ireland from 1777-1780. Lord Buckinghamshire was not without influence in English politics, and in 1794 his son-in-law was returned to the English House of Commons as Member for Tregony, a seat which he exchanged in 1796 for that of Orford. He resigned his English seat on taking office in Ireland. In 1797 he became Keeper of the Privy Seal, and, in the almost continuous absence of Thomas Pelham, acting Chief Secretary. In 1798 Pelham resigned and Castlereagh succeeded to the office. As Chief Secretary he was mainly responsible for drawing the teeth of the 'United Irishmen,' and, with the aid of Cornwallis, for suppressing the rebellion when it did sporadically break out. He thus became the victim of the infamous charge that in order to pave the way for the Union he had of set purpose goaded the Irish people into rebellion. This charge is specifically formulated by Dr George Sigerson, a responsible Irish historian:

'The administrators in the Castle, with a view to rendering the Irish Parliament odious as well as contemptible, and to make Irishmen reconcile themselves to the idea of the Union, then proceeded to inflame sectarian rancour, and to dragoon the country into rebellion.'

For this grave indictment there exists no real evidence. The Legislative Union did follow on the aborted rebellion. That is true ; and unfortunate ; since it gave to the Union the appearance of a penal measure. But sequence is not causation. The rebellion may have convinced Castlereagh and Pitt that the Union could not safely be deferred. As to the ultimate inevitability of such a measure they had, however, long been persuaded. For the successful pilotage of the Bill through the Irish House of Commons Castlereagh must have the largest share of credit ; nor can there be any doubt that he sincerely believed in the principle it embodied. He had long since come to believe that there were only two alternatives : generous reform effected through the Irish Parliament, or a Legislative Union accompanied by the concession of equal rights of citizenship for the Catholics, a settlement of the tithe question, commercial and fiscal unity with Great Britain, and, if possible, by concurrent endowment for the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood. In all these matters Castlereagh's views were identical with Pitt's.

In view of the unworkable constitution and the obstructive tactics of the Grattan Parliament, of the dangerous European situation, and of the rebellious temper of Ireland, a Legislative Union was, indeed, at the moment inevitable. Unless they were prepared to take large risks, Pitt and Castlereagh had no alternative. It was not a moment for taking risks ; as to the means by which the Union was carried, the popular view is sufficiently indicated in these lines :

How did they pass the Union ?
 " By perjury and fraud ;
 By slaves who sold their land for gold,
 As Judas sold his God ;
 By all the savage acts that yet
 Have followed England's track—
 The pitchcap and the bayonet,
 The gibbet and the rack,
 And thus was passed the Union
 By Pitt and Castlereagh ;
 Could Satan send for such an end
 More worthy tools than they ? " "

Nor has historical research been at pains until recently to correct the infamous libels of contemporary balladists.

Even de Beaumont, one of the best authorities on Irish history, lent his authority to a gross perversion of the truth: 'Ainsi s'accomplit, imposé par la violence, aidé par la corruption, l'acte destructif du parlement irlandais.' There was, of course, a large distribution of peerages and honours of various kinds; but not more, perhaps, than the occasion justified. Admittedly, 1,260,000*l.* was paid in compensation to the owners of such boroughs in Ireland as did not retain their representation in the United Parliament. Boroughs were then universally regarded as marketable properties, and, if Grattan may be trusted, something less than the market price was paid.

That the motives which inspired Castlereagh and Pitt were pure is no longer questioned. They were convinced that only under a Legislative Union could the Irish Catholics be admitted to complete equality of civil rights, could the Established Church in Ireland be maintained, could Ireland enjoy complete commercial equality, and could England surmount the dangers which then confronted her. Pitt and Castlereagh never intended, as I have already insisted, that the Legislative Union should stand alone. It was a necessary preliminary to real 'emancipation,' alike for the Catholics, for the merchants, and for the farmers of Ireland. The scruples of George III frustrated the beneficent intentions of his Ministers. In 1801 they resigned; and the 'healing' measures were deferred until they were too late to heal.

The labours and anxieties incidental to his Chief Secretaryship told greatly on Castlereagh's health, and in the spring of 1801 a serious illness caused grave apprehension to his friends. By 1802, however, he was sufficiently recovered to take office (July 1802) under Addington as President of the Board of Control (for India). The greatest service which Castlereagh rendered in this capacity was to stave off the threatened resignation of his great compatriot, Lord Wellesley. On taking office he wrote to the Governor-General to assure him that 'my utmost exertions shall be employed to give stability to your administration and to co-operate with you in the conduct of Indian affairs with that cordiality which can alone render our united exertions successful.' The pledge was faithfully kept, and long years afterwards

(1839) Lord Wellesley paid remarkable testimony to the felicity of their official association :

' The whole course of my public service, so far as it was connected with the public acts of that most excellent and able personage, affords one connected series of proofs of his eminent ability, spotless integrity, high sense of honour, comprehensive and enlarged views, sound practical knowledge, ready despatch of business, and perfect discretion and temper in the conduct of the most arduous public affairs.'

The President and the Governor-General did not invariably see eye to eye ; nevertheless, as the latter testified :

' He ' (Lord Castlereagh) ' at once saw the great objects of policy which I contemplated and which have since been so honourably accomplished ; and, with a generosity and vigour of mind not often equalled, he gave me every aid in the pursuit of a plan not his own, and afterwards every just degree of honour and praise in its ultimate success.'

Higher praise to a Parliamentary Chief from a great Pro-Consul can hardly be imagined.

On Pitt's return to power (1805) Castlereagh accepted office as Secretary for War and Colonies, retaining, for some months, the India Office as well. He thus became responsible for the conduct of the war during the five years (1805-1809) when Napoleon was at the zenith of power. Nelson's great victory had, indeed, assured to us supremacy at sea, but against that was to be set Napoleon's defeat of Austria at Austerlitz, of Prussia at Jena, of Russia at Friedland, his formation of the Rheinbund, his dictation of the triumphant Treaty of Tilsit, and much else. Castlereagh's administration of the War Office was severely criticised. (What War Minister has ever in war time escaped censure ?) Yet it has received a high encomium from one of the greatest of our military historians. ' Castlereagh,' says Sir John Fortescue, ' was the best War Minister we have ever had.' If the Walcheren Expedition was a dismal failure, the failure was due not to Castlereagh's plan, which was admirable, but to Chatham's ineptitude and disobedience in carrying it out. The great Duke himself subsequently (1830) maintained that view. For the rest, Castlereagh was the first Minister to reverse Pitt's fatal policy of sending out small and

isolated expeditions with minor objectives in view ; he gave loyal support to Canning's policy at Copenhagen ; above all, he it was who, from the first, appreciated the importance of England's intervention in the Peninsula, who insisted on the appointment of Wellington to the command, and, in face of every difficulty, consistently supported him.

In the summer of 1809, however, the quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning came to a head ; their duel was fought on Sept. 21, and both Ministers resigned office. Into the merits of that unfortunate quarrel there is no space in the present article to enter. It is distressing for a biographer of Canning to have to admit that the fault was mainly his ; nevertheless, in the interests of historic truth, the admission must be made. Yet if Canning's was the fault, on him also fell the penalty. Not until 1822 did Canning regain a leading place in politics, and return to his old post at the Foreign Office. For ten momentous years—from 1812 to 1822—that place was filled by the rival, whose genius for affairs he so gravely and (for himself) so fatally underrated. Canning, as Fortescue justly says, was ' quite incapable of appreciating what was great in Castlereagh ; and Castlereagh being such as he was could hardly have helped perceiving the littleness in Canning.' Of the relations of these two great men no more can here be said.

In June 1812 Lord Liverpool entered on the Premiership, destined to be one of the longest and undeniably one of the most momentous in English history. The key position in his Cabinet was evidently the Foreign Office. Liverpool was most anxious that it should be filled by Canning. Castlereagh, who three months earlier (February) had succeeded Lord Wellesley in that office, was not less anxious than Liverpool to secure the adhesion of Canning, and with rare magnanimity offered to give place to his rival, accepting for himself the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and retaining the lead of the House of Commons. Canning was, however, persuaded by unwise friends to insist either on having the leadership as well as the Foreign Office himself, or that the former should go to some third person—Vansittart, for example. Under Castlereagh he refused to serve. In such a slight

upon Castlereagh Lord Liverpool properly refused to acquiesce ; nor, indeed, was Castlereagh himself prepared to yield on this point to the dictation of Canning. At the Foreign Office, accordingly, Castlereagh remained. Not until his death were Canning's wishes fulfilled.

From Lord Salisbury's day to our own there has been almost complete unanimity of expert opinion as to the brilliant success which, as Foreign Secretary, Lord Castlereagh achieved. For that reason it is the less necessary to deal with the matter in detail. Yet to ignore it would be to remove the corner stone on which the temple of Castlereagh's fame has been erected, and must always stand. The policy initiated by Castlereagh at the War Office was by 1812 yielding its appropriate harvest. Napoleon's strength was being steadily sapped by the 'Spanish ulcer.' The sacrifices necessary to maintain the 'Continental Blockade' were increasingly resented both by his allies and by the client States on which he had imposed his brethren and kinsmen. The Pope refused to shut his ports to English ships. Promptly the Papal States were annexed (July 1809) to Napoleon's kingdom of Italy, and Pope Pius VII found himself a mere Bishop and imprisoned at Savona. A year later Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, found the yoke of the 'Continental System' intolerable and resigned his crown. Holland was incorporated in France. The greater part of North Germany—including Hamburg and the Duchy of Oldenburg—shared the fate of Holland. Sweden opened her ports to English goods in July 1812. Russia had done the same thing some months earlier. The Moscow expedition was Napoleon's riposte to the Tsar's defection. The failure of that adventure brought Prussia into the field against Napoleon. The war of German Liberation ensued, and, finally, in August 1813, Austria, after long hesitation, threw in her lot with Russia and Prussia. Yet the alliance remained highly precarious until the allies had entered Paris, until Napoleon had abdicated and withdrawn to Elba, until the Bourbons had been recalled to Paris.

That the slender ties had not actually been broken was due mainly to the patience, the tact, and skill of Castlereagh. So delicate, indeed, was the position that on Dec. 31, 1813, Castlereagh had felt it necessary to repair

personally to the headquarters of the allied army. In the preceding week no fewer than three Cabinet Councils had been held; one on Christmas eve, a second on Christmas Day itself, and the third on Sunday the 26th. The conclusions at which the Cabinet arrived were embodied in a 'Secret Memorandum' which, scored with pencil marks and interlineations, is still among the Foreign Office Archives (F.O. Continent Archives, 1). This most important document, drafted by Castlereagh, formed the basis of the instructions which he carried with him to the allied headquarters, and affords a clear and concise summary of the policy to which Great Britain adhered throughout the negotiations of the next eighteen months.

On the question of Maritime Rights there could be, and was, no compromise—any more than there was a century later at Versailles. Whether, and how far, our Colonial conquests should be restored was to depend on the nature of the Continental peace. No conquests were to be given up unless the two supreme objects of our policy were conceded in the terms of peace. Those objects were, first, 'the absolute exclusion of France from any naval establishment on the Scheldt, and especially at Antwerp.' On this point there could be no compromise. 'I must particularly entreat you to keep your attention upon Antwerp. The destruction of that arsenal is essential to our safety. To leave it in the hands of France is little short of imposing upon Great Britain the charge of a perpetual war establishment.' So Castlereagh had written to Lord Aberdeen (British envoy to Vienna) in November. That remained the first object of British policy. The second was like unto it: 'the security of Holland being adequately provided for, under the House of Orange, by a barrier. . . .'

For nine weeks (January—March) Napoleon by consummate generalship held the allies at bay. Twice during that period he might have had peace, retaining the throne of France on terms that would have gladdened the heart of Louis XIV. How during those difficult weeks Castlereagh held the alliance together, defeated the silly and selfish designs of the Tsar Alexander, prevented a breach between Austria and Prussia, and frustrated the ambitions of Bernadotte, must be read in detail in the Books of the Chronicles. During this period, and later in Paris and

Vienna, 'Castlereagh was England.' No one did so much as the greatest of his disciples to fulfil Pitt's proud forecast. Thanks in no small measure to Castlereagh, England, having 'saved herself by her exertions,' 'saved Europe by her example.'

The settlement effected by the diplomatists at Vienna has—like every other post-war settlement—been severely criticised. Yet its provisions were not solely inspired, as the Whig writers used to allege, by the spirit of obscurantism and reaction: they were dictated by the anxiety to fulfil pledges, and by the hard facts of the situation. Moreover, it must be remembered, to the credit of Castlereagh and his colleagues, that 'For forty years the peace of Europe flourished undisturbed, by one single conflict between any of the five great powers who adjusted their differences at Vienna. . . . Europe has not enjoyed so long a repose from the curse of war since the fall of the Roman Empire.'* The words are Lord Salisbury's, and he added that for any failures that ensued on the Treaty of Vienna one cause alone must be held responsible, 'the practice of foreign intervention in domestic quarrels.'

To avert that intervention—the favourite device of the Holy Allies—was the main object of Castlereagh's diplomacy during the seven years that intervened between the Treaty of Vienna and his own death.

'England stands pledged to the territorial arrangements established at the Congress of Vienna. . . . But with the internal affairs of each separate state we have nothing to do. We could neither share in nor approve . . . the intervention of one ally to put down internal disturbances in the dominions of another.'

So ran Castlereagh's famous protest against the doctrines of the Holy Alliance. In the spirit of that protest he acted consistently throughout his post-war career at the Foreign Office. Besides his work at the Foreign Office, Castlereagh, throughout these years, led the House of Commons. Consequently, he was held largely responsible for the unpopular domestic policy of the Liverpool Government—for Vansittart's finance, for the Six Acts, and the firm repression of revolutionary outbreaks, even

* 'Quarterly Review,' January 1862.

for the matrimonial differences of the King and Queen. But discussion of these matters must not be allowed to prolong this article.

Castlereagh, worn out by incessant labour and anxiety, died by his own hand on Aug. 12, 1822. Other and shameful reasons for the suicide, suggested in the vile calumnies of contemporaries, are wholly devoid of foundation. A devoted husband, an affectionate son and brother, Castlereagh was cold, distant, and shy in his dealings with outsiders. Hence his friends were few, and he made many enemies. The very qualities which gave him his deserved ascendancy in the Councils of Europe militated against his popularity at home. That he commanded respect and extorted admiration cannot be denied. To his beauty of person and dignity of bearing Lord Lytton's lines do no more than justice :

' Stately in quiet high-bred self-esteem,
Fair as the Lovelace of a lady's dream.'

Nevertheless, with all his talents and endowments, despite the great services he had rendered to his country, no British statesman ever went to his grave amid such decided manifestations of obloquy and hatred as Lord Castlereagh. History has, however, completely reversed the judgment of contemporaries. As an Irish administrator, both fearless and sympathetic; as a diplomatist pre-eminent in the Councils of Europe, Castlereagh's place in the Temple of Fame is at long last assured.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Art. 11.—THE HISTORY OF PIRATES.

The History of Piracy. By Philip Gosse. Longmans, 1932.

MORE moonshine has been written about pirates than about almost any other class of person: it has even been forgotten that they were, after all, men—or women. Almost as soon as we hear of travel, we hear of pirates. As Captain Henry Keppel, famed as the hunter of Oriental pirates, once wrote: 'As surely as spiders abound where there are nooks and crannies, so have pirates sprung up wherever there is a nest of islands offering creeks and shallows, headlands, rocks and reefs—facilities in short for lurking, for surprise, for attack, for escape.' Dr Gosse, in the work we mention above, well shows that piracy, at whatever date and in whatever part of the world, has passed through definite and recurrent stages, which can hardly be described better than in his own words.

'First a few individuals from amongst the inhabitants of the poorer coastal lands would band together in isolated groups owning one or but a very few vessels apiece and attack only the weakest of merchantmen. . . . Next would come the period of organisation, when the big pirates either swallowed up the little pirates or drove them out of business. Of this sort was the era of the Barbary Corsairs, of Morgan and his buccaneers, of the wild West Country seamen early in Elizabeth's reign—pirates against whom competition was hopeless and authority powerless. Then came the stage when the pirate organisation, . . . virtually . . . an independent state, was in a position to make a mutually useful alliance with another state against its enemies. . . . In the end the victory of one side would as a rule break up the naval organisation of the other. . . . The component parts of the defeated side would be again reduced to the position of outlaw bands, until the victorious power was strong enough to send them scurrying back once more to the status of furtive footpads of the sea whence they had arisen.'

Ever since their rise pirates have been queer fellows, for if some were unspeakable scoundrels, others 'wrote the annals of piracy in poetry instead of prose'; if some were rake-helly outlaws and desperadoes, others were courteous; if some were blasphemous atheists, others were religious and pious; if some drank astoundingly,

others were teetotal; and if some scourged the seas because of their hatred of mankind, others (not many, these) were idealists—none more so than Captain Misson, who, forestalling the French Revolution by half a century, founded 'a pirate republic dedicated to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.' Obviously, then, piracy was much more than a generally unavailing struggle against law and order, much more than a romance (usually, of course, it was a pretty grim reality), for it showed yet another facet of the multiple prism of humanity.

Piracy in the Ancient World has been vividly described in the scholarly work so entitled by Professor H. Ormerod, and is nearer the truth than Dr Gosse, who, defective only for this period, remarks that 'the outline exists, the detail that gives life is unfortunately lost for ever.' Even by Homer's time pirates had established themselves, become a familiar feature of Mediterranean life, and attained to a certain respectability. These pirates, whose craft were light and shallow, frequented the trade-routes, and operated more successfully by night than by day, whether they attacked merchant vessels or, as very often, the coastal towns. The earliest recorded struggle on a large scale was that between the merchant state of Phœnicia and the piratical Greeks, at that time a needy, turbulent, hardy race. The most famous pirate B.C. was Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, but the most active period of piracy came soon after the defeat of Greece by Rome and the destruction of Carthage (*Carthago delenda est*). The greatest pirate-exterminator was Pompey. But 'with the eclipse of the Roman civilisation, even piracy itself declined almost to oblivion: for a long time, until Europe woke again, there was very little that travelled by sea that was worth the plundering' (Gosse).

Somewhere about 1200 piracy again became a menace: the western Mediterranean was overrun by the Barbary corsairs. The memorable events of the year 1492 caused Mediterranean piracy to change tremendously, for the corsairs built faster vessels that were also bigger, and they used sails as well as oars. They not only organised life aboard ship but set up alliances with the coastal rulers. The two brothers Barbarossa threatened trade as never pirates before them had done, and when Arouj, 'the first of a mighty Islamic breed,' was slain along with his

forces, Kheyr-el-din took over: to Arouj's bravery, audacity, and military ability he added a statesmanship that raised him to high official rank. Immediately after his brother's death, Kheyr-el-din offered the province of Algiers to the Sultan of Turkey, who gladly accepted the land and made this unexpected ally the Governor-General. By a combination of judicious alliances and many brilliant victories over the Spanish, he put himself in a position to war against Christian towns and to harass Christian shipping: had he not a group of fleets commanded by master pirates? He repeated his sea and land victories at the Spanish expense until he had almost destroyed the Spanish power in North Africa and seriously threatened Sicily.

This was too much for the mighty Charles V, who, in 1535, sent a fleet of six hundred vessels, carrying a very considerable army, to capture Tunis: they succeeded, and Charles, who had led the soldiers, returned home as 'the hero of Europe.' But Kheyr-el-din, *the* Barbarossa, so placated the Sultan with 6000 captives from Port Mahon, which he had treacherously surprised, that he was made High Admiral of all the Turkish fleets. In 1538 Barbarossa risked a naval battle with Doria, the greatest Spanish admiral (actually he was a Genoese) of the age; Doria commanded two hundred vessels against the pirate's hundred and fifty, but Doria had lost that verve for which he was rightly famous: Barbarossa gained a striking victory. Christian Europe took three years to recover. A great naval and military attack was launched on Algiers, but tempest and temporising ruined its chance: the magnificent armada reached home only after terrible losses: the slave-quarters of Algiers became so crowded that 'a Christian was scarcely fair exchange for an onion.' Five years later Francis I of France made an alliance with the Sultan. Barbarossa became a powerful official, though still very troublesome; at ninety he married a girl of eighteen; he spent the last three years of his life in peace, built a splendid mosque and for himself a whited, but very stately, sepulchre, which he entered in July 1546. 'For many years after his death,' as Dr Gosse tells us, 'no Turkish ship left the Golden Horn without a prayer and a salute to the tomb of the greatest Turkish seaman and the mightiest of Mediter-

anean pirates. He survived in Islam as the hero of a living epic.'

The brothers Barbarossa were succeeded by their carefully trained lieutenants, who, as a group, were no less brave and audacious, more cruel and bloodthirsty, and even more harmful to European trade, despite the fact that none of them had the Barbarossan imagination or Kheyr-el-din's gifts of statesmanship and management. The Barbary corsairs were the terror of the western Mediterranean until early in the nineteenth century, but after the battle of Lepanto, 1570, where the Turkish sea power was destroyed, they operated only as outlaw gangs, not the auxiliaries (nor even the allies) of a great nation. Ochiali, defeated at Lepanto, died a decade later, the last of the pirate kings. The powerful corsairs that flourished after his death had no political authority, indeed no prestige save what was due to their personal exploits and character: nevertheless, the Barbary pirates were, if anything, more numerous in the seventeenth century than even in their heyday, 1500-1570.

'In 1606 came a change that revolutionised the art as well as the business of piracy,' for it was then that Simon de Dancer, a remarkable and enterprising Dutch sea-captain, taught the Algerians how to build and navigate square-rigged vessels such as sailed the Atlantic. Not only the coasts but the whole Mediterranean were thus exposed to the ravages of the corsairs, in rough weather or fine, in winter as well as in summer. The hardy, practised English, Dutch, and French pirates of the North Sea and the English Channel now frequently found that the 'Berbers' had anticipated them. The corsairs invaded the Atlantic, where trade was now as important as in the Mediterranean. The British, in all parts, lost 466 vessels in the period 1569-1616; in 1625 a thousand West Country seamen were captured; one Barbary pirate ship penetrated the Thames, a voyage small enough compared with that made to Iceland by a renegade Dutchman. In the seventeenth century piracy grew so powerful and wide-reaching that trade was seriously hampered, at times even crippled. The trouble was that the European states often needed the help of the Moors, so that instead of destroying the pirates the Europeans paid them tribute; the pirates, seeing that

they were almost immune from revenge, did not hesitate to break their faith. The various attempts to exterminate them were sporadic and inconclusive. Cromwell, however, sent Blake in 1655 to burn the fleet in Tunis harbour and to free the British slaves in Algiers; this Blake did. But until the corsairs were finally destroyed in the nineteenth century these punitive expeditions achieved less, in the aggregate, than individual, well-armed merchant vessels in single encounter.

Often the corsairs were drastic and cruel. In 1683, for instance, when a French squadron bombarded Algiers, the Dey told the French admiral that if the bombardment continued, he would shoot from the cannon's mouth every Frenchman in that city. The bombardment did continue. The Dey seized the French Vicar Apostolic, hurried him to the mole, and tied him to the mouth of a cannon, whence he was blown in the direction of the fleet. Twenty-six other Frenchmen were served in the same way, and the fleet retired only because ammunition had run out. Five years later the city was again bombarded: again Frenchmen (forty-eight this time) were propelled from the pirates' guns, and among the victims was the French consul: in the Nautical Museum at Paris is preserved the gun—a kind of mortar—that blew out the consul; the *Consulaire* it is grimly called. So things continued for considerably more than a century, 'these independent marauders . . . waylaying commerce, capturing enormous quantities of enemy and slaves, suffering punishment, striking back, making alliances, breaking them, and in general exacting toll, whether by aggression or agreement, from every trading nation of the western world.' In 1798 the American consul at Tunis wrote to his government concerning the Dey of Algiers: 'Can any man believe that this elevated brute has seven kings of Europe, two republics, and a continent tributary to him when his whole naval force is not equal to two line of battle ships?' The Americans, thoroughly aroused, built a fleet to destroy the corsairs. Tripoli was overcome; the coast was blockaded for two years; in 1805 was signed a treaty whereby American ships were to sail immune. But Europe still paid tribute. In 1816 the English bombarded Algiers and released many captives. Yet soon the pirates were back at their old game, which

they continued until 1820, when the French captured Algiers and then, beginning with Tunis, subjugated the various tribes. This was the end of the Barbary corsairs, except for a few outbursts of a promptly quenched piracy.

Perhaps more interesting to English people are the pirates of the North and those of the West. Of the Northern pirates the earliest were the Vikings (Dr Gosse's 'the word Viking in itself signifies a sea rover or pirate' is incorrect, the radical meaning a camp), who infested the coasts of Western Europe in the eighth to thirteenth centuries. Although piratical, they had a strict code respecting booty, theft, treachery, and desertion, as well as a strong sense of government and a marked ability to colonise. Their long, narrow boats carried only free men, trained fighters at that! They first visited England late in the eighth century, but by the middle of the next they began to seek for richer spoils than the British Isles could offer; 'they had ventured up the Scheldt, the Rhine, the Somme, and the Seine, and by 912 had conquered the country which has ever since borne the name of Normandy.' Also they burnt Hamburg, sailed to Spain, crossed to the African coast, and went to Italy: until they retired to enjoy their gains, they inspired such terror that to the Christian litanies was added the heart-felt prayer, 'a furore Normanorum libera nos.' It was this terror which caused the Hanseatic League to be founded. Bitter fighting ensued between the League and the pirates, with the not altogether startling result that many Hanseatics became pirates themselves.

In England the admixture of much excellent pirate blood came, in time, to produce 'the first corsair nation of the earth.' After the early piracies, which can be passed over, and after a lull, the English pirates, as their country became an important nation, resumed their activities, especially in the Channel: in the reign of Henry III ships hardly dared to leave the safety of the harbour and trade declined. A bigger and better navy then checked the danger, but on Edward II's death in 1327 piracy flourished once more. To combat the evil the Cinque Ports were leagued together. Undertaking to deal with the pirates, the Cinque Ports were granted very extensive privileges, which they soon interpreted to mean the plundering of the vessels of friendly nations, and even of

England ; the high Cinque Port officials turned robber chiefs. But they soon had rivals in Devon and Cornwall, whence pirates sailed to Brittany and stirred up a pretty hornet's nest for themselves. 'Every port in the west of England had its chief pirates, who came and went as they liked, always hand in glove with the local magnates and county landowners.' The good side to this state of confusion and corruption was that piracy bred wonderful seamen.

Under Elizabeth piracy became a political game as well as a private adventure or an expression of either greed or ferocity. If the Queen 'was on the whole severe with pirates operating in home waters, she was more than indulgent with those who ventured further afield'—such corsairs as Hawkins and Drake, Grenville and Frobisher, who, following the lead of the French and themselves followed by the Dutch, sought the dazzling Spanish Main. When James I succeeded to the throne, he had no work to offer to the thousands of unemployed sailors, so that, as Captain John Smith remarks in 'Travels and Adventures' :

'those that were rich rested with what they had ; those that were poor and had nothing but from hand to mouth turned pirates ; some because they became slighted of those for whom they got much wealth ; some for that they could not get their due ; some, that had lived bravely, would not abase themselves to poverty ; some vainly, only to get a name ; others for revenge, covetousness or as ill.'

But with the rise of the Commonwealth the navy improved rapidly, and the first to feel the change were the pirates, not only because the navy had grown efficient but because it offered good pay. In the first Dutch War, moreover, many pirates rallied to the flag.

In the West Indies, however, piracy flourished for more than a century and a half ; the first English settlement there, it may be remembered, was made in 1623. The buccaneers, who sprang from Spain's inability to supply her colonists with the necessary stores, were originally those who attacked Spanish ships or property in either Central America or the West Indies. These butchers of cattle, peaceful traders at first, began to prey on the Spaniards when that haughty race expelled them

from Haiti. They settled finally in 1640 on Turtle Island, where they remained for eighty years. Adventurers of all kinds flocked there in order to harry the Spaniards of the Main. But after many attacks and some few expulsions, a number of buccaneers moved to Port Royal, that small Jamaican town which so wonderfully fulfilled their requirements. Of the Port Royalists Henry Morgan was the most celebrated: he was, in fact, the greatest of all buccaneers. He had got his first command in 1666 and achieved fame by capturing the fortified Porto Bello, where he grossly exceeded his commission, a fault that the Governor overlooked—in consideration of the vast treasure that he brought back. This behaviour was repeated elsewhere, with the like reprimand. In 1671 he captured the town of Panama by his own brilliant tactics and his men's enduring courage; when those men quarrelled about the spoils, he left them and sailed home with the greater part of the plunder. In the following April he was shipped to England to stand his trial on a charge of piracy, but no judge dared convict one who was now a national hero; the King knighted him, and he returned to Jamaica as its Deputy-Governor. More wonderful still, he made a loyal and extremely capable official: when, in 1688, he died, it was where he had never expected to die—in his bed.

The Panama success inspired the buccaneers to turn their attention to the Pacific. In this second period of buccaneering its practitioners flourished as not even those of 1640–1680 had done in the Spanish Main. But with the capture of Cartagena in 1697 the buccaneers virtually disappeared. As that very real authority David Hannay wrote in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica':

'their great importance in history lies in the fact that they opened the eyes of the world . . . to the whole system of Spanish-American government and commerce, the former in its rottenness and the latter in its possibilities in other hands. From this, then, along with other causes, there arose the West Indian possessions of Holland, England, and France.'

Now, in the very year that Cartagena fell, the Peace of Ryswick, by bringing West Indian privateering to an end, threw thousands of privateers-men out of work: only a few found employment in the merchant service,

only a few settled down to jobs on land: the others gathered together, chartered boats, and, without a commission, did just what they wished to do: in short, they 'declared war upon all nations.' But, whether English or American, they watered and provisioned in the West Indies and then, as often as not, sailed either to the Guinea Coast of Africa or to Madagascar. Of those who followed what was known as 'the pirate round,' Avery (the hero of Defoe's 'Captain Singleton') and Kidd are the most famous. Of the latter, born in 1645 and hanged in 1701, Dr Gosse has pertinently written:

'Probably the most famous name in the annals of piracy is that of William Kidd, yet if Kidd's reputation was in just proportion to his actual deeds, he would have been forgotten as soon as he had been "turned off" at Wapping Old Stairs. His fame in piracy was as undeserved as the glory of Dick Turpin, the reputed king of all "gentlemen of the road," who was in life a mere pickpocket but after death stole the famous ride to York from Nevinson, a genuine and daring highwayman.'

And there were many other pirates equally gifted with Avery, much more active than Kidd. The normal pirate, naturally enough, did not seek notoriety either when 'on the round' or when he retired to enjoy his 'pile.' Of most of them we would know nothing were it not for Captain Charles Johnson's 'General History of Pirates,' 1724.

Piracy continued apace throughout the eighteenth century, except during the Napoleonic wars. After 1815 the privateers had no work to do: they became pirates. They were mostly scoundrels, and many were cowards; they attacked only the weak. The West Indies and the North Atlantic were infested with these bloodthirsty ruffians: a phase of piracy that, to all intents and purposes, ended in 1835. In the East piracy was different. The records concerning the west coast of Africa are vague until the eighteenth century, when the marauders described in Captain Johnson's 'History of Pirates'

'crossed over to try their luck in these waters when the other shore of the Atlantic was becoming uncomfortably hot for them. But the most famous name associated with the eastern route . . . belongs to the nineteenth century—that of Benito

del Soto . . . , a native of Corunna, who was first heard of as mate of a Portuguese slaver, the "Defensor de Pedro," which sailed from Buenos Aires for the Guinea coast in November 1827.'

He had a most adventurous career.

There, however we must leave him. On the Malabar coast (Bombay to Cochin) there arose at the end of the seventeenth century a group of pirates that gained almost a monopoly in their nefarious business. For over half a century they had such power that the East India Company, supported as it was at times by the Navy, found itself unable to suppress or even seriously to check them. They were controlled by the Mahratta family of Angria, and often were called 'the Pirates of Angria.' But many of these pirates were Europeans, especially English, who, hearing of Avery's extraordinary success (it lost nothing in the telling), decided that both in the Red Sea and in the Indian Ocean there was rich plunder for the taking. When, however, the British Government, by defeating the French, gained possession of the whole of India, many of the smaller pirate chiefs hastened to make their peace with the officials at Bombay. In 1755 Commodore William James, Rear-Admiral Watson, and Robert Clive crushed the Angrians, who never recovered sufficiently to cause any grave trouble.

Perhaps more famous still is that length of the Arabian coast, one hundred and fifty miles in extent, known to sailors for centuries as 'the Pirate Coast.' As Dr Gosse has so ably summarised its importance, it were an impertinence even to paraphrase him.

'These waters,' he observes, 'were probably the cradle of navigation and, as a natural consequence, of piracy. From their geographical position they became the first link in the commerce between the East and the West. . . . The Arabs [of the Peninsula of Oman], originally fishermen, gradually rowed or sailed their small craft further and further along the Arabian shores. As they became more skilled in shipbuilding and navigation, they dared sail out of sight of land and ultimately make for distant countries. By the ninth century, the Muscat Arabs were trading with Canton in China and had their merchants settled at such remote places as Siam, Java and Sumatra.'

The fiercest of the tribes sailing the Pirate Coast was

that of the Joasmees, whom Europeans first heard of in the sixteenth century. In 1778 they captured an English vessel; in 1797 they actually attacked a British cruiser. They were not finally overcome until 1819, when an English squadron, aided by the King of Oman, battered down the forts and destroyed the troublesome ships of the Pirate Coast: the Joasmees could have been checked long before then. After that date the few Joasmee outrages were rather incidents in the Joasmee slave-trading between Asia and Africa than deliberate attacks on English ships—not that only the English were attacked!

Like the Arabs of the Red Sea and the Phœnicians, the Chinese were pirates even in the pre-historical period—which sounds like a 'bull' but isn't. In the Middle Ages, however, it was rather the Japanese, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries rather the Japanese and Europeans who piratised the Yellow Sea.

'The Japanese pirates worked in large fleets, and wore standardised uniforms of red coats and yellow caps. They conducted their principal raids on the coast of China, often marching many miles inland to plunder towns. In battle they carried two swords, one in each hand, and the Chinese were no match for them at hand-to-hand fighting. In return, however, whenever the Chinese caught a Japanese pirate they promptly threw him into a cauldron of boiling water, which probably stimulated the pugnacity of the invaders, as death in battle was preferable to surrender.'

The Chinese did not get the upper hand till almost 1550, but before this the marauding Europeans showed themselves to be an even worse evil. The Portuguese in particular distinguished themselves, and by far the most celebrated European pirate in the China Sea was Mendez Pinto, who, in the eighteenth century, attained fame also as an author and an explorer-traveller. The Chinese as pirates did well in the eighteenth century, though we lack detailed accounts of any other than nineteenth-century pirates. In the first decade of the latter century Mrs Ching wrought tremendous havoc, which was terminated only by a treaty proposed by the Chinese Government; she is known to have passed the last few years of her life as the head of a large organisation—a kind of combine—specialising in 'respectable' smuggling. Mrs Ching was much more famous and capable than the

English women pirates, Anne Bonney and Mary Read, who both flourished early in the eighteenth century; far more, too, than Mrs Hon-cho-lo, another Chinese widow, who, however, lasted brilliantly for a year, her career ending in 1722. But when steamships became a common sight in the China Sea, shipowners gave up piracy, which fell into the hands of the small fry.

The Malay Archipelago was likewise admirably suited to pirates, who swarmed in these seas until Rajah Brooke and Captain Keppel took the situation in hand and in 1849 stamped out all piracy conducted on a big scale. But pirates of a sort lingered on in the Pacific. If they did nothing very grand they were yet a menace, for they were a veritable riff-raff: sailors that had either deserted or mutinied, decamping whale-boat men, and escaped Australian convicts. The only really notable figure among them was Bully Hayes, the most notorious of 'blackbirders,' as the violent recruiters of native labour for the plantations were popularly known. He was captured, and then released by the Bishop of Manila, a kindness that Hayes recognised by turning pirate. Again he was arrested, and again—this time by his own skill—he escaped. He thereafter avoided the rigours of the law, and he was murdered by his Scandinavian mate about the year 1880. The last man to hang for the crime of piracy had been an American named Gordon; that was in 1862.

'Though the passing of the pirate has taken some of the colour out of the world, yet it is difficult to deplore his disappearance. For he was not on the whole an attractive individual: and the more we learn about him the less attractive does he become. The romantic and the eccentric pirate is the one we usually meet in books, including'—Dr Gosse engagingly adds—'this one; but the genuine article was on the whole [*? usually*] a coward and a cut-throat who made away with his victims because dead men tell no tales.'

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Art. 12.—IRELAND: COMMONWEALTH OR REPUBLIC?

WHEN the Truce came in July of 1921 between the warring forces in Ireland most people heaved a sigh of relief. Following on all the weariness of world war this domestic quarrel had been a sad and sorry affair. The soldiers disliked it because it was not real fighting, and the attempt to counter guerilla methods by frightfulness only tended to disgust many British sympathisers in both countries. When a few months later the Treaty followed the Truce there were few who did not believe they saw at long last welcome finality to the age-long Irish problem.

There were after all good grounds for this hope. All down the last century there had been concessions to Irish demands. A long succession of land bills had created peasant proprietorship and virtually dispossessed landlordism. At one time it was said that the Irish problem was at the root agrarian and that land settlement would content and pacify the people. But this proved a false diagnosis and sporadic outbreaks continued from time to time. These were met first by coercion then by indulgence. There was no constant policy and Ireland continued to be a perpetual embarrassment to British politics. Finally, owing to the repeated failure of alternating indulgence and coercion the belief that responsible government was the real remedy began to gain ground in the ranks of those who had hitherto been consistent Unionists. This policy was fostered by the world war, which had been fought to secure independence for small nations. In this atmosphere of post-war lassitude Home Rule was accepted by many as the line of least resistance. It was the consequence of circumstance and of drift—the operation of political momentum. Few paused to examine the problem on its intrinsic merits. Things had gone too far for that. The Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book, but in suspense, was in itself an obligation which the British Government was anxious to discharge. Like many similar settlements that followed the Treaty of Versailles it complied in all essentials with the then fashionable doctrine of racial self-determination. Even now, looking back on the conditions then prevailing, it cannot be said that the decision was wrong. Spiritual were then deemed more important than material con-

siderations. Independence and the pride of possession often compensate for material loss. There were many who supported the settlement not so much for Ireland's material good as in order to save her soul. Through responsibility it was hoped that the country would find salvation. Instead of combining to oppose England the faction-spirit, it was hoped, would find expression at home and gradually by the sheer necessity of getting things done a spirit of true co-operation would be born. This was the outlook of many towards the 1921 settlement.

Now, twelve years later many of those who welcomed the Treaty feel disappointed and disheartened. It has not proved a final settlement and the Irish problem is still with us. Domestic problems do not content the factious and there is still occasion and opportunity for friction and dispute outside. Alone among all the Dominions the Irish Free State is an unhappy distracted member of the Empire family. The effect of this very natural disappointment is to engender in many quarters a feeling of despair. If Dominion status will not satisfy, what will? The answer seems at first sight to be complete separation. In some quarters there is a growing feeling that it is not worth trying any longer to hold the country in the Commonwealth. If she wishes to stay well and good, but this should only be permitted on the basis of goodwill and friendly co-operation. She should not be permitted to enjoy the benefits and flout the obligations. In this line of argument there seem to lie dangers similar to but greater than those which induced many to accept the Treaty. But the two cases are very different. In the case of the Treaty there was no real alternative but to put back the clock and govern by force. The concession of Dominion status was a logical plan, and it was right. The Republican proposal is very different. It has many objections but, still worse, it does not even possess the advantage of finality which was the compelling inducement to many who accepted the Treaty. Those therefore who think that the Irish problem can be solved by quittance are grievously mistaken. This I hope to establish as my argument develops.

Before doing so, however, it would be well to consider in some detail what are the benefits both to Ireland

and to Great Britain of mutual association within the British Commonwealth. So far as Ireland is concerned these are many and obvious. There is, in the first place, the advantage of British citizenship. The right of unrestricted travel and employment in every clime over a large portion of the habitable world is not an advantage to be lightly cast aside. It is only necessary to see the divisions of people in Europe and their mutual jealousies and restriction to appreciate this. In this respect Ireland is specially favoured. The census of 1921 showed that 281,000 persons born in the Irish Free State were resident in Great Britain. Corresponding figures are not available for the 1931 census, but there is little doubt that they are much increased. Ever since emigration to America has been restricted the British Isles have been a silent unregistered source of outside employment. There are numbers of Irish in domestic service, the nursing profession, secretarial work, the post office, the teaching profession. They are accepted and welcomed not as Irish but as Empire citizens, and their nationality has never been either a bar or a reproach. It has been my good fortune to attend Irish dinners in London on St Patrick's Day and to see there large numbers of prosperous and happy Irish people well-dressed and evidently in good employment. In like manner the forces of the Crown are all open to Irishmen and large numbers of officers in the Army Medical Service are of Irish birth. It is said by politicians in Ireland that all this free mingling of peoples is undesirable and a reproach on Irish government itself. Their aim is to create by some economic magic employment at home for every Irish-born national. This may be a lofty aspiration, but it is a short-sighted and dangerous policy. The country is poor in natural resources and the famine of the last century ought to be a warning against the dangers of over population. Even if one accepts the doctrine of self-sufficiency which seems in some degree inevitable in this distraught world it is surely wise to have, if only as a reserve or safety valve, the outlet that employment in Great Britain affords. The efforts up to date to absorb the surplus home population in Ireland are none too encouraging. Dublin had last month an increase of one-third over the corresponding month a year before in those seeking home assistance. If all those employed in

Great Britain were to be suddenly repatriated the ordinary machinery of relief could never cope with the situation.

The Commonwealth connection also confers special advantages in the sphere of diplomacy. The position may be anomalous—like indeed much of the Commonwealth plan—but it is distinctly favourable to the smaller Dominion states. The British Foreign Office is both by tradition and of necessity the mainspring of Empire foreign policy and it carries the chief responsibility. Yet through its High Commissioners in London the Dominions are kept informed of progress on matters in which they are interested. A Dominion is also free and independent according to taste in the matter of representation abroad. It can appoint without restriction its own representatives in important centres and at the same time it enjoys the services of British agents in more remote places. This is a most convenient and economical arrangement for the Dominions. At Geneva, moreover, each Dominion has the advantages of independent status combined with Empire solidarity and prestige. It was only by virtue of Commonwealth status that Ireland secured a seat on the Council, and that Mr de Valera automatically became its President. In the same way the new High Commissioner of Danzig owes his appointment in no small degree to the fact that he was a member of the permanent Commonwealth staff at Geneva. Ireland as a Republic would be very small fry in world affairs. In and through association with the other Dominions she is a potent force.

Next in importance the close trade relationship of the two countries has to be considered. In a recent speech at Malloy Mr de Valera spoke as if the British market was no longer of any value or concern to Ireland. This may be his wish and it may also be the intention of his policy to do without this outlet, but facts are stubborn things. Any movement towards full self-sufficiency can only be gradual. At present 49·1 per cent. of the Irish agricultural output is surplus to home requirements and has to be exported; and this in spite of every effort to consume as much as possible at home. The mere home manufacture of an increasing proportion of manufactured goods will only increase the consumption of home-grown food in so far as the purchasing power of Irish industrial

workers is increased and their standard of living is improved. Any real increase in the consumption of agricultural produce can only come as the result of a larger population. This, however, will bring in its train other anxious problems, among them the ability to provide suitable occupation outside the land for increasing numbers of university graduates. It is, moreover, the policy of the Irish Free State Government to increase by direct subsidies and by the sub-division of land the volume of agricultural production. This will further hamper the problem of self-sufficiency. At the present time the British market is a very real thing. In spite of the desire to do without it and in spite of a growing dislike among many persons in Britain to buy Irish produce, in spite of the low and utterly uneconomic prices prevailing, and in spite of the heavy penal duties, the British Government collected in the first eight months of 1933 more than 3,000,000*l.* by means of the special tariffs. Attempts have been made to find alternative markets in other countries, but they have been a dismal failure. In one case Germany has agreed to take payment in kind in the form of agricultural produce amounting in value to some 50,000*l.* towards some 750,000*l.* due for sugar-beet machinery. A German dealer, assisted by the export subsidy in Ireland, bought a fair number of old cows at an average of 7*l.* 10*s.* a head. The department of Agriculture made an effort at direct shipments to Belgium which, partly owing to exchange difficulties, resulted in a loss and have not been repeated. However unacceptable it may be to many, and however much we in Ireland may wish to arrest the flow, the English market remains the only proved outlet for our produce. It still absorbs over 90 per cent. of our exports, and it is to our manifest benefit to secure all the preferences which Dominion status affords.

There is, of course, the converse of the question to be considered. Under the very doctrine of co-equality each Dominion is free to adopt any fiscal policy it may wish and the tendency in Great Britain is to follow the prevailing fashion and become itself self-supporting. Whether, therefore, we may wish it or not, this market is likely to offer decreasing opportunities to Irish producers. To this extent the Fianna Fail policy of self-sufficiency

has justification. So far as Irish requirements can be produced at home it is a wise precaution to do so, but it is one thing to pursue such a course with deliberation and quite another to make the wild statements that many public men are inclined to do in the Dail and on public platforms in Ireland. The present policy is to be self-contained in the production of sugar and to work steadily but gradually towards growing the bulk of the wheat required. Industrial alcohol is the third of the 'big three,' but this has not yet taken practical form. The entire sugar and, say, 60 per cent. of the wheat and flour imports to Ireland amount in value to approximately 4,000,000*l.* Add another 400,000*l.*, which is 50 per cent. of the petrol imports, and this comes to a total reduction of 4,400,000*l.* or about 25 per cent. on the present agricultural exports of some 18,000,000*l.* For the balance Great Britain is still the only visible market. A change in Ireland's long-established flow of trade is beset with difficulties and can only be brought about gradually. If only as an insurance it is prudent to retain the only outside market during the slow process of transition.

And next comes the all-important question of the loyalist minority, sometimes called the Anglo-Irish. It is the practice in certain quarters to say that there should no longer exist any such hyphenated section among the Irish people. 'We should be all Irishmen now' is the favourite cry. Loyalty, however, is not a commodity like butter which can be shaped and moulded at will. It is a feeling deep-seated in the being of man, a part of his very nature. It can only change by the slow process of mental conversion. I do not mean to suggest that all loyalty in Ireland is thus deeply rooted. There are some whose love of the Commonwealth is rather the expression of their discontent with things at home. There are others who care little under which Government they live so long as their material needs are served and their affairs prosper. But outside these there remains a substantial section of all classes and denominations who, as has been aptly put, prefer in their hearts 'God Save the King' to the 'Soldier's Song.' You see them en masse in the jumping enclosure at the Horse Show, where they vociferously sing the old Anthem when the British team

appears, or where, as when last year there was no such team, they vociferously greeted the Swiss team whose Anthem is the same. 'Union Jackery' the Republicans call it, but it comes from the heart and tempers the whole conduct. The contentment and co-operation of this section of the people is of immense need and value to the whole State. They do not merely consist of a remnant of impoverished ex-landlords existing within their demesne walls after compulsory expropriation. They comprise all classes and a preponderance of the well-to-do section of the community. They also include the dual-residents who are a fruitful source of revenue and who could afford to leave if ever their allegiance was unduly strained. They embrace also a large proportion—at least one half—of the professional classes, quite a number of the larger farmers—especially now the powers of land acquisition are being applied to them—quite a substantial portion of ex-British soldiers and the bulk of the successful business men of all denominations. This loyalty is of various hues and tinges; some of it may be mere cupboard-love, but with others it is a burning flame. But whatever the motive they all value the Commonwealth and shrink from the idea of a Republic.

Nobody knows better than the rulers of Ireland, past and present, the value of the services that this section has given to the State. Many of them accepted the new order with reluctance, but they served it with zeal. You never hear from them any word of counter-revolutionary desire. Much as they like the English the last thing they want is their return. It is a mistake to imagine that this so-called loyalist minority is unduly unhappy or dissatisfied. In many ways its lot is better than in the old unionist days when they were politically isolated and marked men and viewed as the agents of foreign rule. Now they find common cause with both physical and moral support within the Conservative element of the people, roughly speaking, the United Ireland Party. They feel they are part of the blood-stream of political life, a very different position from the pre-Treaty days. They can now speak and write with far greater freedom than of old and with far less danger to themselves and loss of popular respect. This represents real progress made since the Treaty under the working of representative

government. It is a notable advance towards a proper civic spirit and moral courage in public life. Remote as it may seem, the Commonwealth connection is a very real thing to these people. In spite of the way the Treaty has been belittled and in spite of the degradation of the person and office of the King's representative, British citizenship means much to them. It enables them to pass freely without passports over a large part of the habitable globe. It opens to them the door of His Majesty's forces, the civil service and a number of other professions in which many of their forebears have served with distinction for generations. They are pained at much of the present behaviour, but they still hope for the day when the majority of their fellow-countrymen may see the light and accept the Commonwealth in both form and spirit. To them even the present simulacrum of association is highly valued on account of its common citizenship.

It has been said that the Irish Free State is at present a Republic within the Commonwealth. To a certain extent this is true. There is no essential limitation to the fullest national growth. But none the less there is the essential difference between a *de jure* and a *de facto* Republic. We may be a *de facto* Republic, but this carries no penalties outside. If Ireland became a *de jure* Republic then all the advantages of British citizenship are lost, and she becomes a small obscure State on the Atlantic seaboard with the people whom the Irish are pleased to call their traditional enemies interposed between them and the peoples of Europe. If ever this day come it will be one of sore trial for the loyal minority. To many of them it will be the last straw—the parting of the ways. Their traditional loyalty to the King will have been sundered, and sacred ties of sentiment will have been broken. Many of them, however great the sacrifice, will cling to the flag of their forefathers and seek their fortune under the British Crown. This may seem false heroics to some, but it comes from the heart, not from the head; it is the expression of feelings both deep and true. Under such an upheaval the whole state must suffer. There are, as everybody knows, certain extremists who would welcome this very happening. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. There will be more land

to divide, and business interests for sale. There are not a few who always warm and rally at the thought of plunder. But responsible rulers cannot afford to disregard the upheaval. There will be an exodus of money, brains and talent which will entail untold material and spiritual loss.

A convenient way to gauge the advantages to Ireland of Republic status is to examine what limitation exists under the present conditions which amount virtually to that of a *de facto* Republic. Mr de Valera is apt to inveigh against the conditions of servitude imposed by our nominal adherence to the Commonwealth. But he is never precise as to what they are. In point of fact the government can do and does exactly what it likes. The Oath, which was an explicit Treaty obligation, has been removed without penalty or reprisal. Other obligations, such as the Royal Assent and the Privy Council Appeal, which were only implicit in the Treaty have been removed under the Statute of Westminster. In like manner the Governor-General, who might conceivably be a mark of alien authority, is a nominee of the Irish government and has been relegated to a position of utter obscurity which he gladly accepts as a patriotic duty. In diplomacy the Free State is free to, and actually does, appoint its own representatives abroad. Where for reasons of convenience and economy it does not wish to make its own appointments it has the service of British representatives. It has its own Army and Air Force with no limitation in numbers or armament. It could have its own Navy if so wished. It is not easy to see what greater freedom Ireland could enjoy and what she could not do if she were so minded. There is indeed much substance in the assertion that the present Irish Government enjoys the essential advantages both of the Commonwealth and of a Republic.

The only valid limitation is one of sentiment. Just as the loyalist minority feel strongly held to the Commonwealth so it is quite natural that many Irishmen may feel an equally strong objection to such association and hope passionately for full emancipation. This is what drives the more ardent Gaels to covet a Republic at any cost and makes them disregard or overlook the substantial benefits of the Commonwealth alliance. It is an attitude

difficult to combat or gainsay. For generations they have been taught to hate the British as a race, even though they may be and indeed are friendly to individuals. They have learnt in coloured school history books about the injustice of the penal laws without regard to the circumstances of the time in which the events took place. They have many of them in their very bones and being a burning desire for a Republic as the only means for the spiritual rebirth of the Irish nation. In a brooding imaginative Celtic nature this is a very potent force. It is very hard to persuade those who feel so strongly that the gains will not far outweigh the losses. The only hope is that time may soften impulse and that a few more years of self-government may produce a truer sense of proportion and perspective. After all, the loyalist under a Republic will suffer both spiritual and material loss. A Republican under the Commonwealth may suffer spiritually, but as compensation he enjoys many material advantages.

Let us now consider the other side of the picture and see what advantages or drawbacks to Great Britain are likely to result from an Ireland within or without the Commonwealth. At one time Ireland bought from Great Britain and Northern Ireland the largest amount per capita of any Dominion. The volume of this trade was in 1929 a total of 41,000,000*l.* or less than 10 per cent. of England's export trade. Since Ireland has intensified her tariff policy and prices have fallen, and since emergency duties have been imposed, these figures are much changed. In 1932 they amounted to 28,000,000*l.* in volume or under 8 per cent. On account of the new economic policy of self-sufficiency Ireland will continue to afford a decreasing outlet for English trade. It may, of course, come about, as in the case of Denmark and other Scandinavian countries, that reciprocal arrangements will be made; but in the case of Ireland this will only be done out of necessity in order to get rid of her surplus produce. It is most unlikely she will, or can, grant concessions in respect of any articles that can be produced at home. With regard to tariff preferences these have been granted in most cases, but not all, to Dominion goods, but the preferential rate is almost

invariably placed so high as to be of no real value to the exporting country. In the long and general view it seems as if Ireland will be to Great Britain a market of decreasing value, and that any value it may be would be as easily secured if she were independent of the Commonwealth. In fact the advantage to Great Britain might be greater if there were no inter-Dominion obligations for the reason that the British market is essential to Ireland and thus gives Britain a special bargaining advantage. Indeed it might even be argued that under a free Republic Ireland might be better disposed and more ready to give trade concessions. The position is one-sided or even lop-sided; Ireland has only one market, Great Britain; whereas Great Britain has many other outlets. Ireland is, therefore, specially dependent on Britain's co-operation and goodwill. So far, therefore, as mere business with Ireland is concerned Great Britain stands to gain little merely by virtue of a partnership within the Commonwealth.

This, however, is but a narrow and secondary consideration. The Commonwealth stands for things far higher than mere trade benefits. It is the greatest free association of peoples the world has ever seen, tied together by goodwill and common interest with no organic bond other than allegiance to one and the same King. It is a great experiment in the true use and responsibility of freedom. It is an attempt to sublimate self-interest in the cause of common service. Because there are no rigid rules, and no ties beyond that of allegiance to a common King, and because material interests are often divergent logically minded people prophesy that the association will break down under any real clash of self-interest. The believers in the system take the more liberal and Christian view that gentlemen's agreements have greater force in human affairs than legal contracts and that the latter must of necessity break down when there are no sanctions to enforce them. Just as in the human family there must be give and take, so in the political family the will to co-operate and keep together for the common good evokes self-sacrifice on the part of each. It is an international application of the co-operative spirit, each for all and all for each. For the very reason, therefore, that the conception itself is new and has such noble aims, great responsibility rests on those in

power to see it is not wrecked by mere haste or impatience. The remark made in the House of Commons recently by Colonel Wedgwood 'Go and God bless you' suggests just the wrong outlook. The temptation to Great Britain to wash her hands of Ireland is very natural, but to yield to it would be the negation of statesmanship. The whole system of voluntary co-operation is under test and trial. If disintegration once begins it may grow apace. The secession of one Dominion would be a most unhappy precedent. It is indeed true in this case to say that '*Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*' If the British Commonwealth is to be the great influence for world peace that we all hope, it must first show that it can reconcile antagonism and settle differences within itself. If it fails to do so yet another blow is struck at the progress of mankind. This is why Great Britain should be patient and forbearing and refrain from provocation, and be even generous and large-minded for the sake of unity. If, despite her efforts, a breach is forced her conscience will at least be clear and her leaders can face without reproach the judgment of history.

So much for the ideal. Unfortunately the matter cannot be left here. One very real cause of difference, that of mutual protection and defence, has to be considered. It was said over 300 years ago that 'Ireland hath very good timber and convenient havens, and if the Spaniard might be master of them he will in a short space be ruler of the seas which is our chiefest force.' However earnestly goodwill may be sought the lessons of history cannot be ignored. Geneva may talk, statesmen may confer, pacifists may dream dreams, war may be disavowed as an instrument of policy; but none the less every responsible statesman has to square up to reality. Ireland is and has always been a vital factor in Empire defence. Great Britain when threatened was never able to leave a hostile Ireland on her flank. She could not do so when she was self-supporting, still less can she do so now. Submarines and aeroplanes have only made more imperative the need for security on her western seaboard. It is, therefore, rather surprising that this all-important matter has been mentioned so little in recent discussions. It may be that in the market-place it is unfashionable to contemplate war and that the very statement of truth

may provoke conflict. In official quarters, however, Ireland is considered part of Great Britain's defence and a very constant anxiety. In a life-and-death struggle Great Britain, and indeed all the Dominions, must know where they stand. If Great Britain cannot occupy Ireland's sea and land bases as an ally, she must do so by force as an enemy. Theoretically a strictly neutral Ireland may be possible, in practice it cannot be imagined, and in war there can be no room for doubt. This view has the support of history. For reasons of security Elizabeth and Cromwell both reconquered the country. In the last war we saw what an embarrassment an only partially friendly Ireland might be. The problem in practice really seems to be which is the better for Great Britain on strategic grounds: an Irish Republic of dubious neutrality whose forcible occupation would be almost inevitable, or a sister Dominion nominally a friend, but sheltering a large hostile section among the people, which section, even if it did not take up arms, could give information and assistance to the enemy? This is the position that the responsible statesmen have to face in secret council, and nothing is to be gained by keeping the public in blissful ignorance of the fact.

What are the relative advantages of Ireland in the Empire or a Republic in the matter of defence? Prior association means some sort of prior understanding, it means a *locus standi* for negotiation between the two countries, it connotes a certain degree of friendship and affinity and officially at least it suggests a common cause. It also gives the automatic right of entry and occupation for defence purposes. If war broke out to-morrow it is inconceivable that the British Navy would hesitate to enter Irish waters. It is moreover generally easier to avoid a breach among associates than to make a hasty alliance with strangers. Mr de Valera, however, holds the contrary opinion. He says there can be no lasting friendship on the present basis, where, if Ireland were a Republic, she would gladly seek to be friends and probably—though he has not said this—make a defensive alliance with Great Britain. The question naturally suggests itself, could Mr de Valera, however great his wish, deliver the goods? I very much doubt it. Whatever the respective status of the two countries there will

remain a substantial implacable remnant who will always regard England's difficulty as Ireland's opportunity and whose activities must be ruthlessly suppressed in time of war. An Irish Government might be trusted to do this, but there is no use in shirking the doubt and difficulty. If it failed British occupation would be the only alternative.

The very attempt to examine the defensive problem judicially reveals its difficulty. As to the end desired there is no doubt. Great Britain seeks and welcomes co-operation, but it must at all cost have security. There is no reason to believe that internal peace in time of war would be less secure with Ireland a Republic than as a Dominion, indeed rather the reverse. Force may be inevitable in the last resort, but to begin on the Dominion basis involves the lesser risk. The arrangement now existing has also some slight bearing on the problem. Under the Treaty certain defended Naval bases were to remain in British occupation for a period of five years. This period expired in 1926, but occupation has continued since and no public announcement of the new arrangement—if any—has ever been made. It is curious also that Mr de Valera in his readiness to seize upon all evidence of subordination has never raised the matter. This may well be a good omen as showing that he recognises the need for mutual protection which his country cannot readily afford.

I have already referred to the attitude of the Free State towards the genuine loyalists in Ireland. In this respect Great Britain has a special obligation. It has been advanced as a point in favour of a Republic that Great Britain might gain by the repatriation of large numbers of residents of Irish birth who would refuse to become British citizens. When it came to the test the numbers willing to accept British citizenship might be surprisingly large. Many of them are in good employment which they would hesitate to abandon. Numbers are largely a matter of estimate, but I am informed on good authority that those of Irish birth resident in Great Britain have much increased of late years, and that it would not be an overstatement to say that there are 6000 of Irish birth in the British Civil Service, 9000 doctors, 300,000 unemployed. At the average of only

one dependent for each, this brings the total to 630,000, which makes no allowance for those in domestic service and general employment. The problem is, therefore, one of magnitude and concern for both countries, but more especially for the Government of the Free State. If Irish residents in Great Britain are to be allowed to choose their nationality the same course should be open to the loyalists resident in Ireland. But the result would be very different. The Irish in Britain who selected British citizenship would continue to live in the country of their choice, whereas Irish loyalists who elected to remain British citizens would be aliens in an Irish Republic. It would not be fair to force them into such a position, and those who wished to follow the old flag should be enabled to do so. At present many of them could never afford to leave their homes, and some joint arrangement between the two Governments would be necessary to deal with deserving and necessitous cases. We all hope such a contingency is remote, but it should none the less be considered. Those who know Ireland do not regard separation as an event so remote and unlikely as not to be worth consideration. It is on account of this very obligation to loyalists that every effort should be made to preserve the Commonwealth.

Up to the present I have used the term Ireland as applying only to the people of the Irish Free State. This is a view the politicians of neither party will accept. The original Republic was declared to embrace all thirty-two counties and neither the constitutional nor revolutionary elements accept partition as a lasting settlement. It is in this respect, however, that Mr de Valera is most ambiguous. In his recent note to Mr Thomas he claimed to speak for the 'Irish people.' The ambiguity was no doubt intentional and its purpose clear. The absorption of the six northern counties is an integral part of the Fianna Fail programme. Neither can United Ireland afford politically to dispense with the demand. When General O'Duffy was recently asked for a clear statement of the policy of his party towards the Commonwealth, he said in effect that the partnership was one between equals and could never be whole-hearted while large numbers of Irishmen in the six counties lived under

foreign misrule. A prominent member of the same party recently assured me that without the demand for unity the party could not exist. This is a marked change in the attitude of the Cosgrave Government, which took the passive view that the only way to win Ulster was by peaceful persuasion and the force of good example. Unity is a live item in the programme of both parties.

I hope I have said enough to convince those who might seek good riddance of the Irish problem by means of a Republic that no finality lies in this direction. If only on account of the Northern counties and of Imperial defence the Irish question will continue to be a factor of anxiety in British and even in Empire politics. This may seem disheartening to many after all the sacrifices and the hope that was cherished from the 1921 Settlement. What is to be done to free Great Britain and the more loyal Dominions from this age-long torment? There seems only one answer and that is to be patient. Even as things are to-day the outlook is not wholly sombre. There are glimpses of sunshine and encouragement. On the assumption that better understanding and feeling is the only lasting solution the prospect is much more encouraging than it was rather more than twelve years ago. Then the whole Irish people were united in war against Great Britain. It was dangerous if not treasonable to raise a finger or say a word in the British cause. Loyalists were few in numbers, isolated and suspect. Many of their homes were burnt and much of their property was pillaged. Things are very different to-day. The Commonwealth has now become a main issue between the two chief Irish parties and for ten years its adherents were in power. During these years a substantial number of the people grew to understand and appreciate the advantages of Dominion Status. The gulf of centuries is visibly growing more narrow. Even to-day, in spite of some violent terrorism and bitter propaganda, in spite of our imperfect political education, and in spite of much lack of moral courage, it is very doubtful if a majority would vote in favour of a Republic. This is a great and encouraging advance. No doubt with many the motive would be material betterment and self-interest rather than love of the British race. It will take generations to

remove the bitterness left by seven centuries of subjection and to put in its place the true feeling of loyalty. Yet no fair-minded person can deny that a promising start has been made and a good foundation laid in the last twelve anxious years.

J. KEANE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Elizabethan and Stuart—Tower Hill—'Victorian Aftermath'—'The Soft Age'—Lady Burghclere—Sculptor and Surgeon—Letters of Byron—Wordsworth and Dickens—A Marlowe Finale—Professor Stoll—The de Reszkes—For Amateur Actors—Dr Maude Royden—Primitive Religion—'The God of the Witches'—Sulgrave Manor—The Royal Empire Society—The F.O.—Angola—Wolaston—Bean's Trees—Words and Slang—'Florentine Nights.'

THE glow which irradiated England during the spacious times of great Elizabeth quickens again as one reads the records left by the adventurous, fighting mariners of that period and by their chroniclers, as Hakluyt—who truly was, as Dr James A. Williamson calls him, 'a leading light in the propaganda of imperialism.' This sumptuous edition of 'The "Observations" of Sir Richard Hawkins' (Argonaut Press) rouses the old fine spirit; even although the centuries have meanwhile flown and the warm fireside replaces that writer's recent memories of truculent seas. Hawkins in the end failed, largely because he was somewhat nobly irresolute in crises and too trustful of his more responsible subordinates who neglected their duties. He was captured, imprisoned in Peru and Spain, and only released when his power for work was mainly done. Yet his name should be honoured, for he was a great seaman, blessed with ideals and a fine spirit, and, like his greater father before him, he reformed methods in the Navy and the treatment of the men aboard the ships. He was a pioneer in getting rid of the scurvy which was a 'cause of the losse of many a Ship, and the sweete lives of multitudes of men.' His fight in the Pacific under most unfavourable conditions, against the superior 'armado' of Don Beltran de Castro, deserves to be placed beside the somewhat similar story of the 'Revenge'; while his retort to those who wished him to surrender when he was lying sorely wounded with his 'Dainty' almost shot to pieces after days of bombardment and most of his crew gone, 'Came we into the South Sea to put out flags of truce?' is surely an utterance that kindles. So great and moving is the spirit of his volume

that its opportunities should be wider than are possible with this beautiful limited edition. It should be a part of every library wherein young hearts and minds may be influenced. Of fascinating interest as a tale, in its simplicity and sense of devotion to duty it also exalts, because Richard Hawkins, like so many of his fellows in those stirring times, was an idealist who lived by his faith; and his own words point the moral as set down in his later years when the work of his lifetime was done. 'All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by their example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.'

It is curious that more than a century should have elapsed since anything like an adequate biography has been published of John Hampden, and that after so long a period two full-length lives of him should be issued within a few days of each other. So that something now has been done, with the later information available, to redress the neglect of a hundred years, and it is well that we should be reminded as freshly and brightly as these words do of one whom Clarendon, after years of opposition, paid tribute to as having been something like the high-souled Bayard of his dark and troubled times. Of these volumes the better is certainly that by Mr Hugh Ross Williamson, '*John Hampden*' (Hodder & Stoughton), as it brings out the man more clearly than is possible to Mr Drinkwater in his general survey. Mr Williamson writes with illumination and charm, and has not really weakened the appeal of his book through his mild bias which is determined that those Cavalier-dogs should not have the best of it. He is justified in renewing the balance which has tended in some recent writings to bring Laud nearer to an utterly undeserved canonisation. For even more than the resolute, manly, and betrayed Strafford, he was Charles's evil genius, and in his private mind had fatal meannesses. The fact is significant that the last time the rack was used in England was due to his insistence, the victim being a drummer who had led a demonstration against him at Lambeth. Laud unquestionably was no martyr. One of the greatest misfortunes of England and of King Charles was that Hampden fell so early in the war at Chalgrove Field. Had he lived the later cruel

narrowness of spirit and violences must largely have been avoided because he was pre-eminently a statesman for those times, and saw beyond the necessities and opportunities of the moment ; while it is moving to realise that, despite the effectiveness of his fighting, political and military, against the tyranny of that absolute monarchy, the King continued to hold for him a true confidence and regard. We are grateful to Mr Williamson for his fine study, and also have reason to thank Mr Drinkwater, whose 'John Hampden's England' (Thornton Butterworth) helps to create the setting and background before which the battle for civil, if not for religious, liberty was fought. It takes a large view, is broad-minded and careful in its documentation and its style.

There is subtlety of design and inspiration in the Rev. P. B. Clayton's framework of chapters to Mr B. R. Leftwich's volume, 'The Pageant of Tower Hill' (Longmans), and such humanity, sweetness of heart, and passion for service, that one cannot but wish that every one of the Bench of Bishops was just like 'Tubby.' Things, the right things, Christian and otherwise, then would, indeed, be done, as his purpose, so subtly inspiring, as urged in those pages, is certain to be fulfilled, although a few years and the generous quarter of a millionaire are necessary to bring it about. It is to reclaim Tower Hill, making it again a green place, and removing that hideous warehouse-pile which we all have recognised as a dingy nightmare whenever we have visited the most historic area in London, in England, in the world ! Such reforms and amendments of that ancient, spoiled space will reveal to watchers from the Tower the old church of All Hallows, of which the human heart and spiritual courage of Mr Clayton have made a shrine, sacred and refreshing. But we must not forget Mr Leftwich's part in this volume. Going back to the Roman beginnings he rebuilds the past ; from old stones, records, legends, and memories he re-establishes the history of a thousand years and more, and enables us to see it, unrolled, with the help of some fascinating maps. Cruelty and vanity, treachery and beauty, heroism and sheer murder—all aspects of human worth and worthlessness at some time have been illustrated in the moving and stately pageant which he reveals. It is often a terrible story, yet enough to make all who

read it not only proud of the English heritage in this famous Hill, but eager to help Lord Wakefield and Mr Clayton in their aim to restore it to the citizens of London.

'How sad and bad and mad it was'—and also how far from 'sweet'—that period which elapsed between the death of Queen Victoria and the outbreak of the World War. It comprises the thirteen years covered by Dr Esmé Wingfield-Stratford in 'The Victorian Aftermath' (Routledge), the completing volume of his trilogy. He tells in this discomfiting book a story of such weaknesses, misjudgments, ill-temper, and other infirmities of mind and manners in statesmen and other men (and suffragettes), that the present time, which sometimes appears so stupid and troubled, seems almost blessed by comparison. The glory of the Victorian age had departed after that splendid demonstration of power and imperial dominion represented by the Diamond Jubilee; then came the mischievous, and, in its effects, far-reaching war in South Africa, with the obstinate resistance of the Boers and consequent ugly repercussions among jealous rival powers in Europe, and political unrest at home. Ireland, Tariff Reform, the Lloyd George budgets and 'Limehouse,' the House of Lords and Milner's 'Damn the Consequences!'; the militant suffragettes with their outrages; social and economic discontents; strikes and Syndicalism; post-Impressionism and other experiments in degeneration, the cake-walk and the black birth-pangs of the future jazz, Religion and Science fighting their infinite battle, not in the most ennobling spirit; and beyond, behind, all, the German Emperor (whom actually this expert author calls the 'Emperor of Germany'), with his dangerous envy of England and clanking speeches, sowing the red-hot seeds of inevitable war. A volume, not the best of the trilogy that it concludes, but yet witty and morbidly discerning.

'The Gentle Adventure,' by Ronald Carton (Dent), is unpretentious but curiously attractive. It is the story of childhood nearly half a century ago in a semi-detached villa in one of London's then outer suburbs. 'No. 23' differed in no essential from any other house in the road or from countless other suburban homes—a patch of garden in front and another behind, a father going to work every day in a City office, a mother absorbed in

household duties, a general servant, an annual visit to seaside lodgings, or an occasional day's outing to see relations in other suburbs, and children left of necessity much to themselves to find their own amusements. Toys were simple, cheap and scarce, but where the staging is meagre there is all the more scope for the play of Make Believe. A stray shutter with the week's washing hanging overhead makes a galleon in full sail, three bushes can be a forest, and a rockery a mountain, and the smallest doings of neighbours events of surpassing interest. Present-day children of the rich with their complicated toys and elaborate entertainments that leave but little to the imagination lose much that is free to the children of Suburbia. This book, though entirely lacking in thrills and high lights, and telling of most ordinary circumstances, has nevertheless a charm of individuality and attraction which many more imposing volumes lack.

The works of Sir Ernest Benn are always interesting, vigorous, provocative, stimulating and well worth reading, and 'This Soft Age' (Benn) is no exception to the rule. From the first page where we find such ironic criticism of present-day ideas as, 'Our needs must be satisfied with no obligation to say thank you to anybody, but if the supply of anything be lacking we reserve the right to blame anybody we do not know or anything we do not understand, for in modern philosophy all trouble arises through no fault of our own,' to the last page, where we find 'Democracy was conceived as a way of destroying tyranny, not of extending it, and democracy will only survive if it returns to its original purpose,' the reader's interest is not allowed to flag, and he is led on step by step in the convincing indictment of modern bureaucracy and its dangers. As an individualist Sir Ernest is almost too good to be true, and if only he were Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Prime Minister able to persuade Parliament as he persuades his readers, or, shall we add, a Dictator able to enforce his free and anti-force theories, this country might well be a better and more comfortable place to be in. Sir Ernest is a natural tonic.

It is a pleasure to refer to a book by a friend of the 'Quarterly' like Lady Burghclere, but in the case of 'A Great Lady's Friendships' (Macmillan), the pleasure is mingled with sadness in that she died while the book

was still at press. Lady Salisbury (wife of the 2nd Marquess and subsequently of the 15th Earl of Derby) undoubtedly held a great position in political and social life, and her friends took the trouble to write to her fully and frequently. Among her constant correspondents were Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, Lord Cowley, and Robert Lowe. The most interesting letters in the volume are from the last named, the curious, clever, but embittered politician who was so unconscious of his own defects and lacking in tact that when Lady Salisbury declined to see him, or other friends, directly after the death of her husband, he could write to her complaining that the refusal wounded his vanity—surely a strange form of sympathy! The letters of the various correspondents are of differing value, and some might well have been pruned, while the whole book suffers from the fact that it is one-sided, Lady Salisbury's answers not being given. Lady Burghclere, however, with her excellent chapter introductions and full and useful notes has supplied gaps, explained references, and fulfilled her editorial duties with skill and grace.

'Youth, middle age, old age, anecdotage'—so does Captain Adrian Jones genially describe the course of his long and kindly life, in which he has played many parts; as soldier, veterinary surgeon, sculptor, and 'good Savage.' He has been active all his days and successful, as his many fine memorials in marble and bronze proclaim, and in particular the famous Quadriga, which adds to the beauty of Hyde Park Corner, especially in the sunset hour. And here is his story self-told, '**Memoirs of a Soldier Artist**' (Stanley Paul). It is a pity that he did not keep a diary, for his years in the Army, his experiences in the hunting-field, his long day of work with inspiration and chisel, his happiness in the Savage Club, the most gladly human of all such institutions, were full of opportunities of interest that would doubtless have been richer and fuller if he had been able to refresh his memory with notes made when the impressions were new. As it is these Memoirs tend to thinness, but yet they are welcome as the record of an honourable, serviceable, gallant, and kindly gentleman. We pass to an earlier period. So often has the following doggerel been quoted, thereby bringing to remembrance the name of its subject

—for so is immortality sometimes wrought—that we find it impossible not to quote it once more :

‘ When any sick to me apply,
I physics, bleeds and sweats ’em,
If after that they choose to die,
Why Verily !

I Lettsom.’

This is not the only extract from the songs of the bedraggled muse in Colonel Johnston Abraham’s prodigious—yes, the Dominie’s is the true word—study and biography of ‘**Lettsom, His Life, Times, Friends and Descendants**’ (Heinemann). It does the heart good to see so mighty a tome about one mere man in these hurried times, and the more so as it is good reading. For that Quaker doctor of medicine had character ; he wore his heart on his sleeve and proved it honest, and although the daws pecked, as rivals and quacks will do, and Lettsom was laboriously laughed at by one of them as ‘*Dr Hypocritus Wriggle*,’ his biographer makes him a living, likeable being, who certainly had his uses. The book is more than a biography, for Colonel Abraham, bringing to his task the dual practised skill of a writer and a surgeon, has filled his many broad pages with information and entertainment, and if a reader wants a true reflex of an eighteenth-century home and professional life in London, then here it is.

A year seldom passes without producing at least one volume to add to the enormous literature on the subject of Byron. The latest addition is ‘**Letters of Byron**’ (Dent), edited by Mr R. G. Howarth with an introduction by M. André Maurois. This selection of four hundred and sixty letters has been made with skill and success. Useful footnotes are provided where necessary to help the reader, otherwise the letters are left to tell their own story. To many who have neither the time nor the opportunity to read the eight large volumes of Byron’s letters published elsewhere, this handy volume will prove useful, and we doubt whether many a reader coming to these letters for the first time will not realise that great as Byron was as a poet he was even greater as a prose writer. Every emotion is to be found in these letters, expressed with Byron’s own mastery of our language. Monsieur Maurois’

introduction fully comes up to the standard which we have learned to expect from him—and that is high.

Nobody with sympathy for great poetry in his heart can object, indeed, on the contrary, all must rejoice, over Miss Edith C. Batho's brilliant endeavour to warm and rejuvenise the spirit of '**The Later Wordsworth**' (Cambridge University Press). Certainly our good friend and occasional contributor, Professor Harper, whose outstanding biography of that greatest of the Poets Laureate is especially challenged, will welcome this book. For it has seemed wrong that this old man eloquent, after his earlier splendid outburst of inspiration, should have become rigid, ossified, sapless, in his works and his political opinions—'just for a riband to wear in the coat.' We leap, therefore, towards the full evidence brought by Miss Batho to justify the opposite and more human view. Wordsworth did not ossify; his opinions on men and matters, if they did not remain as extreme as during his French revolutionary period, did not recede in sympathy, but became those of a Tory of progressive character, and alive at any rate to the need of social reform. According to a prudent contemporary he, with Southey, was still a Jacobin at heart. So far for Wordsworth's general opinions. A reasonable and pathetic explanation also is given of his loss of power and quantity in his later poetry. It was his eyes. They failed him; their weakness tortured him, and in an age when the facilities for writing and lighting and the science of the oculist were greatly less than afterwards, he was not equal to the strain of composition, and therefore his inspiration and his output suffered.

Earlier in this number we print an article by Mr F. J. Harvey Darton which editorial modesty alone prevents our calling delightful, and because a similar modesty had evidently prevented his referring there to his new work, '**Dickens, Positively the First Appearance**' (Argonaut Press), we do so now, as a brief Postscript to his essay. With him we go back to the great man's young literary beginnings when, having dropped his first offering in a box, 'in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street,' he waited upon fortune and found it blossom eventually as one of the constituents of '**Sketches by Boz**.' As a result, with swiftness, the newspaper reporter who penned

those papers became the man of letters who wrote 'Pickwick,' and so his personality grew, or in some measure dwindled, when it is seen that he felt bound to leave Macrone, his first publisher, and to garner in more profitable fields. This little book is a bright contribution to the study of the man and genius, Charles Dickens; and therefore should be an accepted piece of the gospel for his ever-faithful followers. Congratulations are due to Messrs. Methuen and to the editor, Professor R. H. Case, on the completion of their definitive six-volume edition of the 'Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe.' The publication of '**Edward II**' with very ample notes and a text even meticulously examined and compared sets the crown on an enterprise which deserves the success it has attained. Possibly in their wish to be thorough the editors sometimes have tended to accept rather too much that is merely conjectural; as in this volume where an entirely unjustified suggestion that Shakespeare may have prepared the text of this play for the Press is very nearly taken as the truth; while a natural comparison, considering their similarities, of '**Edward II**' with '**Richard II**,' is settled in favour of Marlowe's play, which, with all our admiration for the genius which still was only approaching its splendid meridian when the poet died, is a conclusion not to be taken as just. Such objections are, however, the merest flecks on the abounding excellence of this series of volumes which comprise a monument worthy of Marlowe's greatness.

Somewhat too solid, possibly, is Professor E. E. Stoll's study in dramatic contrast and illusion, '**Art and Artifice in Shakespeare**' (Cambridge University Press), and certainly a book to read with a continuously attentive mind, though we suggest that it will be as well to leave the frequent footnotes with their tangential and argumentative excursions to the end, as they distract from the close-knit text. But with all that, this is a forthright and effective challenge to critical tendencies in these and in recent times. Professor Stoll recalls the fact that Shakespeare when at work was simply a dramatist, a playwright, and not a psychologist; so that all the 'ifs' and 'ans' which his commentators in their studies have attached to the characterisation of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and the rest of them, are to some considerable extent removed

from his original workaday purpose. Shakespeare took the whole world as his stage and men and women as merely players; and for that reason, as the Professor points out, was guilty of stage tricks, artifices, sudden conversions, preposterously successful disguises, convenient accidents, and coincidence often exercising its longest arm—faults, obvious in the library, which could be overlooked in the constant flow of the dramatic interest on the stage of his time, when the whole play was the thing presented and its continuity not spoilt by such necessities as are a consequence of the limitations of the modern theatre. A frank book, excellent medicine for the word-spinning commentators; while of its passing castigation of a certain quack who ventures to 'interpret' Shakespeare without apparently knowing the text, we entirely approve.

The trouble about the stage and the opera world for the elderly is that they are so full of ghosts. What masters then trod them—gone with the snows of yesterday. It may be that in remembering older days in the operatic world one thinks first of Caruso with the marvellous voice; but he does not abide in the heart as the de Reszkes do, for his personal tone belonged to a lower grade, and they, as men and artists, were lovable. Thoughts as these are inevitable when reading such a biography as Miss Clara Leiser has written of 'Jean de Reszke' (Howe). It has enthusiasm without the absurdity to which such emotion sometimes tumbles; it has the necessary human element, warm and rich, and it has stories and facts detailing and illustrating the happy progress of the two de Reszke brothers. Also, as Miss Leiser reminds us in her sub-title, it covers 'the great days of opera.' It is, therefore, a work of history as well as a personal tribute, informative and enjoyable—although while reading it and remembering experiences which seem, alas, irrecoverable, or not to be repeated, one's enjoyment is not moderated—is even embellished—through the undertone of sadness that occurs. The old days!

We pass to the less-ambitious theatre. Although, possibly as a safeguard, Mr Edward Lewis claims to address amateur actors in his little book, 'The Producer and the Players' (Allen & Unwin), it might be read

with profit by many of their professional brethren, for the faults in acting it draws attention to with the purpose of improving them out of existence are often sadly, glaringly, evident even on the London stage; while he preaches ideals which few amateurs, with only their hours of leisure to devote to acting, would be able to fulfil without following the lure and endeavouring to make the Theatre their source of livelihood. Within its very brief compass this book is wise and uplifting, while now and then it amuses with apt instances, as when the four amateurs, having to leave the stage, and finding the only door of Exit jammed, proceeded to break down and pass through the wall! Well, every town and every village should have its players, amateur or otherwise, expressing as an important part of their work the spirit of their county, and so give life and permanence to their particular aspect of the national drama. For that reason we commend the two 'Essex Plays' (Benham, Colchester), which Mr Hugh Cranmer-Byng and Mr S. L. Bensusan have put together in a half-crown booklet. Their appeal, of course, is primarily local, and as such they may be deemed successful; Mr Byng's ambitious effort being of historical interest to his county, and Mr Bensusan's homelier effort more thorough in its expression of the rural types and dialect of Essex.

It is easy to recognise the reality of the personal influence of Dr Maude Royden, for her little book of essays or sermonettes, 'Here—and Hereafter' (Putnam), has the qualities which appeal both to the plain man and woman—whoever those may be—and to those who attempt to face, with concern and reverence, the infinite problems of the eternities comprising life and death. For these essays are courageous and challenging. They convince mainly because of their enlightened simplicity. Miss Royden utters her thoughts aloud on such baffling problems as are contained, for instance, in the expressions, Hell and Immortality, and even though, because of the infinity, her answers cannot be final, they yet help through the 'sweet reasonableness' of her treatment of them. And such is the case with the whole of her book. But now we pass to the scientific aspects of the ever-searching question.

Although its title, 'The Fear of the Dead in

Primitive Religion (Macmillan), sounds darkly formidable, this is probably the most genial book that Sir James Frazer has written within his own anthropological province. It goes along with evident enjoyment and ends with a joke on the inevitable strength, or weakness, of the proverbial Scotsman. It consists of the six lectures delivered by him last year on the William Wyse Foundation at Trinity, Cambridge; and, covering more closely the ground already traversed in his principal life-work, brings out the truths that fear of the dead has been a prime source of primitive religion; that among savages, where the practices of natural religion are the most clearly evident, the living exist in spiritual bondage to the dead; and that belief in the immortality of the soul is a fundamental of human faith, although he hesitates over the truth of its eternity. Even the infinite it seems, in these days of relativity, can only be comparative. Those, however, are sufficient opportunities for 'the simple-minded anthropologist' to study, and their insolubility—but possibly that is comparative also—will keep their interest fresh to those who seek. In his Preface, Sir James accepts the fact that the severe antagonism between the 'batteries of science' and the 'frowning bastions of faith' still must go on, although as time passes the range of the guns and the resistance of the fortresses extend. In this battle he does not fight; he merely explains, and possibly thereby serves his time best. It is in part a tribute to Frazer's influence that such a volume as Mr A. M. Hocart's short survey of human evolution, customs, and works, **'The Progress of Man'** (Methuen), is acceptable to the general public; for his patient, pioneer studies, lucid explanations, and far-reaching suggestions have won a widespread interest to probably the most recent chapter of science and led to the call for guide-books for humbler students. Here is such a guide-book. Boldly, helpfully, and with the grace of humour, Mr Hocart covers pretty well the whole field of anthropological research, and though necessarily slight at times—slighter often than should be, as, for example, with Witchcraft and the Evil Eye, brought together within the compass of less than one page—his volume, with its bibliographies, should be useful in leading the student to wider fields.

Dr Margaret Murray, likewise, has found rich workings in a mine of medieval lore which generally has been overlooked, even by seekers in that province of research which has yielded so much new information on the natural and other ways of those curious creatures, Mankind. Already, in her 'Witch Cult of Western Europe,' she has raised challenging questions, and as her justified words to the meaner writers of anonymous letters suggest, much ugly prejudice. Yet, however unpalatable to the narrow-hearted it may be, truth will prevail in the long run, and Dr Murray has made out a very possible case for the reality of the old pagan religion whose horned god deteriorated into the devil of the Middle Ages. 'The God of the Witches' (Sampson Low) is a brave book in which reasonable explanations of many strange happenings are suggested; as, for example, the establishment of the Order of the Garter, which, according to her theories, was no consequence of mock modesty, as is sentimentally described by orthodox historians, but an illustration of the hold the pre-Christian religion still had on the people, even including kings. Indeed, it is in her assertions that Rufus and Thomas à Becket came to their murderous deaths because they were gods in their coven, and according to the ritual, as elsewhere Frazer has shown, were thereby doomed to die, that we are least able to follow her. Those cases are so very conjectural, and where conjecture is the main basis of argument one needs must be cautious. But yet this is a book to read and study, for it opens fascinating new regions of thought.

Just as Sulgrave Manor is a model of how historic houses should be restored and preserved, so is 'Sulgrave Manor and the Washingtons,' by H. Clifford Smith (Cape), a model of what books about such places should be. The author is to be congratulated on a comprehensive, but concise, instructive, but entertaining and historically valuable work, and the publisher on the attractive type, paper, illustrations and binding. Within these covers we get a clear account of the original Washington owners of the manor with information about their successors; also an account of the original building in its days of prosperity and in its gradual decay to little more than a ruin; of its purchase in 1914 as a memorial of a

hundred years of peace between this country and the U.S.A. ; of the careful restoration of the remaining old buildings and the pleasing rebuilding of a wing that had long since vanished ; of the refurnishing and re-equipment of the inside with furniture of suitable periods and with objects of special association with the Washington family ; of the remaking of the gardens according to the old plans ; of the village and the church with their historical associations ; and, lastly, of the work of the Sulgrave Manor Board and of the Society of the Colonial Dames of America, to whose efforts much of the excellent result is due. As to the author we may well quote Lord Lee of Fareham's words in the preface, 'To Mr Clifford Smith the expenditure of time and thought which this monument of patient research represents has been a labour of love, but we are none the less deeply in his debt for the skilful and engrossing manner in which he has discharged a task of international importance. His presentment of the story of Sulgrave Manor and its environment is happily designed to satisfy the tastes and needs of historians, antiquarians, and pious pilgrims alike.'

It is high time that the imperial value of the formerly named Royal Colonial Institute should be recognised ; and it is even moving to find this requisite done by (of all people !) an American lady, Dr Avaline Folsom, whose study of the formative years, 1868 to 1882, of 'The Royal Empire Society' (Allen & Unwin), is calm, somewhat solid, but yet impressive and useful. Often it is felt that the British Commonwealth of Nations, as it has come to be called, mainly through democratic suspicions of that still blessed word 'Empire,' grew haphazardly, was given to us willy-nilly by the trifling god, Chance. In large measure it was so ; and so careless were our fathers over the Colonies that it is a wonder we ever inherited them. Think of it : Anthony Trollope regarded their separation from the Mother Country as 'inevitable and desirable,' although happily in 1863 this Review made a strong plea for their retention. Yet the politicians, led by the drab moralists and warehousemen of the Manchester School, were blind to the opportunities of union, and the 'separatists and pessimists' had it all their own way. So much was this the case that when George Parkin stumped the Empire in the cause of Imperial Federation,

and Lord Rosebery spoke for it, and Professor Seeley expressed the vision of it, they still were addressing, with little encouragement, a purblind, self-satisfied majority. Happily, practical idealists were at work, and the Royal Colonial Institute was a leading instrument to their hands; with the result that, however much the de Valeras may snap and whine at it, our Commonwealth lives, the most potent organisation for human good in the world.

We pass to a part of the machine of our country and Empire. Sir John Tilley and Mr Stephen Gaselee, the former a recent Chief Clerk and the latter the Librarian and Keeper of the Papers at the Foreign Office, have fulfilled a difficult task in their history of 'The Foreign Office' (Putnam). Established under its present name for just over a hundred and fifty years, its responsibility has extended out of all proportions, and one can realise the truth of Lord Balfour's tentative prediction to Sir John Simon that eventually, owing to new methods of communication and other modern inventions, it would grow beyond the range of human control. It is futile to endeavour here to suggest its widespread connections and the methods by which it keeps in touch with the Chanceries of the nations. The fact remains that it does so on the whole with remarkable success, thanks to wise care in its gradual organisation, but mainly to the devotion of our masters, the Civil servants, who work it. It is of no use to spend words of explanation in this place. It is enough to assert that British citizens should know the means through which they are governed, and no better method for securing that knowledge exists than such works as are in the Series this belongs to. Not only is it authoritative, it is interesting, for the human part has not been overlooked.

Dr Malcolm Burr is a happy traveller and better furnished, intellectually and physically, than most. An engineer, a metallurgist, an entomologist, anthropologist, and lover of nature and his fellow-men, he observes and writes well. Some short while ago we commended an account of his travels and experiences in Bolshevik Siberia; and here we meet him in Africa, he having gone promptly from 75 degrees below to 75 degrees above zero, and adapted himself as promptly to the widely

altered conditions. In 'A Fossicker in Angola' (Figurehead), with his and our old friend, P. S. Nazaroff, he visited that little-known district of the most alluring of the continents. So rapidly has the character of the country changed that natives may be seen armed still with bows and arrows walking on motor-roads that would be as good as any elsewhere in Africa if it were not for the obstinate vegetable stubs which here and there endanger the tires of speeding cars. Snakes and birds, the loveliest of butterflies sipping the foulest slime, lions and leopards—many of the infinite wonders of life were seen and noted in that march and railway-ride across Angola, with studies made of the types of natives encountered, and for whom Dr Burr shows a commendable sympathy and admiration. It is a good little book, well worthy of the praise given to it by Mr H. W. Nevinson, that gallant champion of all lost causes, who, on an heroic mission, traversed this region thirty years ago and narrowly escaped being poisoned for his humanitarian pains.

'He was the Happy Warrior. . . .' He had gifts that he was able to realise; splendid opportunities for the journeys of exploration that were his heart's desire; a passion for nature, especially in its most fascinating chapter of birds, that he could gratify; he did great service to Science and to his country, especially as a Naval Surgeon in the North Sea and East Africa during the War; and then after he had settled in married happiness, with all the guerdons of honour that his simplicity of character could have asked for, he was the victim of a wanton tragedy, 'with its waste and misery,' in the rooms of the Oxford College that probably, after home, was his best-loved place. 'A. F. R. Wollaston' (Cambridge University Press) is a life-story told in letters and extracts from diaries of a literary quality which is even the better because the ease of expression shows they were penned for privacy and not for print. Yet how fortunate he was! He wished to see the wonderful world and saw it, more often than not in the public service—in most parts of Africa, in Lapland, Dutch New Guinea, Australia, Ceylon; he was the first to climb Ruwenzori, he was medicine-man and naturalist to the earliest expedition to Mount Everest. And then, when he had won pretty well his fill of honourable achievements

he married her to whom the most charming letters in this book were written : ' He *was* the Happy Warrior.'

At last, after more than thirty years of 'culture,' Mr W. J. Bean's colossal work on 'Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles' (Murray), has been brought to a conclusion with the publication of a third volume, which gathers within its range many specimens that when this work was begun were so new to cultivation, and even as yet unidentified, that practically nothing was known about them. A further increase of arboricultural information for the general is made through this volume, which is also a safe guide for the experts. Owing to the fact that in large parts of our home-islands certain trees would not flourish there was formerly waste, but now, as this work shows, the place of those sensitive creatures can be taken by examples brought from the Himalayas, China, Chile, New Zealand, and elsewhere, thereby further enriching our tree-life. So valuable has Mr Bean's life-work proved, as is shown in this volume, that without exaggeration he may be called not only a beneficiary to the freedom of nature, but also the tree-lover's best friend. One needs almost to pause and gasp before approaching a new work by Mr Eric Partridge on philology or its common cousin the study of slang, for his volumes on that wide and fascinating subject are so frequent, and generally colossal, and always stimulating, ingenious, amusing. And here are two more of them ; very like what has gone before, but yet good company for a browsing odd half-hour or a longer spell of reading. 'Words, Words, Words' (Methuen) is a garnering of all sorts, including an essay on the argot of the Poilu which first appeared in these pages ; while 'Slang, To-day and Yesterday' (Routledge), a vastly larger work, continues, and fills out, with some repetitions, the study begun in earlier volumes. On this occasion Mr Partridge has happily wandered sometimes from his brief to discuss and give examples of humour, British and American, which certainly lighten his lump, though never can that somewhat slapdash lump be called heavy. His work is a racy addition to the study of the infinite curiosities of our language, and besides being of present interest has some measure of an abiding value.

Is Heine truly translatable ? So far as concerns his

poems probably not. Such doggerel as has been made of them; turning those fragments of exquisiteness into blocks of wood and sand. The prose is different, though often it has been made clumsy enough to be a literary sin. In view of old experience, Mr Frederick Carter's translation of the two Maximilian stories comprising 'Florentine Nights' (Howe) may be regarded as undoubtedly successful; for they have captured and they keep the lightness, the bizarre elements, the over-scented fantasy and artifice that denote the original. As to the illustrations to this volume, also by Mr Carter, in their modernised old-fashioned way they are appropriate to the super-romantic theme, with its elegance and heartlessness; but why the inaccuracy in almost the first of them? Maria, we are told, is lying in a room lit by only one lamp; and there we are shown no lamp at all, but two blazing candelabra.

